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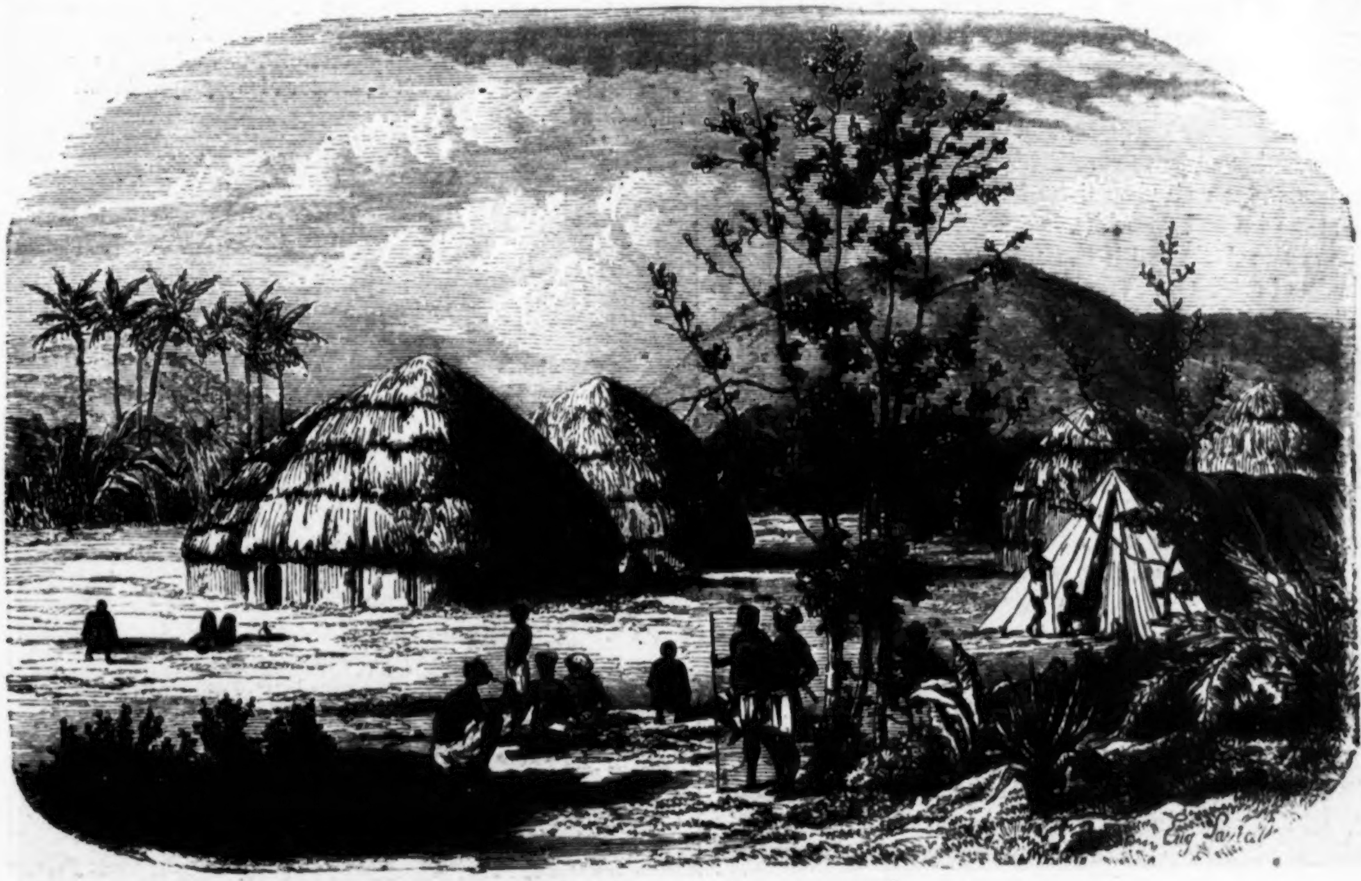
AFRICAN EXPLORERS AND EXPLORATIONS.

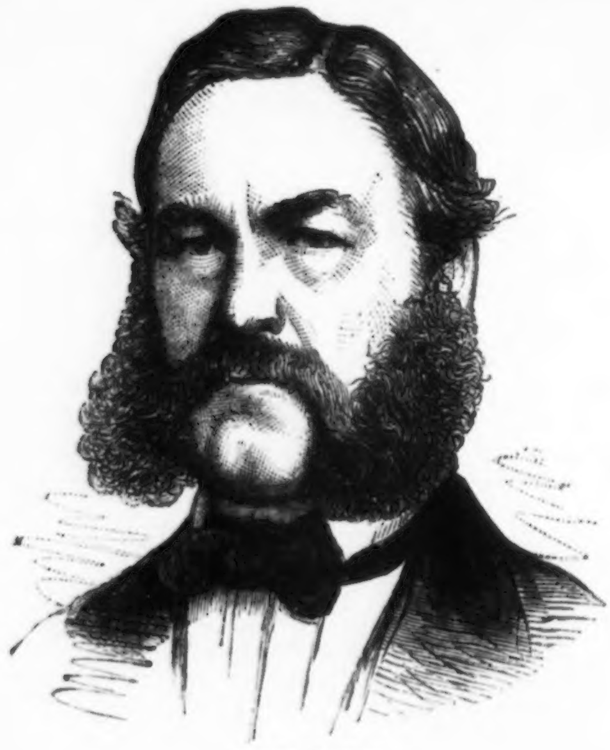
CLAPPERTON—LANDER—BARTH—LIVINGSTONE—CAMERON—BRUCE—BURTON—SPEKE—STANLEY—BRUCE—BAKER—LONG.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

WITH the exception of a narrow strip on the north, bordering upon the Mediterranean, and including Egypt, Africa has borne little part in the general history of the world, except by furnishing slaves to other regions. Of the continent less was known fifty years ago than was known by Strabo and Ptolemy in the early part of the Christian era, and scarcely as much as Herodotus had learned from the Egyptian priests almost five centuries before. Southward and westward from Egypt and Mauritania stretched a great desert known as Ethiopia and Libya. From time immemorial occasional traders and adventurers had traversed this desert until they came to a great river, whose banks were inhabited by peoples much darker than themselves; whence in time the river got the name of *Niger*—the "Black River."



AN AFRICAN VILLAGE, NEAR UNYANYEMBÉ.



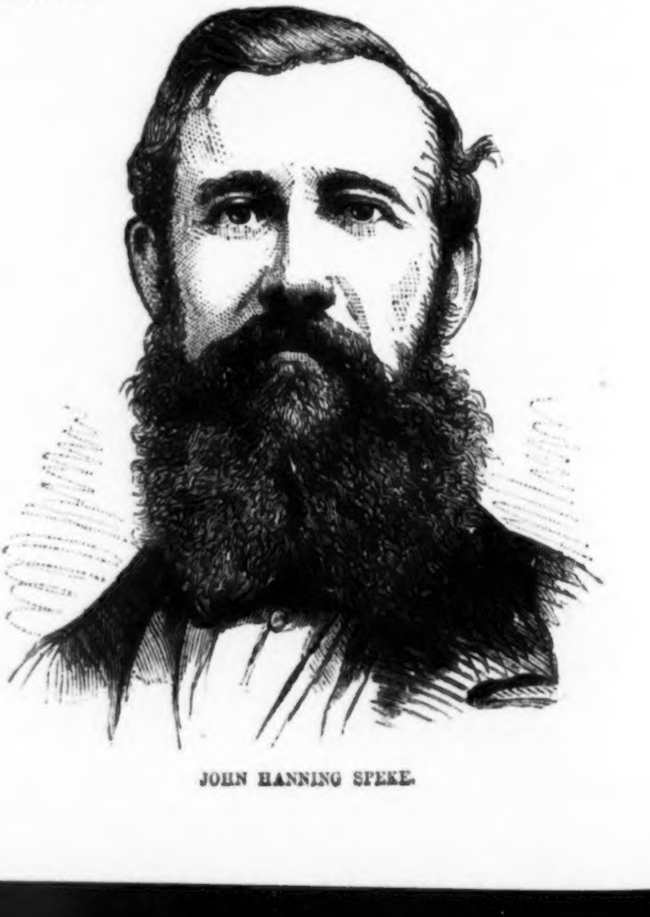
HENRY BARTH.

Some said that it flowed eastward, others westward. Whence and whither the Niger came and went became the vexed question among geographers. Some thought that it fell into the unknown western ocean; some thought it lost itself in the sands of the desert; perhaps the prevailing opinion was that it was the Nile, which came pouring northward through Egypt, no one knew whence.

The mystery of the Niger was not solved until after the close of the first quarter of the present century. The first steps were taken by Mungo Park, a Scotchman, born in 1771, who began his African travels in 1795. Starting from the mouth of the Gambia River, on the west coast, in about lat. 14 deg. north, he went eastward in search of the reported great city of Timbuctoo, said to be on the banks of the Niger. Late in July, 1796, he reached the Joliba or Guorra, now known as the main branch of the Niger, where all trace of him was lost for a time. He, however, made his way home in the following year, and published an interesting narrative of his adventures. Every one knows his story of the negro women singing their lamentations over the poor white man who had "no wife to grind his corn." In 1805 he again went to Africa, with the rank of captain, at the head of a body of soldiers, and penetrated to the headwaters of the Gambia and Senegal. Here nearly all his followers died of fever, and he sent his interpreter back to the coast with tidings of what had befallen him. For four years nothing more was heard of him. Then the Governor of Senegal dispatched the interpreter to the interior to learn the fate of the lost explorer. It appeared that he reached the Niger, undertook to descend it in a canoe, and got half way down to the coast, when he was attacked by the natives, and was killed, with all his remaining men, probably in 1806.

Twenty years passed before any other notable effort was made for African exploration. Then the Paris Geographical Society offered a large prize to the first person who should reach Timbuctoo. René Caillé, born in 1799, undertook the task. Leaving the west coast, he made his way to Jenne, near the headwaters of the Joliba, in March, 1828, and a month later reached Timbuctoo. Here he remained a fortnight, and then, joining a caravan, went northward to Morocco, and thence returned to France, where he was hailed with acclamation. The Geographical Society awarded him the Timbuctoo prize, and another for the most valuable geographical discovery during the year. His travels were sumptuously published at the expense of the French Government; and he was enabled to purchase an estate, upon which he lived in retirement for some years. He then projected another African journey, but died in 1838, just as he was about to start.

In the meanwhile the vexed Niger question had been solved by Clapperton and Lander. Hugh Clapperton was born in Scotland in 1798. After an adventurous youth, he joined Oudney's expedition for the exploration of the interior of Africa. Starting from the Barbary coast, they reached Mourzouk, near the verge of the Sahara, in November, 1822. Pushing southward across the desert for 800 miles, they reached Lake Tchad in February, 1823. Then they went westward 700 miles further, the journey occupying ninety days, during which great hardships were experienced. Oudney died, and Clapperton returned to England. His narrative is by far the best work on African exploration put forth up to that of Barth, upon the same and a much wider region.*



JOHN HANNING SPEKE.

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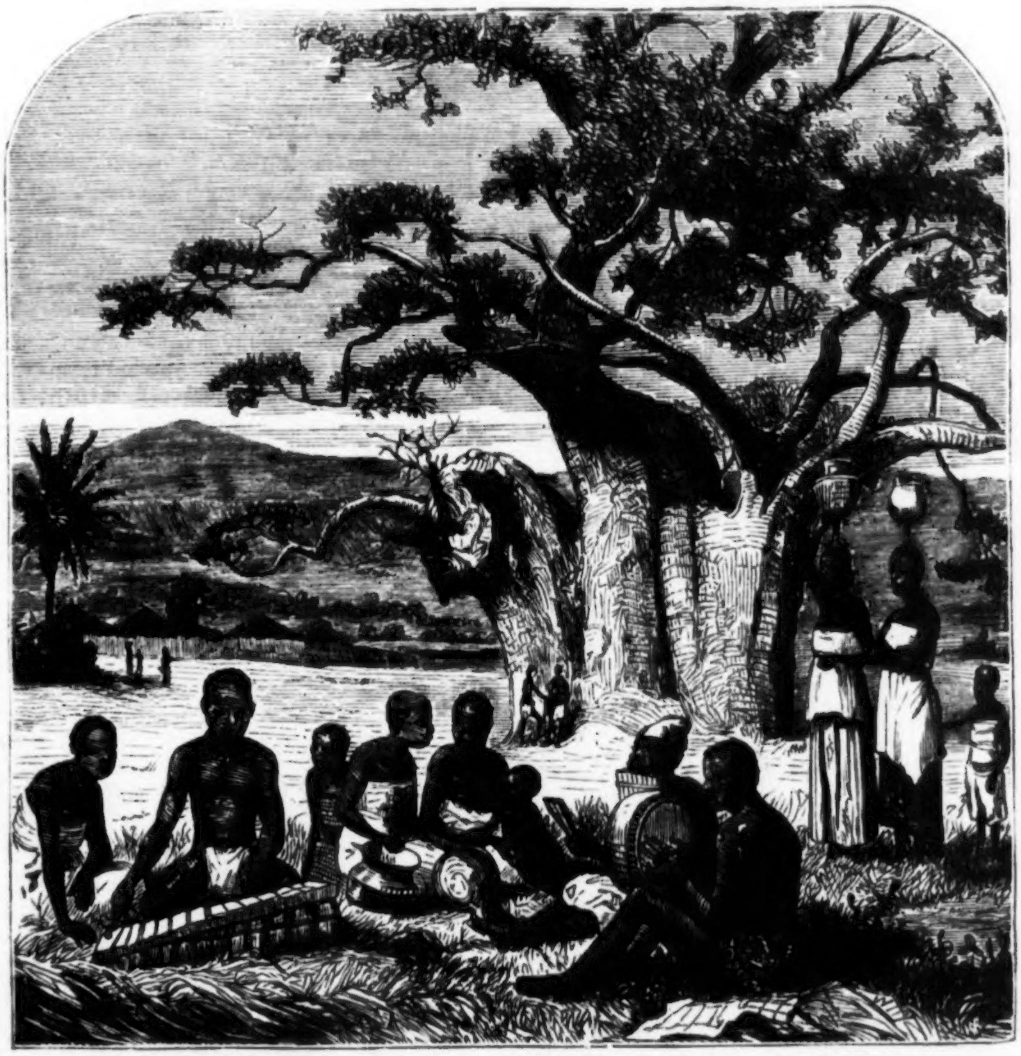
* Henry Barth was born in Germany in 1821. After a thorough scientific training, he traveled in Italy, and in 1845 began his African explorations by a journey through the Barbary States, and thence through Egypt, Syria and Asia Minor, expending $14,000 of his private fortune. In 1849 he set out on his great expedition, under the auspices of the British Government, accompanied by Richardson and Overweg. The expedition left Tripoli in April, 1850, traversing the Sahara. Richardson died in March, 1851; the others went on southward, and in June reached the river Benuwe, which was for the first time identified with the Tchadda, the eastern affluent of the Niger, but were obliged to turn back, having in the meanwhile, together or separately, explored a great portion of the desert hitherto wholly unknown. Overweg died in September, 1852, and Barth, under most adverse circumstances, set out alone for Timbuctoo, which he reached in September, 1853. Here he was detained for several months, and was supposed to be dead. He was at length released, and made his way back to Kano, the largest city in Central Africa, where he was found by Vogel, who had volunteered to go in search of him, being the first white man whom Barth had seen for two years. He reached home in 1855, after an absence of six years. His five large volumes, written by himself in both German and English, with their minute maps, though cumbrous in style, contain an amount of topographical, historical and ethnological information which renders them the storehouse from which all succeeding writers upon North-Central Africa must draw He died in 1864, being then Professor of Geography in the University of Berlin.

Clapperton was soon sent by the British Government on another African expedition. With him went, as servant, a young printer named Richard Lander. Near the close of 1825 they set out from Badgery, near Cape Coast Castle, on the west coast. Pushing into the interior, they crossed the Joliba, without suspecting that it was the Niger, of which they were in search. Advancing, they reached the region which Clapperton had touched in his former journey from the opposite direction, so that he has fairly crossed the continent at almost its widest part. Here Clapperton died, and Lander returned to England with his papers, which he edited, under the title, "Records of Clapperton's Last Expedition to Africa," published in 1829.

Richard Lander, accompanied by his brother, John Lander, was sent back to Africa by the Government, to follow up the explorations of Clapperton. In March, 1830, he again started from Badgery, and in June reached Boossa, on the Joliba, which was now recognized as the long-sought Niger. After ascending the stream for a hundred miles, he turned back, resolved to float down until the unknown mouth of the river was reached. On the way a grand discovery was made. Not far below Boossa a great river, which we know as the Tchadda, from the east, falls into the Joliba. The contradictory reports which had so long puzzled the ancients were now harmonized. Those who reported the Niger as flowing eastward had seen the Joliba; those who reported it as flowing westward had seen the Tchadda, quite likely not many leagues from the same spot. Floating down the united river, Lander soon found himself in the Bight of Benin, into which no one had dreamed that any great river emptied; for the Niger, when reaching the low alluvial coast, spreads through a broad delta, and falls into the ocean by several mouths, many leagues apart.



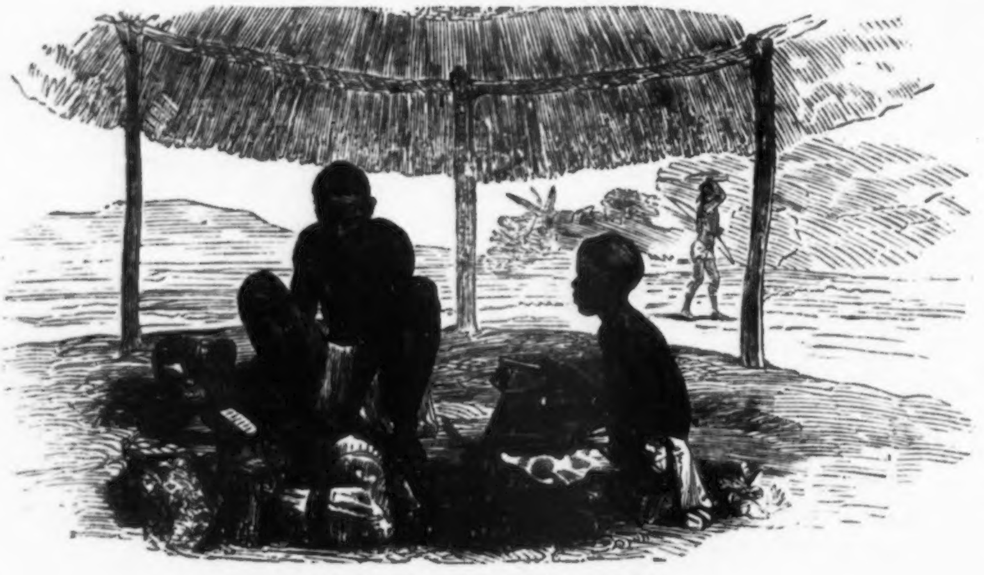
AFRICAN WOMEN WITH WATER-POTS LISTENING TO NATIVE MUSIC, AT KREBABASA.

Lander was subsequently sent by Government up the Niger, in the hope of opening up a vast region to trade. The party was set upon by the natives; Lander, severely wounded, escaped to the coast, and died at Fernando Po in 1834, at the age of thirty.

The mystery of the Niger had been cleared up, but the still greater mystery of the Nile remained. For tens upon tens of centuries that beneficent river had been a wonder to all who dwelt upon its banks, and to travelers who came there to learn the wisdom of the Egyptians. It flowed from unknown regions, and for the last thousand miles of its course did not receive a rivulet from either side, and only at rare and uncertain intervals a drop of water from the clouds. For nine months of the year its uniform and majestic flood rolled within its steep banks. Then, almost at a given day, from year to year, the river, with no apparent cause, began to rise, overflowing its banks and transforming the narrow valley into a lake. In a few weeks the flood subsided, leaving behind a thin layer of mud, the source of all the fertility of Egypt. If the inundation reached a certain height, it was a "good Nile," for an abundant harvest was sure. If it fell short of this, it was a "bad Nile," and there would be no corn in Egypt. But so uniform was the inundation that a "good Nile" was the rule, a "bad Nile" the exception; and with the single exception in the days of Joseph, we think there is no case of a succession of several years of famine. No wonder, then, that this double Nile was a marvel to the ancients.

To us, with our wider knowledge of the laws of nature, the explanation is evident enough. The great uniform river must come from lakes so extensive that their elevation does not change perceptibly from season to season; and such lakes must be the reservoirs for the regular rainfall of a great region; while the sudden inundations must come from affluents coming down from mountains where the rain is abundant during a small part of the year, and lacking during the remainder. What theory should have affirmed long ago, observation has demonstrated within the last score of years. The discovery of the source of the Nile and of the great lake region of the African interior is perhaps the grandest result of recent exploration. We shall give a general resumé of the physical structure of Central Africa, as far as now ascertained, and then speak of the principal explorations which have brought the facts to light.

In 1852, Sir Roderick Murchison, reasoning correctly from quite scanty data, promulgated the theory that the whole interior of Africa would be found to consist of a vast watered plateau, somewhat elevated above the level of the sea, but bounded on the east and west by much higher land. Ten years had not passed before this hypothesis was shown to



MANGANJA BLACKSMITH AT WORK.

be the true one by the almost independent explorations of Livingstone, Burton and Speke. The subsequent explorations of Baker, Cameron, Long, and others, have in a good degree settled the question as to the nature and extent of the water-basins of this plateau, although there are still some minor questions of considerable importance remaining in doubt.

In general terms, tropical Africa consists of an elevated central plateau, separated from low tracts along the coast by lines of hills and mountains, running at various distances from the coast. There are thus three well-marked divisions: the low, unhealthy coast region, the mountain ranges, and the central plateau. Of this plateau the chief water-basins, beginning from the south, are those of the Zambesi, whose waters are discharged eastward into the Indian Ocean; the Congo, whose waters flow westward into the Atlantic; and the Nile, whose waters flow northward into the Mediterranean. It is probable, but as yet by no means certain, that there is also a considerable drainage from this central plateau northward and westward into Lake Tchad, or perhaps into the River Tchadda, the great eastern affluent of the Niger.

The Zambesi rises in about lat. 10 deg. south, some of its affluents reaching to within 250 miles of the western coast. It traverses the whole remaining breadth of the continent in a southeasterly direction; and, after a course of some 1,800 miles, falls into the Indian Ocean by several mouths, in about lat. 19 deg. south. The headwaters of the Congo,* here called the Chambesi, rise probably not far

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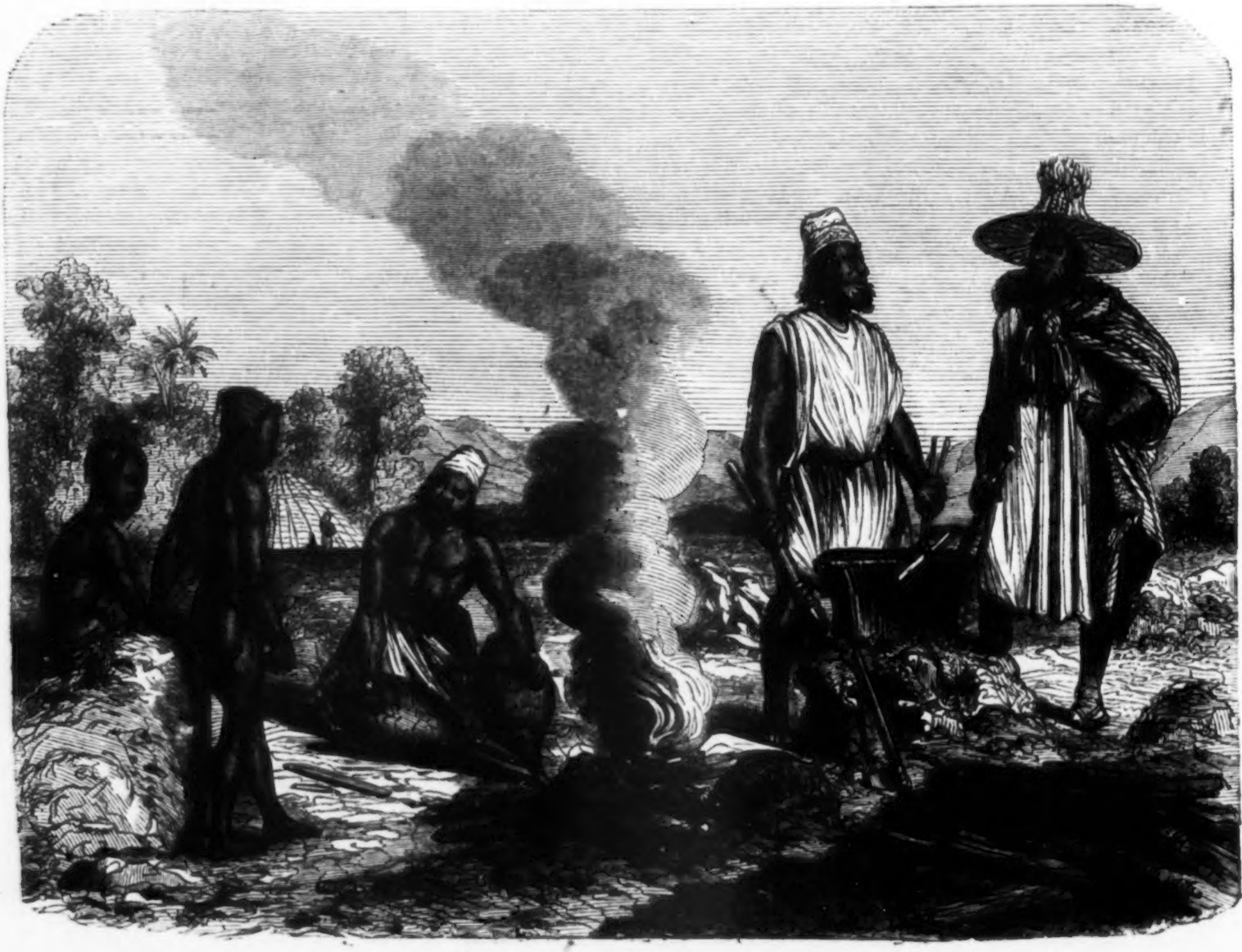
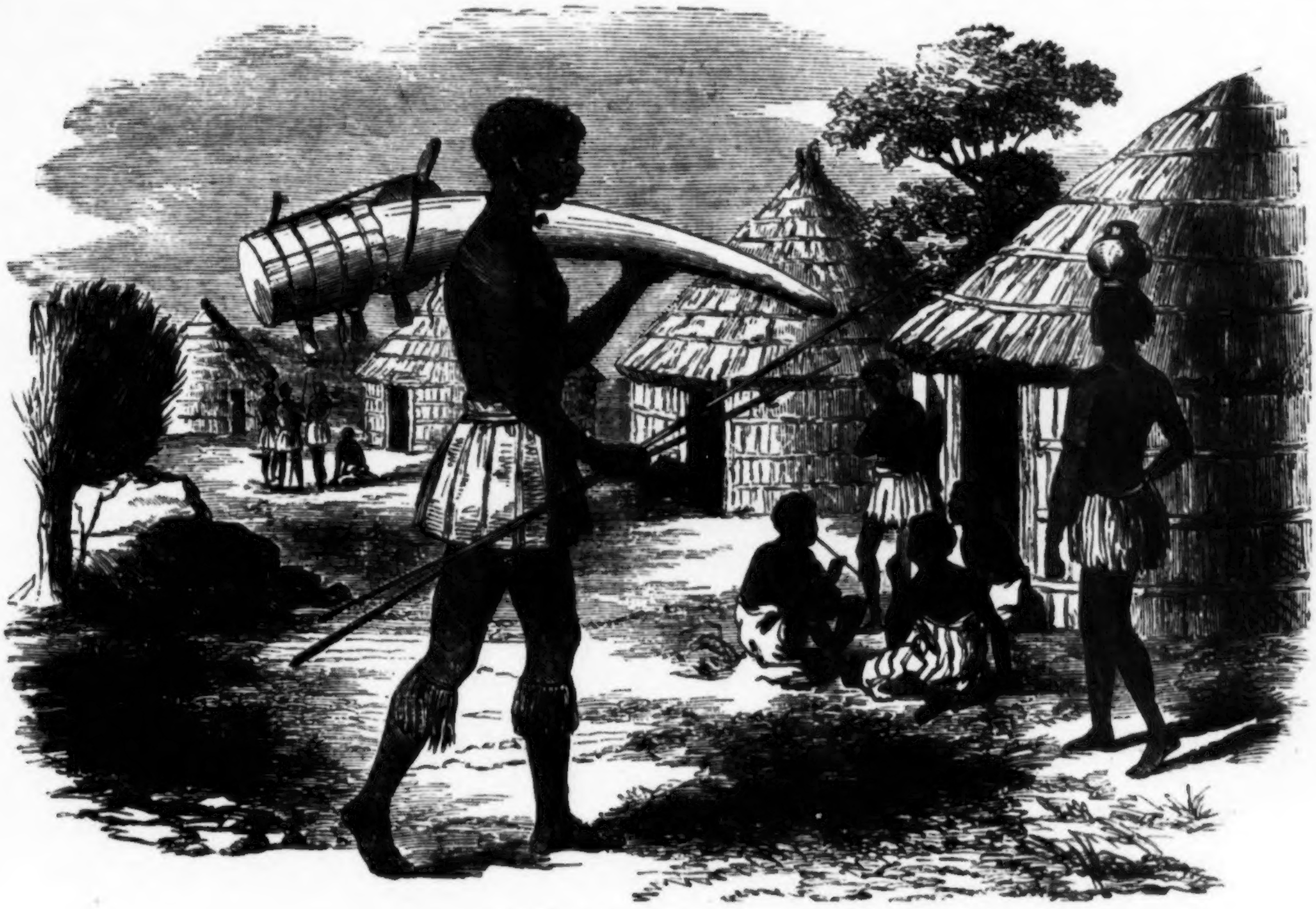
* It is here assumed, for reasons which will appear hereafter, that the great river Lualaba, which Livingstone tracked, partially and under various names, through eight degrees of latitude and six of longitude, is not the Nile, as he seems to have thought most likely; but, as Cameron believes, the Congo, or at least one of its principal affluents.



BLACKSMITH'S FORGE AND GOATSKIN BELLOWS AT MANGANJA.



NATIVES OF UNIAMESI, EAST AFRICA.

south of Lake Victoria Nyanza, in about lat. 8 deg. south, and some 450 miles from the eastern coast. It flows southwestwardly for about 200 miles, when it falls into Lake Bangweolo, 150 miles long and 75 miles wide, which also receives several other large streams. From this lake the river emerges under the name of the Luapula, and flows northward into Lake Moero, 60 miles long and 30 wide, from which it emerges, bearing the name of the Lualaba.

Down to this point the river was pretty closely tracked by Livingstone in his various journeys. From here his travels diverged from its source, coming again upon it some 300 miles to the northwest. According to the best information which he could gather, its course in the interval is very tortuous, receiving many large branches, and spreading out into several lakes. The course of the river has never been explored beyond the settlement of Nyangwé, in about lat. 4 deg. south, long. 26 deg. east, almost exactly midway between the eastern and the western coasts. Here it is a great river, a mile wide, flowing northward with a deep and rapid current. Both Livingstone and Cameron were told that below Nyangwé the river bears the name of the Ugarrowa. The argument that this river is not the Nile, as Livingstone was to the last inclined to believe, seems incontrovertible. Here, at Nyangwé, its volume of water is at least six times that of the Nile, except at the flood season, and moreover the careful measurements of Cameron show that its level is lower than that of the White Nile. That it is the Congo is as clear as anything can be which is not proven by actual observation. This great river must fall into the sea somewhere, and on the whole African coast the Congo is the only river which discharges as much water into the ocean as flows in the Lualaba. The Congo is in volume of water second only to the Amazon; but we know absolutely nothing of its lower course for more than 200 miles; but its size shows that it must be the outlet for the waters of an immense basin, and no such basin can be found which does not include that of the Lualaba. As the mouth of the Congo is two degrees south and fourteen degrees west of Nyangwé, the river from this point must pursue a general course a little south of west for its remaining unknown 1,000 miles. Quite

TRAVELING IN AFRICA—THE RAIN-POOL BY THE WAY.

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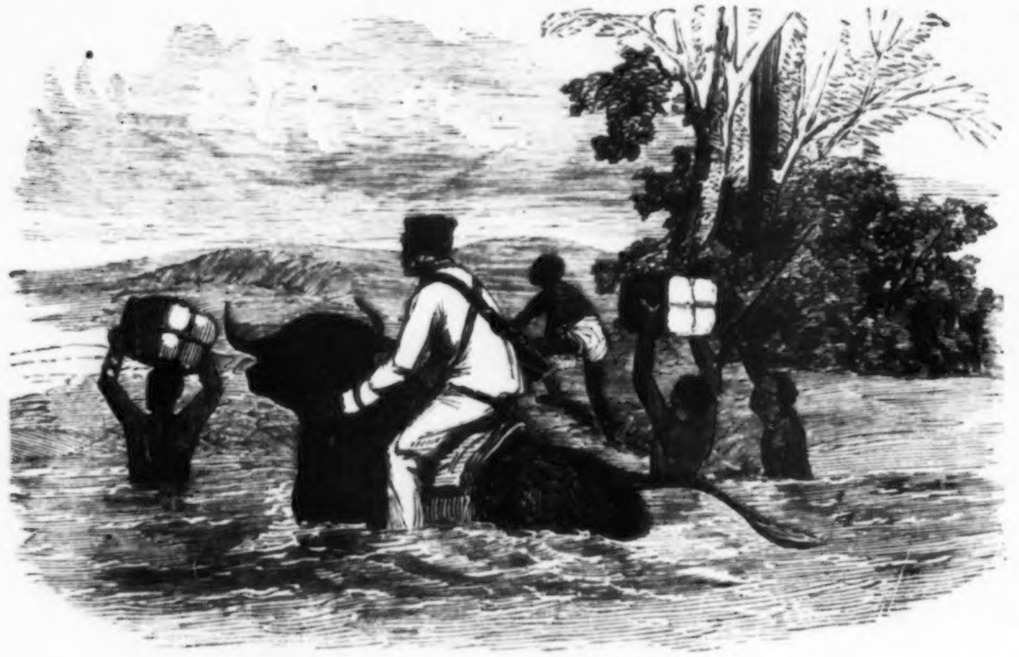

LIVINGSTONE CROSSING AN AFRICAN RIVER ON OX-BACK.

probably, its basin extends northward beyond the equator. There is a remarkable feature connected with the Congo and the Zambesi. Both rivers flow three-quarters of the way across the continent, and for a considerable space parallel to, and at no very great distance from, each other, but in opposite directions: the Zambesi from west to east, the Congo from east to west. The headwaters of some of these affluents indeed interlock on an almost level tableland, which was crossed by both Livingstone and Cameron. The routes followed by Livingstone and Cameron cross each other toward the western coast, and between them they give some tolerable idea of the general character of a belt heretofore unexplored, nearly 1,000 miles wide, and clear across the continent of Africa. We shall now glance at these two great explorers and their explorations.

David Livingstone was born near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1813. In 1840 he went as a missionary to South Africa, where he showed a decided tendency for scientific and geographical investigations. In 1848 he set out to cross the Kalahari desert in search of Lake Ngami, of which he had heard reports from the natives. To his surprise, he found a watered and populous region. This determined him to undertake a more extensive exploration. Starting from the Cape of Good Hope in 1852, he reached the Portuguese settlement of St. Paul de Loanda, on the west coast, whence he set out to cross the entire breadth of the continent from west to east. The journey lasted four years. He came upon a great river, called by the natives, the Leambyé, which he followed down, partly by canoe and partly on its banks, and found it to be none other than the Zambesi of the Portuguese of the east coast, who, however, knew nothing of its course except for a few score miles from its mouth in the Indian Ocean.

In this journey he discovered the cataract of Mosiatunye, to which, with more than questionable taste, he gave the name of Victoria Falls. This cataract may fairly challenge supremacy with Niagara. The river, here more than a mile broad, and flowing placidly along, plunges perpendicularly into a fissure 300 feet deep, and hardly 200 feet wide, running directly across its course. This deep, narrow fissure runs back and forth for several miles in a series of zig-zags almost parallel, separated by perpendicular promontories of basalt, scarcely as wide as the fissure itself. So narrow are these promontories that a person standing in the centre of one of them could easily toss a stone into the chasm with either hand.

The narrative of this journey, published in 1857, excited universal attention; and in the following year Livingstone was furnished with ample funds, from a Government grant and from private subscriptions, to pursue his explorations of the Zambesi and the region near it. His wife, who had gone with him, died during this expedition, and he thenceforth devoted himself to the work of African exploration, which he hoped would result in the extirpation of the slave trade and the introduction of civilization and Christianity into this large and inhabitable portion of the continent.

Having returned to England, and prepared an account of this second exploration, he set out in April, 1865, upon a journey in the region of the great lakes, whose existence had now become known. For four years scarcely anything was heard from him. But in 1869 a letter reached England, written more than a year before, stating that he was near the headwaters of a great river, which would probably prove to be the Nile, or, possibly, the Congo. Then ensued many months more of silence, and there was a vague report that he had been killed. The New York *Herald* now sent Mr. Stanley,* one of its most enterprising correspondents, in search of Livingstone, who was found, November 10th, 1871, at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where he had just arrived after a long journey to the south and west. They circumnavigated the northern third of the lake, and went together eastward as far as Unyanyembé, nearly half way to the east coast, where they separated, Stanley returning to England, and Livingstone, having received the necessary supplies, set out toward the region of his last explorations, expecting to be absent for a year, during which time he hoped to complete his work by solving the remaining problems relating to the river and lake systems of Central Africa. Nothing further was heard from or of him until October, 1873, when Cameron, at the head of another expedition in search of him, learned that the great explorer had died on the first of May, far to the southwest, on the shore of Lake Bangweolo. From the death of Livingstone the interest of African discovery centres mainly upon the long journey upon which Cameron had entered.

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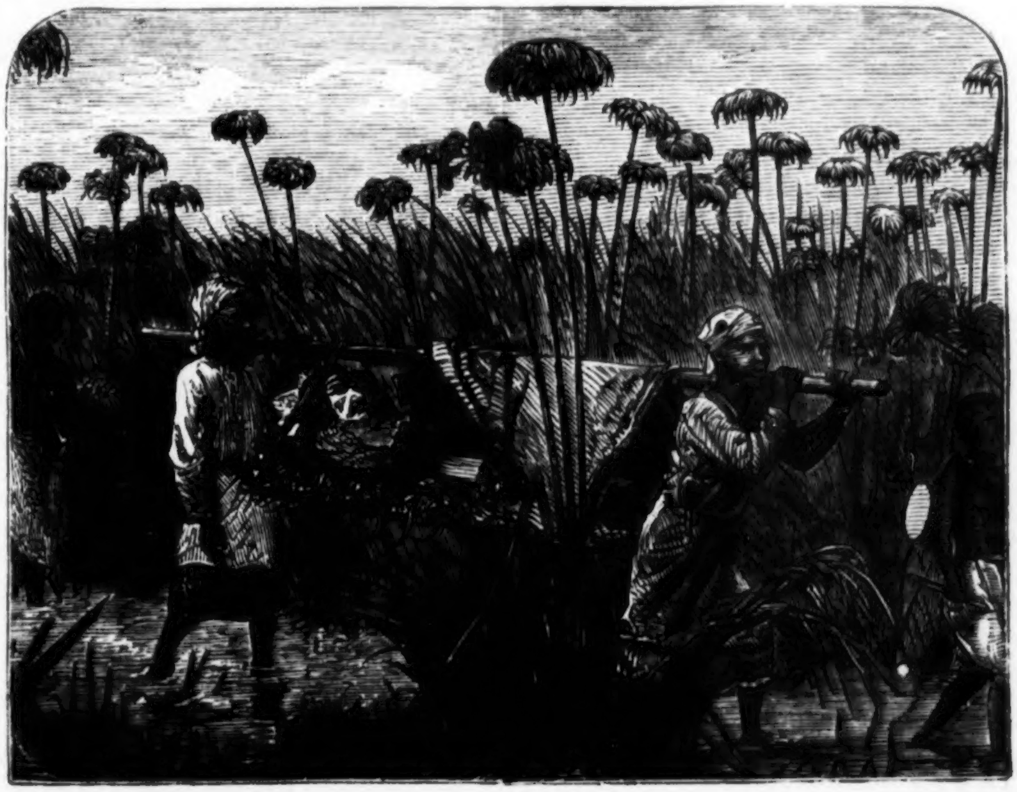
* Henry M. Stanley was born in Wales in 1840, in a very humble station. His childhood was passed in an almshouse, where he, however, received a fair education, and he was for a short time employed as a teacher in a school. He then shipped as cabin-boy on a vessel bound for New Orleans. Here he found employment with a merchant named Stanley, who, in time, adopted him, giving him his own name instead of his original one of John Rowland. His patron having died, and the civil war breaking out, Stanley enlisted in the Confederate army, was made prisoner, and finally entered the Union service, acting for a time as assistant engineer on a national steamer. After the close of the war he became a traveling correspondent of the *Herald*, in which capacity he accompanied the British army in the Abyssinian war. He subsequently went to various parts of Europe and the East. In 1871 he was ordered to go to Africa, organize an expedition, and find Livingstone, if he were still living. He organized an expedition of nearly 200 persons, and on March 21st set out for Lake Tanganyika, which he reached November 10th, and found Livingstone at Ujiji, on its shore, entirely without resources. Having supplied the wants of Livingstone, Stanley returned to England. His report that he had found the great explorer was at first received with incredulity; but when it was fully authenticated, he was greeted with distinguished honors. After the death of Livingstone had become known, Stanley was placed at the head of an expedition, the cost of which was defrayed by the New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph*, the purpose of which was to make new explorations in Central Africa. He left Zanzibar in November, 1874, at the head of a party of 350 men, and reached lake Victoria Nyanza in February, 1875, having lost nearly 200 men by death and desertion. He had taken along a boat built in sections, so that it could be transported on men's shoulders. In this, accompanied by a large number of canoes furnished by Mtésé, King of Uganda, he circumnavigated the lake, which proved to be a single great body of water, and not, as had been suspected by some, a group of ponds and lagoons. Subsequently he became engaged in conflicts with natives near the lake, upon whom he inflicted great slaughter. His hurried account of these transactions, written to the newspapers by which he was employed, have called forth great, but we think at least premature, animadversion. It is now many months since any tidings have been received of him. At the last intelligence he proposed to set out upon an exploration of the lake Albert Nyanza, with the ultimate design of proceeding to the west coast. But in April, 1876, the whole length of the lake was traversed by an expedition from Egypt, and there was no evidence that Stanley had ever reached it.

Commander V. L. Cameron, of the British Navy, the narrative of whose journey "Across Africa, 1877–75," is the latest, and, beyond question, one of the most interesting works of African travel, is the only European who has as yet succeeded in crossing the continent from east to west. He had served for three years on the east coast, where he had been deeply moved by the horrors of the slave trade. His vessel being put out of commission, he was placed on shore duty in England. An expedition having been projected by the Royal Geographical Society to go in search of Livingstone, he applied for the command of it; but it was given to Captain Dawson. Before this expedition was ready to start for Zanzibar, Stanley arrived there with the tidings that he had found Livingstone, who wrote back that he did not want any slave expeditions sent out to join him. Dawson threw up his command in a huff. It was accepted and then declined by several others, among whom was Oswell Livingstone, a son of David Livingstone. The Geographical Society at length decided to expend the remainder of the fund in fitting out an expedition, to be placed entirely under the orders of Livingstone when it should reach him, and the command of this was conferred upon Cameron, who left England in November, 1872, and reached Zanzibar in January, 1873. Two Europeans had volunteered to accompany him: Dr. Dillon, of the navy, and Lieutenant Murphy, of the Indian army. He was joined by Robert Moffat, a nephew of Livingstone, who had sold his sugar estate near Natal, and come to Zanzibar to devote all his energies and every penny he possessed in the cause of African exploration.

The preparations were made at Bagamayo, a little town on the mainland near Zanzibar. The season was unfavorable, for the caravans for the interior had all set out, and those from the interior had not come in, so that Cameron had to put up for carriers with the refuse of the bazaars of Bagamayo and Zanzibar, who, with scarcely an exception, turned out to be a lazy, drunken, and untrustworthy set. The expedition, in several divisions, set out from the coast near the end of March, 1873. Their first objective point was Unyanyembé, about 450 miles westward, where they hoped to find Livingstone, or at least to get information of his whereabouts. Various untoward circumstances retarded their advance, and at the close of May they had only reached Rehenneko, a little town 150 miles on their way, where the whole expedition was united; but Moffat had died a few days before of a fever while on the march. The expedition now numbered not quite 300 persons. Of these there were three Europeans, 36 *askari*, or armed guards, and 192 *pagazi*, or carriers, the remainder being servants, and a few women, wives of the *askari*. The party was well armed, for the country was disturbed, especially by Mirambo, a native chief, who was waging a desultory war against the Arabs, and plundering indifferently right and left. Before this time 38 pagazi, after receiving their advance pay, had deserted.

Unyanyembé was reached early in August, but there were no tidings of Livingstone. This is an Arab settlement, the chief entrepôt for the ivory trade from the west, with an Arab governor, who received the party with great kindness, and assigned to them a large and comfortable house which had previously been occupied by Livingstone and Stanley. But before preparations could be completed for going on to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, the three Europeans were stricken down by successive attacks of remittent fever, which for weeks rendered them incapable of doing anything except during the intervals of the attacks. On September 30th, Cameron notes that they had been there forty-five days, during which he had experienced five attacks, lasting in all twenty-nine days. A week later, Dillon was in still worse plight. He had wholly lost the sight of one eye, and that of the other was threatened. On the 18th of October, Cameron had had several other attacks, and had been quite blind, but was now a little better.

The 20th of October was a notable day. Cameron was down with fever, when Chumsu, the faithful servant of Livingstone, arrived with tidings that his master had died on the 1st of May; that his people had rudely enbalmed the body, which they had brought with them for more than 500 miles, packed up and corded like a bale of merchandise, and were resolved to carry it to the coast. Murphy now said



THE LAST MILE OF LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.

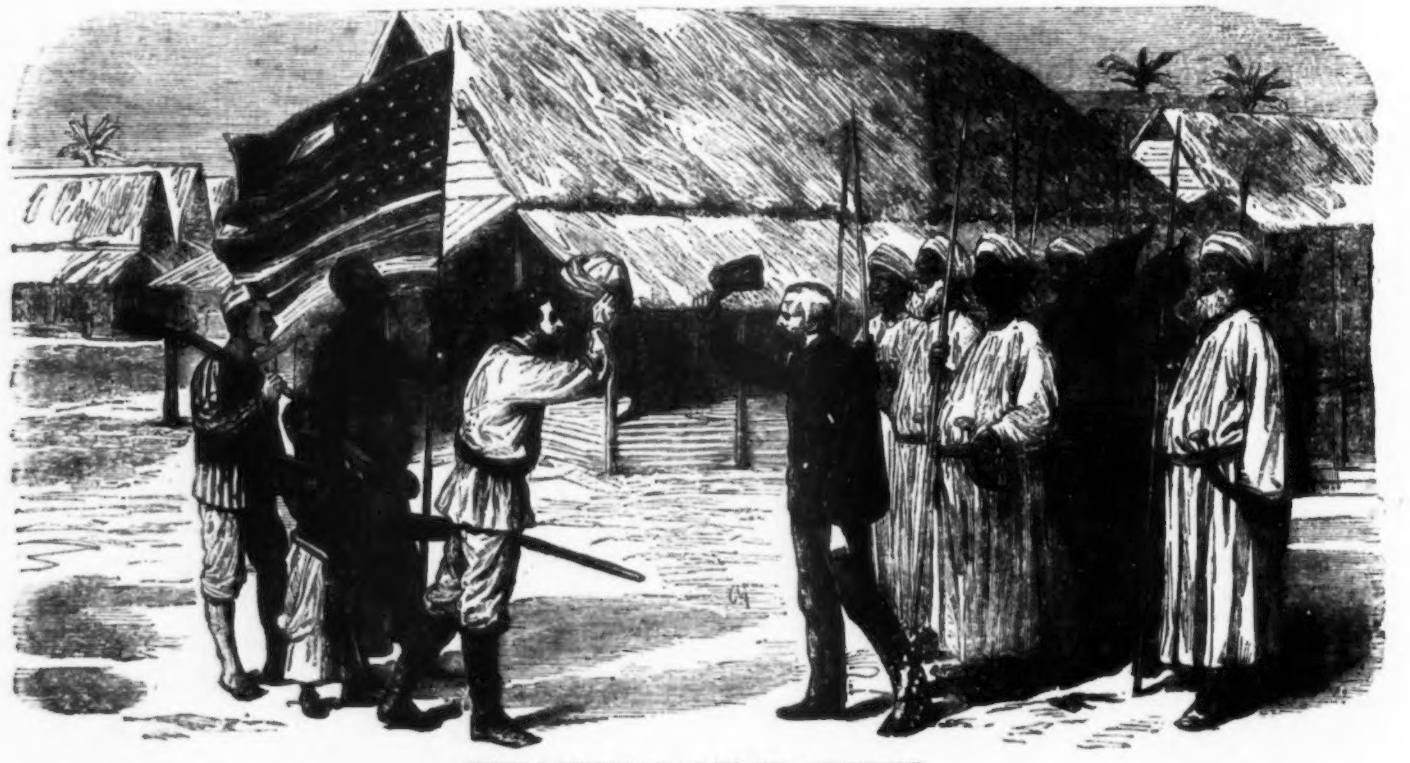
that he would go no further, and should return with this party to the coast. Cameron and Dillon resolved to go on to Ujiji, recover a box of papers which Livingstone had left there before setting out on his last journey, and then push on to the west, hoping to complete Livingstone's explorations. But before either party could get off, Dillon's condition became such that it was clear he could not go on, and that his only chance of life was in going back. Murphy now offered to go on with Cameron, but the offer was declined. The two parties separated November 9th, one for the east, the other for the west. Dillon had to be borne on a litter. Before many days he had renewed attacks of fever, accompanied by delirium. In one of the paroxysms he destroyed the papers with which he had been intrusted by Cameron, shot himself through the head, and was buried in the jungle.

Cameron, half blind from ophthalmia, reduced to a mere skeleton, and barely able to ride on a donkey, endeavored to push on, with an ineffective party numbering something more than 100. He had scarcely started, before he found that the usual route was beset by Mirambo, and his men refused to go on. He undertook to go by a circuitous route, but was often obliged to turn aside or halt. He took a whole month to gain forty miles. The rainy season had now set in, and when they had eluded the hostile region the march was slow and difficult, often through swamps where the water was waist-deep. But on February 18th, 1874, he looked down from a considerable height upon the broad waters of Lake Tanganyika, which had been discovered by Burton and Speke eighteen years and five days before. In a few hours more the expedition reached Ujiji.

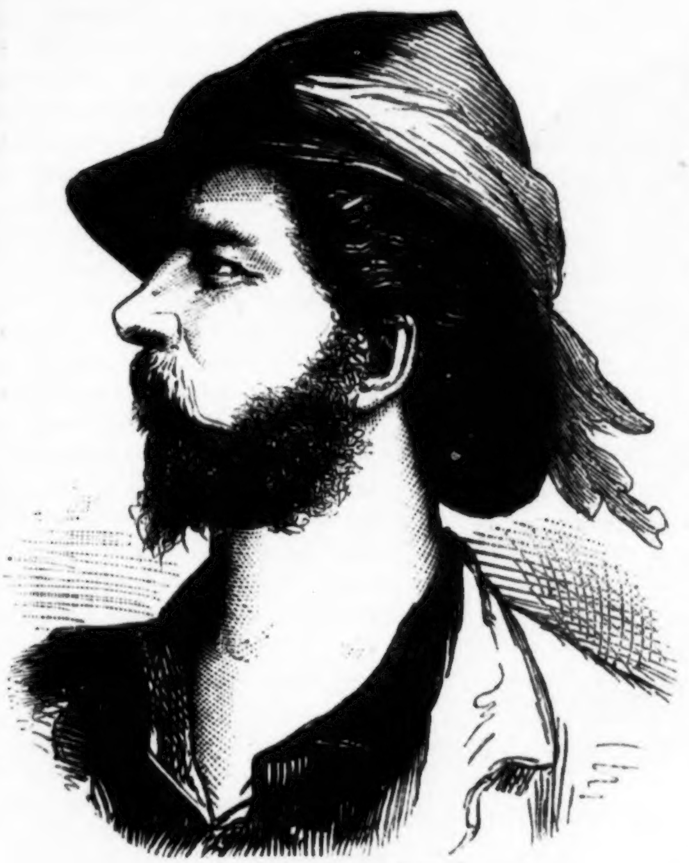
This is a bustling place for Africa, being the entrepôt for the slave and ivory trade of the region near by and far to the west. Livingstone's papers were recovered, but Cameron was told that it would be impossible to travel to the west of the lake for three months, when the dry season had again set in. All the information which he could pick up here led to the belief that Livingstone's river Lualaba was the Congo, and that at Nyangwé, the furthest point which Livingstone had reached on its banks, he could procure canoes and float down to the ocean.

Cameron utilized the enforced delay at Ujiji, by making a circumnavigation of the southern two-thirds of the lake, of which only the northern third had been sailed over by Livingstone and Stanley; although, as was subsequently learned, Livingstone had skirted the eastern and southern shores at the beginning of his last journey. The circumnavigation was made in two large canoes, with a crew of thirty-five men, including guides hired at Ujiji. The weather was rough, and the men were timid sailors, so that they only coasted along the shores, hauling up on land by night. The voyage lasted from March 12th to May 9th.

Lake Tanganyika is an immense tarn, lying 2,710 feet above the sea, embosomed amid mountains which sometimes reach an elevation of 7,000 feet. The mountains sometimes come precipitously down to the water's edge, and sometimes recede for a considerable space. There is only one break in the environing hills, at a point where Cameron was fortunate enough to discover the outlet of the lake; thus settling an important point in connection with the lake system of Central Africa. This lake is undoubtedly the largest of them all, being 450 miles long, with an average breadth of about 30 miles, never more than 40 and rarely less than 20. The area, therefore, is about 13,500 square miles, about one-half greater than that of Lake Erie. It is very deep—soundings in the lake reaching to 1,965 feet. The amount of water which it receives and discharges during the rainy season is very considerable. Cameron counted ninety-six streams falling into it in the part explored by him, and there are probably half as many more in the remainder. The environments are magnificent. A distinguishing feature is the numerous floating islands of matted vegetation, bearing a mass of tall plants, and sometimes trees of considerable size. Fifty or sixty of these islands are sometimes in sight at once, resembling at a distance a fleet under sail. The outlet of the lake is the River Lukuga, about half way down the western shore. Livingstone, in 1869, passed it in a canoe, but failed to discover its reedy mouth. Cameron found it to be 300 or 400 yards wide where it left the lake, with a depth of six feet at its shallowest part. He would have explored it for a distance, but after five or six miles it was choked by a mass of matted floating vegetation, similar to that on the White Nile, through which a passage could be made only by cutting a way for the canoes. This obstruction, he was told,



MEETING BETWEEN STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE.



HENRY M. STANLEY.

extended some six miles, and beyond this there were a series of alternate open and obstructed spaces for a long distance. A chief, who resided near the river, said that his people had gone down it for more than a month; that, after receiving considerable affluents, it fell into a great river called the Lualaba, and that no Arabs had ever gone down it.

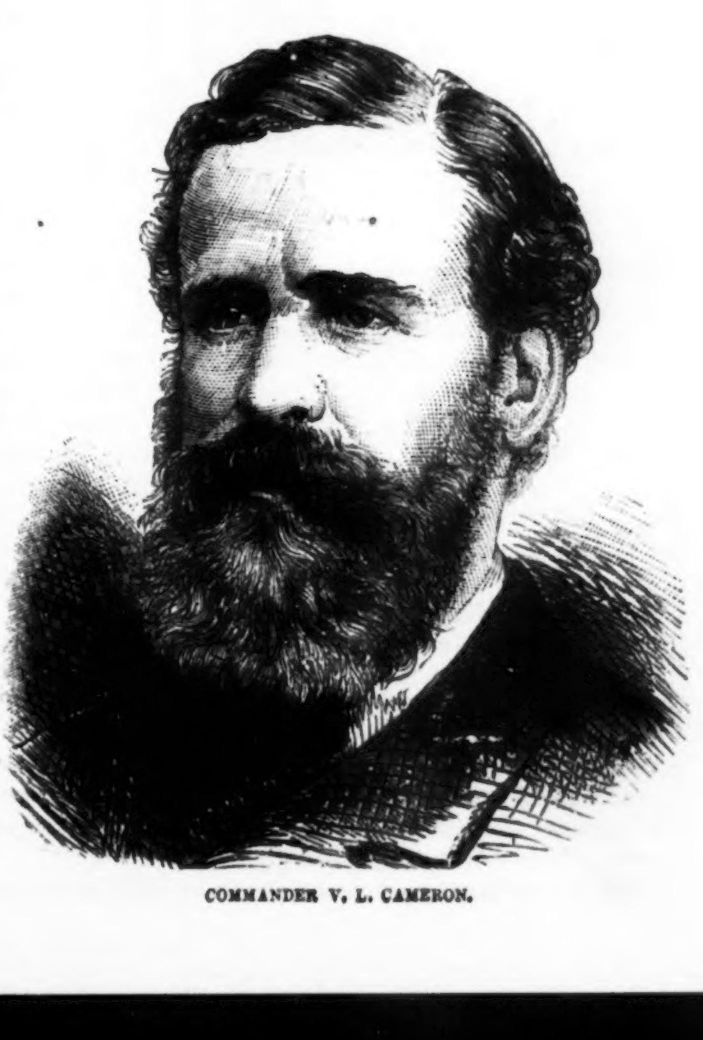
For more than a hundred miles the eastern shore of the lake was then the great hunting-ground for slave-traders. "Patches of corn among the jungle," says Cameron, "denoted the haunts of wretched fugitives from the slave-hunters." And again: "Signs of recent cultivation and marks where a few huts had stood, were noticeable at our encampment. I inquired where the people were: 'Killed, slaves, or runaways,' was as usual the answer." Further down, and on the western shore, where the slave-hunters had not yet reached, there were marks of no small industry and comfort.

Cameron started for Nyangwé on May 31st, traveling in company with a slave caravan. The distance is about 250 miles, the route for much of the way being nearly the same as that traversed by Livingstone in 1869. It led through a region of very varied character, but in general well watered, fertile, picturesque and healthy, but beginning to be cursed by the presence of slave-hunters. The Arabs plundered right and left, their firearms giving them almost perfect impunity. At one place Cameron came upon an Arab settlement of considerable size, where the traders lived comfortably in good houses, while they sent out their caravans, composed of slaves and Wanyawési Pagazi. These fellows get little pay, but are allowed to look the country all around in search of subsistence and slaves. Some of the slaves they keep for themselves, giving their employers a part in payment for the powder supplied to them. One of the traders employed 600 of these Wanyawési, and had in his storehouses more than fifteen tons of good ivory, and was waiting for the road between Ujiji and Unyanyembé to be reported clear before sending it to the coast.

Cameron reached Nyangwé early in August. As he looked upon the Lualaba, here already "a strong and sweeping current of turbid, yellow water, fully a mile wide, flowing at the rate of three or four knots an hour," he was convinced that it could by no possibility be the upper course of the White Nile, which at Gondokoro, several hundreds of miles beyond, has not a sixth of the volume of the Lualaba at Nyangwé.

The question now was, "What success will attend the attempt at tracing the river to the sea?" Alas, the attempt could not even be made! The owners of canoes would sell them only for slaves. There was here one fine old Arab trader named Habedibn Salim, who had befriended Livingstone, and was now very kind to Cameron. He had been a great traveler in his day, and said that he had gone down the river until it fell into a great lake, to which men bringing cloth for sale came in great vessels capable of carrying 200 men. This lake, called Sankorra, is conjecturally located by Cameron about 300 miles west of Nyangwé, and 450 miles from Geliala Falls, on the Congo, above which point the course of the river is almost unknown.

After some weeks of waiting, a native chief named Tipo-tipo came to Nyangwé, whose residence was some marches to the south, on the Romani, an affluent of the Lualaba, and who said that he thought that from his village Cameron could make his way to the Lake Sankorro. Near the close of August, Cameron set out with Tipo-tipo, and in a few days reached his camp. Everything looked favorable. He was told that the road to the lake presented no great difficulties, and that there he would be almost certain to find people who owned large boats; but that before proceeding it would be necessary to obtain the permission of a chief through whose territory they must pass. To his dismay, the chief sent back word, "No strangers with guns have ever passed through my country, and none shall pass without fighting their way." Cameron was assured that he could have obtained men enough from Tipo-tipo to have easily fought his way through; "but," he says, "I felt that the merit of any geographical discovery would be irretrievably marred by shedding a drop of native blood except in self-defense," and he would not unnecessarily risk the life of one of his own



COMMANDER V. L. CAMERON.

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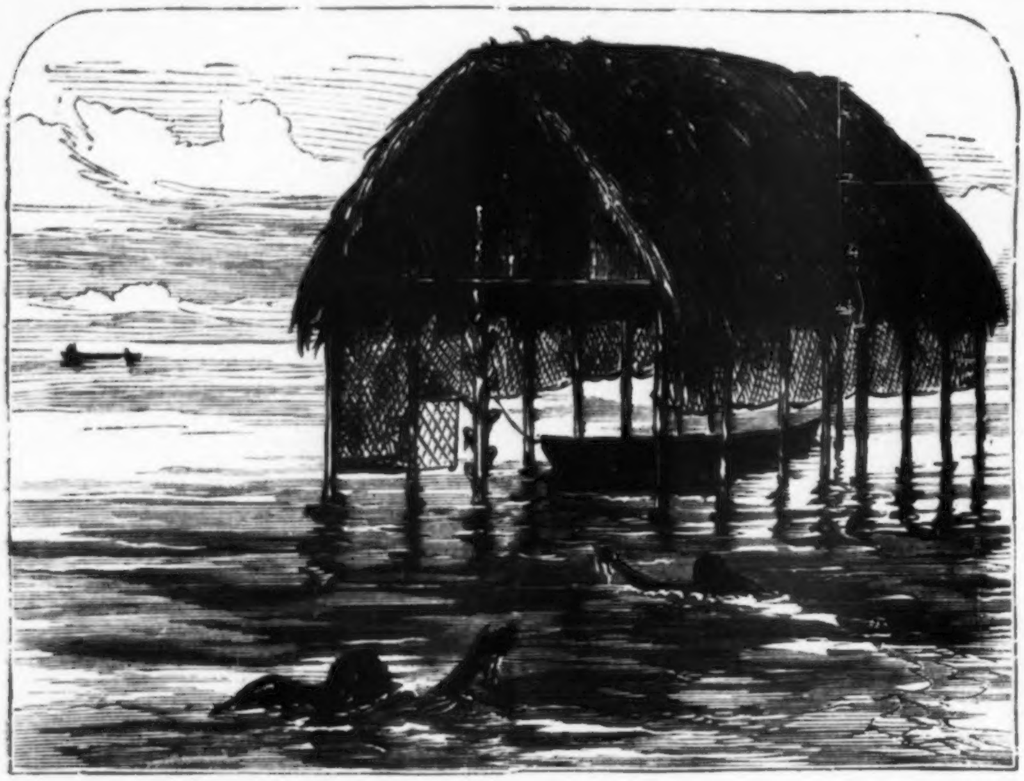


CAMERON EXPEDITION—LAKE DWELLING IN LAKE MOHEYA.

men. The way to the lake was to the northwest of Nyangwé, and he had already gone some distance to the south. He was now informed that, thirty days' march still further to the south, was the residence of Kasongo, the great King of Urea, the most powerful chief in all that region; and that white traders often came there from the lake. Thither he set out, having been provided with guides by Tipo-tipo, who seems to have acted throughout with perfect good faith. Tipo-tipo had numerous slaves, who always wore chains to prevent their running away, but otherwise seem to have had a tolerably easy life, and were well fed. They were mainly employed as carriers, and the chief said that he would be glad to find other means for transporting his goods; but there was no other way, and he had to make the best of it.

Not without many misadventures, Cameron reached the residence of Kasongo about the middle of October; but the King was absent collecting tribute in other parts of his dominions, and until he returned nothing could be done. Here Cameron found a Portuguese slave-trader from Bihé, toward the western coast, who had been two years in the country gathering slaves and ivory, and was ready to start for home as soon as the King came back. This trader, who bore the Portuguese name of José Antonio Alvez, was in outward appearance an ugly old negro, and, as afterward turned out, a great rascal. He had heard of Lake Sankorro, and had been told that the route to it was very difficult and dangerous, across a vast treeless plain, intersected by numerous rivers, and in the wet season, which was now close at hand, absolutely impassable. This account was confirmed by others, notably by Judah Merikani, a half-caste Arab, who had a trading-post near Ujiji, and had been personally known to Burton, Speke and Livingstone, and whom Cameron, after an acquaintance of several months, pronounces to be "the kindest and most hospitable of the many friends I found among the Arab traders in Africa."

Under the circumstances, the only possible thing to be done seemed to be for Cameron to accept the offer of Alvez to conduct him to the coast, as his own party was too small to travel alone through the intervening 800 miles of unknown country. For this it was agreed that when the coast was reached, Alvez should receive a present proportionate to the value of his services. From October, 1874, to the close of January, 1875, Cameron had to await the return of Kasongo, making in the interval sundry short excursions in the immediate regions, and gathering such information as he could.

Urea, the only state in all the region traversed by Cameron which at all approaches our ideas of a kingdom, bears a striking resemblance to what we are told of Ashantee and Dahomey. The king arrogates to himself divine as well as human honors. It is said that he has no need of food or drink, and only partakes of these on account of the pleasure which they afford him. His harem is large, the principal wives being all of the blood-royal, among them being his step-mother, aunts, sisters, and even his own daughters. Save himself, no male is allowed to enter the harem between sunset and sunrise; and if one of his slaves gives birth to a male child during the night, the mother and child are bundled away at once. When Kasongo sleeps at home, his bedroom furniture is composed of his women. Some lie flat on the ground, by way of carpet; others, crouching on hands and knees, present their backs as a royal couch. Mutilation is the usual punishment for the most trivial offense, and there is a plentiful lack of hands, lips, and noses among the royal retainers. The chief favorite at this time, had lost his hands, lips, nose, and ears in consequence of having, at various times, incurred the displeasure of the king; "and yet," says Cameron, "notwithstanding such cruel treatment at his master's hands, he seemed to worship the ground he stood on. Several others, equally badly maimed, were scarcely less remarkable for their devotion."

The funeral ceremonies of a king of Urea are unequaled for their atrocity. The course of a river is diverted, and a deep pit is dug in its bed, the bottom of which is paved with living women. At one end a woman is placed upon her hands and knees, and upon her back is seated the dead king, supported on either side by one of his wives; the second wife being seated at his feet. The earth is then shoveled in upon them, and all are buried alive, with the exception of the second wife, who is killed before the grave is filled up. Then a large number of male slaves are killed, and their blood poured over the grave; after which the stream is turned back into its ancient channel. It is said that more than a hundred women were thus buried alive at the funeral of Kasongo's father. All this is not a little singular, for elsewhere, except in immediate connection with the slave trade, the practices of the natives seem to be decidedly less ferocious than those of most savage tribes.

Even after the return of Kasongo, there was a long delay in getting off, and it was not till the close of February that the requisite permission was given. The truth appears to be, that Alvez wanted to obtain as many more slaves as he could, and had sent his men in various directions to seize them wherever they could pick them up. One of these detentions, indeed, practically lasted through March, April, and May, during which time the actual advance toward the coast was scarcely seventy-five miles. The whole caravan of

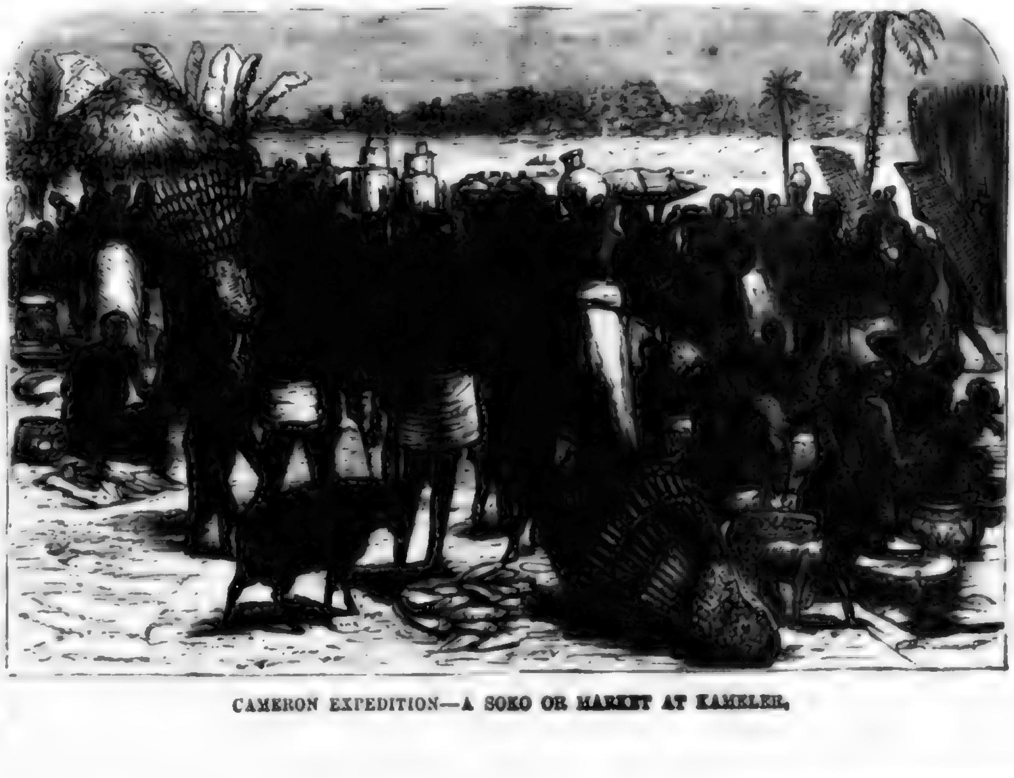
Alvez numbered about 700 persons, of whom only a small part were really his own men, the remainder being independent gangs of slave-hunters, who traveled together for the sake of security. By the time they had left the territory of Urea, they had gathered more than 1,500 slaves, most of them by sheer violence, without even the pretence of purchase.

"On this march with Alvez," says Cameron, "I was disgusted beyond measure with what I saw of the manner in which the slaves were treated, and have no hesitation in asserting that the worst of the Arabs are in this respect angels of light in comparison with the Portuguese and those who travel with them. Alvez's people attacked any small parties of natives whom they chanced to meet, and plundered their loads. Any cultivated spot they at once fell on like a swarm of locusts, and throwing down their loads, rooted up groundnuts and fields of potatoes, and laid waste fields of unripe corn, out of sheer wantonness. In the villages where they encamped, they cut down bananas, and stripped the oil-palms of their fronds for building their huts, thus doing an irreparable injury to the unfortunate inhabitants. On remonstrating with them, I was told that they had permission from Kasongo to take whatever they required. But had they not been armed with guns they would never have dared to act thus; for, on entering countries where the people carried firearms, these truculent ruffians became as mild as doves, and yielded to any demands made upon them by the natives. The consequence of this system of living upon the country was to be seen in the entire absence of women and children, goats, pigs and fowls from open villages. While this plundering and looting was carried on in the open country, none ventured to separate from the caravan when passing through the jungle, for it was reported to be full of armed men who would cut off stragglers, and, according to rumor, kill and eat them."

One day, while still in Urea, Coimbra, the head of one of the accompanying gangs, came into camp with 52 women, tied together in squads of 17 or 18, whom he had apparently purchased of their actual captors, for he was escorted by a party of Kasongo's men. "Some of these women had children in arms, others were far advanced in pregnancy, and all were laden with huge bundles of grass-cloth and other plunder. They were covered with weals and scars, showing how unmercifully they had been treated. To obtain these 52 women, at least 10 villages had been destroyed, each having a population of from 100 to 200, or about 1,500 in all. Some may have escaped to neighboring villages; but the greater portion were undoubtedly burnt when their villages were surprised, shot while attempting to save their wives and families, or doomed to die of starvation in the jungle, unless some wild beast put a more speedy end to their miseries. Indeed," adds Cameron, "the cruelties perpetrated in the heart of Africa by men calling themselves Christians, and carrying the Portuguese flag, can scarcely be credited by those living in a civilized land."

We must pass very briefly over the remainder of Cameron's long journey to Benguela, although it is full of thrilling incidents. Their march lay southwestward, and took them hundreds of miles away from the Congo, whose course Cameron had hoped to explore. In August they approached the region traversed by Livingstone in his first great journey, more than twenty years before, and actually saw Katendé, a chief mentioned by him. The old chief remembered the white man who had so long ago passed through his village, chiefly from the fact that he used to ride upon an ox. Here it is that the water-shed between the headwaters of the Zambesi and those of the Kwango, a great affluent of the Congo, is so nearly a level that the two rivers fairly interlace, and in the wet season actually join each other.

Early in October, they reached Alvez's home, in Bihé. The old rascal had been absent more than two years, and his women had almost given him up for lost, and now made a great time over him. Cameron had still 250 miles to go before reaching Benguela, an important Portuguese town on the west coast. His stores were almost exhausted, and most of his followers were in rags; but somehow, he managed to buy ivory and beeswax at a high price from Alvez, with which to pay his way. The rainy season had set in again, traveling became irksome, and his men began to fall sick, one of them dying on the road. When they had reached within about 150 miles of the coast, it was clear that most of the men could never reach their journey's end unless assistance were sent back to them. Leaving the others in camp, Cameron, with about a dozen others, set out. They soon began to ascend the mountains, which lay between them and the coast, and early in November reached their highest point during the journey, being 5,800 feet above the sea, with adjoining hills rising some 800 feet higher. They came to a pass the crossing of which was the hardest work of all. Sometimes they were obliged to crawl on hands and knees over huge masses of rock; at others, to descend into a deep gorge and clamber up again by the aid of vines and creepers, which grew in the crevices. All around were evidences of the perils of this pass. Human skeletons fairly strewed the way. By the side of some were slave-clogs and forks, convincing proofs that, all assertions to the contrary, the slave-trade was still rampant on the coast. At last, after scrambling up a steep nose, a faint blue line was seen on the horizon. It was the sea; and Cameron knew that they were not far from Kalombéla, a little town not far from Benguela. He sent two of his men forward with a note addressed to any charitably disposed person, begging him to send them a little food. He and the rest pushed on as best they could,



CAMERON EXPEDITION—A SOKO OR MARKET AT KAMELER.

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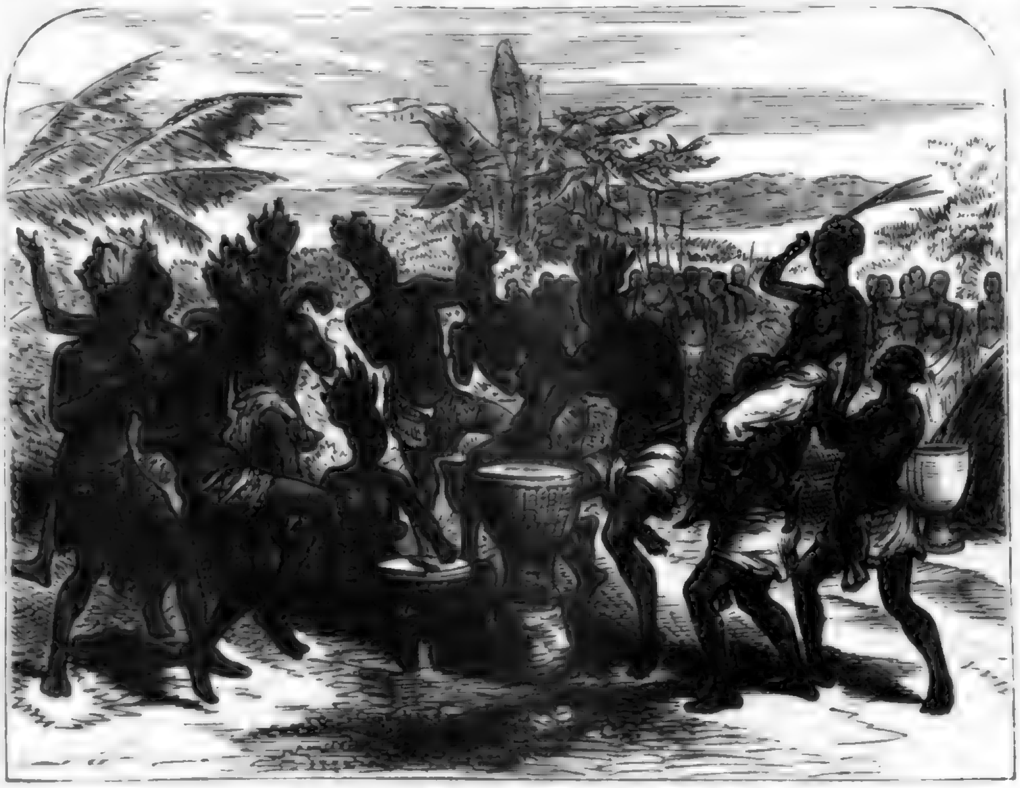
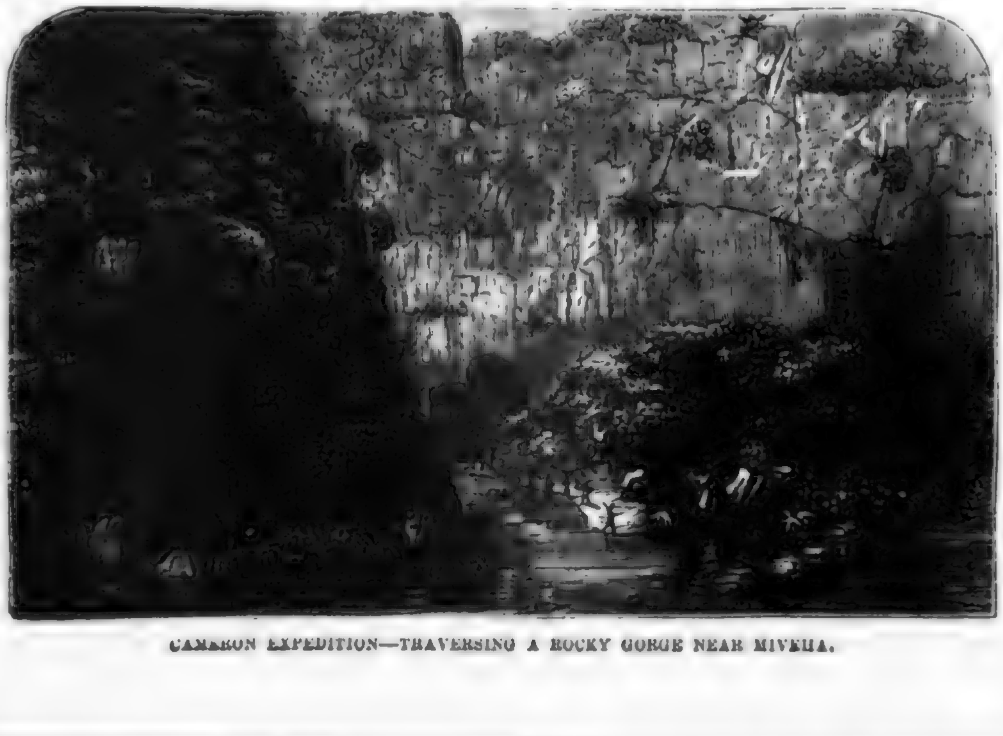


CAMERON EXPEDITION—WEDDING FESTIVAL AT KIBAIYELI.

and on the second morning were met by several men carrying a couple of hammocks and baskets. Out of one of the hammocks sprang a jolly-looking little Frenchman, who seized a bottle of wine and drank "to the honor of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west." This was Mr. Cauchoix, an old officer of the French Navy, who had settled in Benguela as a trader in ivory and beeswax. He had heard of Cameron's approach, and had come out to meet him, and before night men with hammocks had been sent back for the remainder of the party. But Cameron's perils were not quite over. A few days before, he had noticed that his body was covered with purple spots; a slight bruise on the ankle developed into an angry ulcer, and he began to bleed in the mouth. He had hardly reached the house of Mr. Cauchoix, when the symptoms rapidly increased, and it was pronounced that he was suffering from scurvy. He was put into a hammock, and carried to Benguela, ten or a dozen miles distant, where he could have medical assistance. Before he reached there, he was covered with blotches, and unable to speak. For a few days he lay at death's door, momentarily liable to be choked by the clotted blood which had to be pulled from his throat with pincers. But he was at length brought safely through.

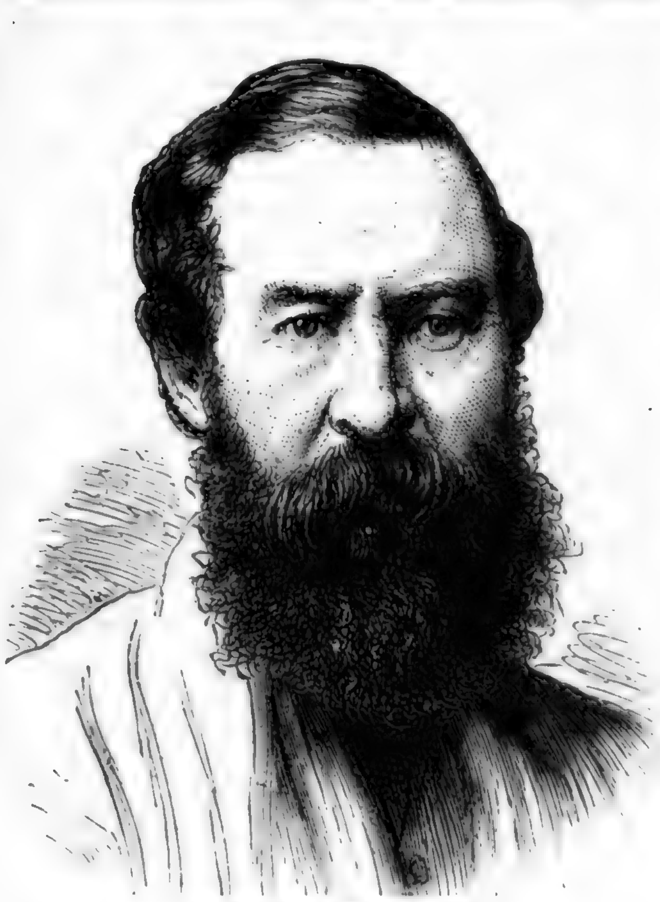
It was now near the middle of November, lacking a few days of three years since he had left England. He went on to St. Paul de Loanda, where several weeks passed before he could provide for the return of his men to Zanzibar. To send them back overland was not to be thought of, although within a few years past several Portuguese traders are said to have made the journey from the west to the east coast. It was not till February, 1876, that he succeeded in purchasing a schooner in which to send them on the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to Zanzibar, where we hope they arrived in due time, sad rascals though most of them were. He himself took a steamer direct for England, where he arrived after a long voyage, the vessel having to stop at more than sixty ports on the way. The foregoing account of his journey 'Across Africa," has been condensed from the early sheets of his narrative, on the point of publication in England and the United States.



CAMERON EXPEDITION—TRAVERSING A ROCKY GORGE NEAR MIVEHA.

We now touch briefly upon the exploration in the lake region of Africa, and the discovery of the real source of the Nile.

James Bruce, born in Scotland in 1730, was, in 1762, appointed British Consul at Algiers. Superseded in the following year, he traveled in the Barbary States and Egypt, whence he set out to discover the sources of the Nile. He supposed that the Blue River, coming from Abyssinia, was the main stem, ascended to its source, and claimed that he had attained the object of his search. His travels lasted from 1768 to 1775. His account of his adventures was not published till several years after, and was received with much incredulity. He was generally supposed to have drawn for his facts more upon his imagination than upon his memory. But later travelers have confirmed his most startling accounts of the manners and character of the people. But before many years it was discovered that the Blue River was, except in the flood season, an inconsiderable affluent of the Nile; at other seasons its bed is almost dry. The White River was recognized as the true Nile. But many years passed before any definite idea was formed of its origin or course. It was only guessed to



SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER.

spring from the fabled Mountains of the Moon, for the existence of the great lakes was not even dreamed of. The discovery of these was made by Burton and Speke.

John Hanning Speke was born at Bideford, England, and died in 1864, by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting. At the age of seventeen he received a commission in the Indian army, and was actively engaged in the Punjaub war. During successive leaves of absence he studied the zoology and geography of India, and formed the best collection of Indian fauna which has ever been made by any private person. In 1854, in company with Captain Richard B. Burton, Speke made some interesting explorations in Eastern Africa, near the shores of the Red Sea. In 1856 he joined Burton to explore the lake region of the interior, of which vague and contradictory accounts had begun to be received from Arab traders.

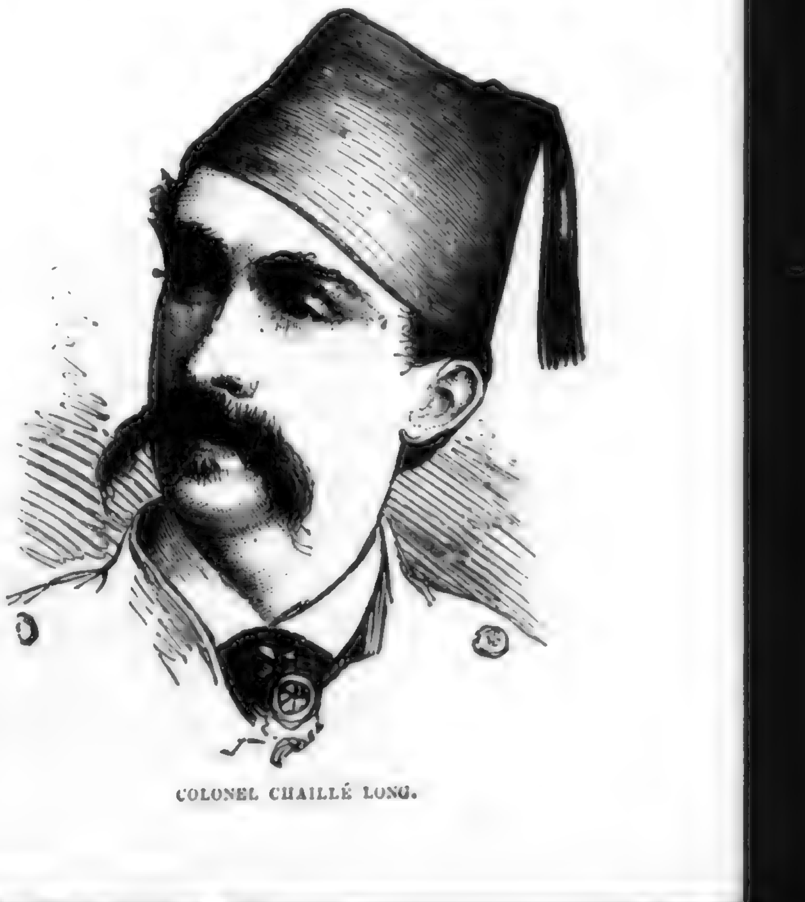
We have already spoken of their discovery of Lake Tanganyika. During this expedition Speke made an independent journey northward, and in August, 1858, discovered the south end of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and sprang to the conclusion that this was the ultimate source of the Nile. Burton, however, discredited the idea, believing that the water which Speke had seen was merely a small lagoon. Speke's theory was generally accepted, and the Royal Geographical Society awarded him its gold medal for 1860.

To settle the question, a new expedition was organized, under the direction of Speke, Lieutenant Gordon going with him as associate. Speke left Zanzibar in August, 1860, in search of the supposed lake, of which nothing was seen for a long while. Then water was discovered far to the north and west of the place where he had found it in 1858. He traveled northward, getting only occasional glimpses of water, being still in doubt whether it was really one great lake, or only portions of a chain of lagoons or lakelets. Indeed, the balance of evidence favored the latter, and, as we now know, erroneous conclusion. Still skirting this water, he at length reached the capital of Mtésé, King of Ugunda, at the northern end of a sheet of water which spread away to the south and west further than eye could reach. At the capital of Mtésé he was detained a considerable while. This monarch, the most considerable potentate of that region, has developed into the most notable African of our time. When Speke saw him he was a tall young man of three-and-twenty, apparently very vain and frivolous, with a decided tendency to ferocity. He was, however, in his way, quite kind to Speke and his companion.

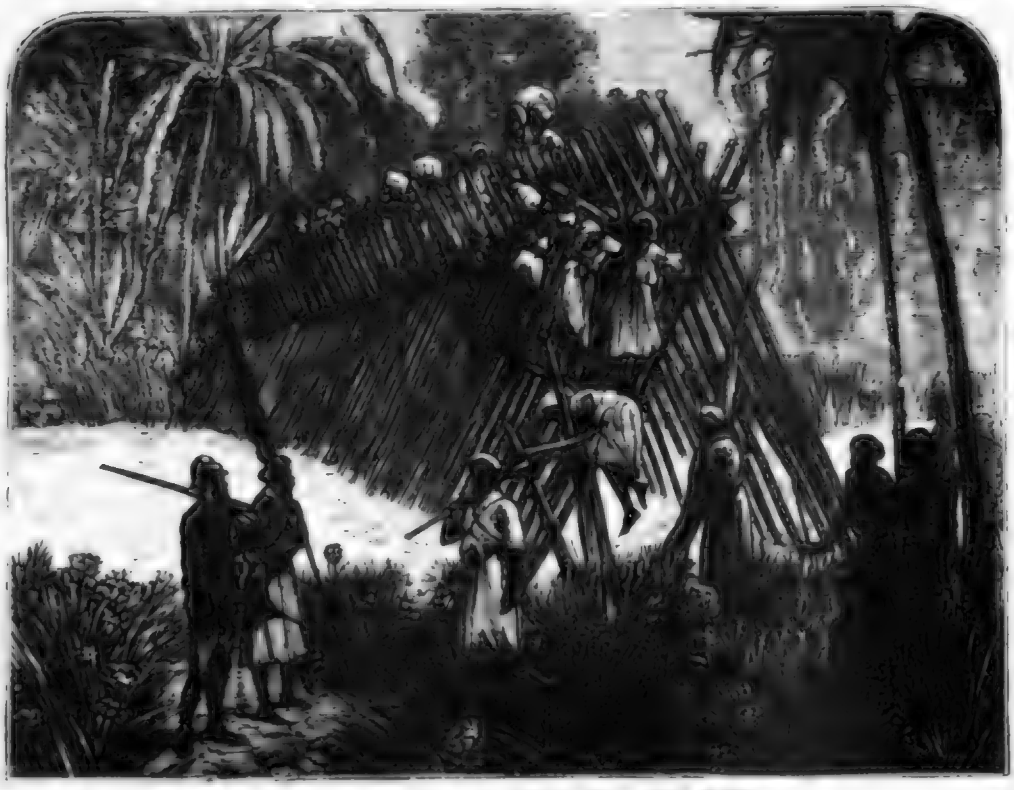
A few leagues from Mtésé's, Speke discovered the outlet of the lake, a river of very considerable size plunging down in a fine cataract from the lake. The size of the river was proof that it must be fed from a lake of considerable size, the reservoir for the rainfall of a large tract of country. That this was really the head of the Nile he had no doubt; and despite of the opposition of Mtésé, who assured him that his project was impossible, he undertook to follow it downward to Egypt. After a few miles he found it impossible to keep near the swampy banks, but in time came again upon a river here flowing westward, which he presumed to be the same which he had seen emerging from Lake Victoria Nyanza. He struck this river near a steep rapid, called Karuma Falls. He was told that the river flowed westward for a space, and after plunging over a lofty cataract, entered another lake, from which it emerged and flowed northward; but that the banks were so rugged that no man could follow the course of the stream.

Though still convinced that the river from the lake and that at the Karuma Falls were one and the same, and the Nile, he called this part of the river the Somerset, a name which is still quite inappropriately retained on the maps. After a long detention in this region by Kamrasi, Chief of Ungoro, he set off northward without again seeing the Nile, until he came upon it at Gondokoro, on the White Nile. Here he met Mr. (now Sir Samuel) Baker, who had got thus far upon his voyage of discovery up the river. To him Speke imparted his discoveries and the theories which he had formed, and Baker went on, with the purpose of supplying the links still wanting to a knowledge of the course of the Nile.

To Speke belongs, beyond all question, the honor of being not only the discoverer of the source of the Nile, but also the first to even suggest the true theory of the course of the main river. Baker and Long have merely supplemented



COLONEL CHAILLÉ LONG.



CAMERON EXPEDITION—CROSSING THE LOVVI RIVER.

important portions of his discoveries and confirmed his conjectures.

Sir Samuel White Baker was born in England in 1821. We must pass rapidly over the incidents of his adventurous career. In 1848, in company with an elder brother, he established a model farm and coffee plantation in the Island of Ceylon, and was noted for his skill as a sportsman. Having come into possession of an ample fortune, he returned to England, and published two clever works describing his eight years' residence in Ceylon. In 1861, having married a young Hungarian lady—who has accompanied him in all his expeditions, sharing in all the perils and privations—he organized a large expedition for the discovery of the sources of the Nile. Before proceeding to the more difficult task of exploring the White Nile, he devoted a full year to the Blue Nile, and to traveling in Abyssinia. After this he started from Cairo upon his second expedition. He reached Khartoum, at the junction of the White and Blue Nile, on June 2d, 1862, whence he proceeded up the river, to Gondokoro, about 1,000 miles, which he reached February 2d, 1863, his boats being, we believe, the first which had ever made the difficult passage. On March 26th, he set out to track the shore of the river upward, with the special purpose to verify the existence of the second lake, of which Speke had heard. This toilsome journey lasted almost a year; but on March 14th, 1864, he was rewarded by the first sight of the lake, to which he gave the name of Albert Nyanza.[*] It seemed to be girdled by mountains, rising on the opposite shore to a height of 7,000 feet above the ocean. Two days later, he struck upon its shores at a point considerably above its southern extremity. He had no means for making an exploration of its waters; and brief time even if he had the means; for he wished to return to Europe the following year. He went no further north, but sailed down in canoes along the eastern shore, a distance of about seventy-five miles, occupying thirteen days, until he reached the mouth of a great river, emptying into the lake from the east. He ascended this about twenty-five miles, when he was stopped by a cataract 120 feet high, which he worthily named Murchison Falls. He then followed up along its bank fifty miles further to the Karuma Falls. In this region he was detained until the middle of November, by that Ungoro chief, Kamiasi, with whom Speke and Gordon had had nowise pleasant experiences. Being at last permitted to depart, he hurried back, and reached Gondokoro, March 22d, 1865, whence he returned to England, and published an account of his travels in Abyssinia and to the lake.

Baker returned to Egypt in 1869, in company with the Prince of Wales, and came into high favor with the Khédive, who appointed him Governor-general of all the region belonging to the Nile Basin, lying south of Gondokoro.

To carry out the designs announced by the Khédive, Baker had constructed in England five steel steamers and two steel lifeboats. There was also a steam saw-mill, with a boiler weighing 900 pounds, in one piece. The steamers were constructed in sections, and all had to be conveyed for several hundred miles across the Nubian Desert, and from Alexandria to Gondokoro, some 2,000 miles, by boats and camels. The details of this expedition have been narrated by Baker in his "Ismaïla"; but as it was of a military, and not of an exploring, character, we pass it by, merely noting that it reached Massudi, in about lat. 2 deg. north, in April, 1872; and that, in the following, January envoys came from King Mtésé, from whom Baker gathered that the Albert Nyanza and Tanganyika were parts of one and the same lake, or that at all events canoes passed from one to the other. This, we think, is clearly an error; for although the two lakes are nearly on the same level, there is most probably high ground between them. If it were so, it would present the anomaly of a lake with two great outlets running in opposite directions. And, moreover, we are told in a dispatch from Gordon Pasha to the Khédive, that in April, 1876, the southern extremity of the Albert had been reached in two iron boats which had been brought up the Nile, and was found to be 140 miles long, which would leave more than 100 miles between it and Tanganyika; that at the southern point reached the water was only leg-deep, and was bounded by great forests. The breadth of the lake was said to be fifty miles, which would give it an area of about 7,000 square miles.

When Baker's term of command had expired he was succeeded, as Governor-General of Equatorial Egypt, by Colonel Gordon, an English engineer, who was created a Pasha. There still remained one Nile problem to be solved. This was to determine positively that the river which flowed out of Lake Victoria was the same as the one which flowed into Lake Albert. The solution of this problem was undertaken in 1874 by Colonel Long.[*] He left Gondokoro, April 24th,

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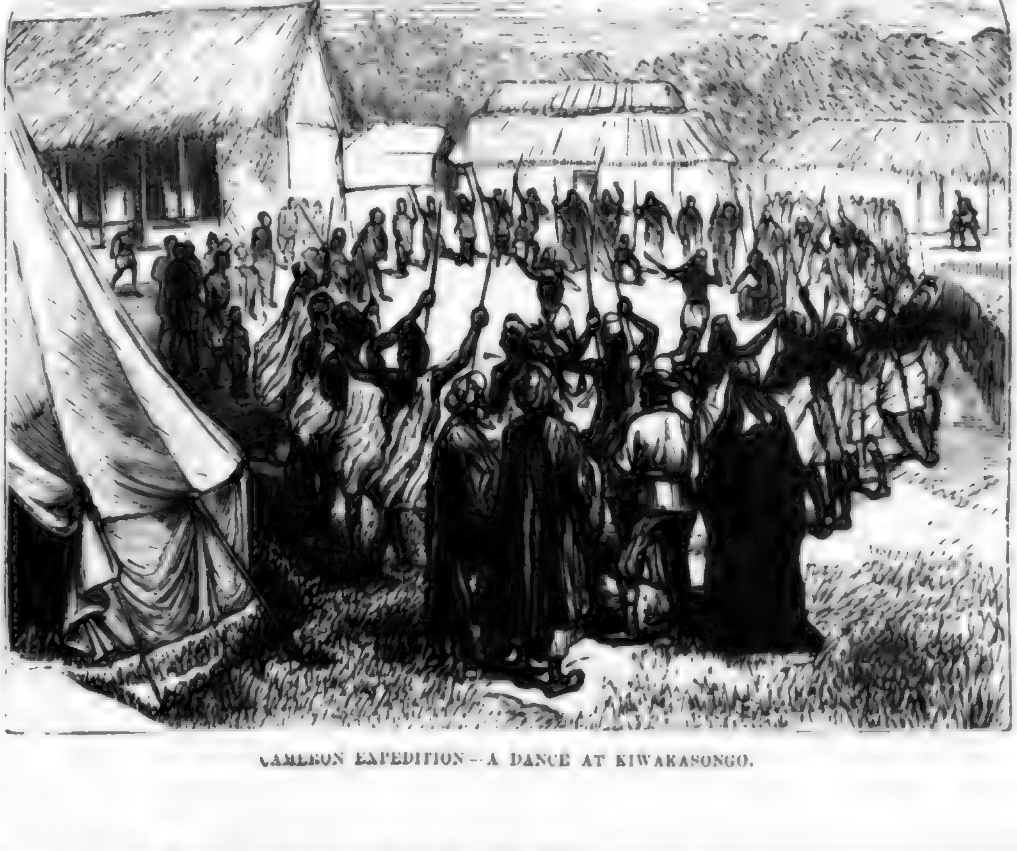
[*] Nyanza, according to Cameron, is an African word, formed from *Nya*, "it rains," and denoting specifically "a lake."

[*] C. Chaillé Long is an American, who—after, as we understand, serving in the Confederate army—entered the service of the Khédive after the close of the Civil War. In February, 1874, he was made chief of staff to Gordon Pasha, the newly appointed Governor-General of Equatorial Egypt, whose seat of government was to be at Gondokoro. They reached this point in April. Finding that there was no pressing duty to be performed, Long received permission to undertake a journey of exploration to the source of the Nile.

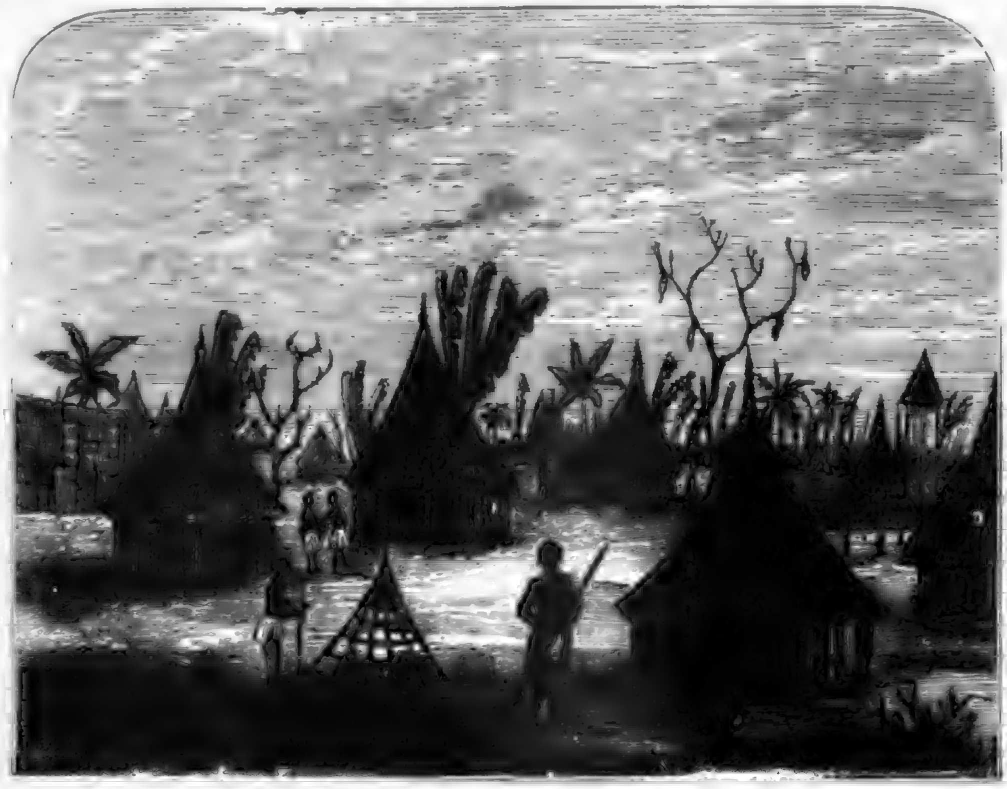
1874, very slenderly equipped for the expedition, and reached Mtésé's capital, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, late in June. The King of Uganda had heard much of the great Khédive of Egypt, and received Long with distinguished honors. His first public reception was marked by a startling ceremony. All around the hall were posted the royal messengers, who also officiated as executioners. At a signal from Mtésé these rushed out, and reappeared, each dragging in a prisoner—thirty in all. These were all beheaded on the spot. The same ceremony, though on a smaller scale, was repeated at other formal receptions. There seemed to be no idea that there was anything barbarous or cruel in this. It was simply a token of high honor to his guest, as when a European potentate treats an honored visitor to a battue. After much persuasion, Mtésé yielded to Long's urgent request to be allowed to descend the river which Speke had, twelve years before, seen flowing from the lake. The only objection in the royal mind was the apprehension of danger to Long. He said that this river was not the one which formed the Karuma Falls, and flowed westward; but went away far to the east, no one knew whither, and that no one who had gone down it had ever returned alive. He, however, furnished Long with supplies and an armed escort. They reached the river at its exit from the lake, and marched down its bank, through thick forests, for thirty or forty miles, till they reached the place where Speke had been obliged to leave it, whence they expected to proceed in boats furnished by orders from Mtésé. The escort became alarmed by hostile demonstrations from Keba Rega, son and successor of Kamrasi, chief of the Unyori. They refused to go further down the river; but Long declared that he would descend it, even if it went to Hades. Accompanied by his own four men, and three children who had been given him by Mtésé, one of them being his own daughter, Long set out in two canoes on the 9th of August. After paddling for three days, they found the river to expand into a shallow lagoon ten miles or more wide, and thirty or forty long, almost covered with water-lilies and other aquatic plants, through which the canoes could with difficulty make their way by narrow and winding passages. To this lagoon he gave the name of Lake Ibrahim. On the 17th the stream had contracted to a width of 1,000 yards, when all at once a fleet of about forty large canoes, each carrying a score or so of men, shot out from the papyrus on either side. Long had three rifles carrying explosive balls, a number of revolvers, and ammunition in abundance. As the canoes approached, the men brandishing their spears, fire was opened upon them. The explosive shot plowed through the enemy, packed as closely as they could stand, and tore great holes through the canoes, sinking several of them. The battle lasted perhaps a couple of hours, when the savages abandoned the attack. As afterward appeared from their own account, they had lost eighty-two men. Long was slightly wounded by an inadvertent pistol-shot from one of his own men, the ball just grazing his nose. Paddling down the river, broad and deep enough for the largest steamer, on the 20th they reached Foneira, the furthest Egyptian military post, at the Karuma Falls. Baker had reached this point from below. The identity of the river flowing from Lake Victoria with that falling into Lake Albert, and issuing from it as the White Nile, was fully established, and the long mystery of the source of the Nile was solved.

A region so vast as the plateau of Central Africa must of course present great varieties of physical condition. The great swampy region along the White Nile is, beyond all doubt, extremely insalubrious. But the vast tract, covered more or less by the explorations of Livingstone and Cameron, is equally, beyond doubt, among the parts of the globe most highly favored by nature, generally healthy, and, although lying within the tropics, capable of furnishing all the products of the warmer portions of the temperate zones. Among those whose actual production are specially noted are Indian corn and tobacco, which are found in regions so widely apart, and where they could scarcely have been introduced from abroad, as to leave it almost certain that they are indigenous to Africa as well as to America. Of Indian corn, three crops, each yielding from 150 to 200 fold, are often produced from a single patch in eight months. A common grain is *matama*, or Kaffir corn, which grows both in wet and dry situations, yielding enormously, while its stalks are very valuable as fodder. Cotton is cultivated almost everywhere, and grows wild in many places. Coffee grows wild to the west of Nyangwé, where its berry resembles that of Mocha. Of wheat abundant crops are already raised near Unyanyembé and Ujiji, and the grain has been successfully introduced further west. Rice has been introduced wherever the Arabs have made settlements. India-rubber is produced in large quantities from vines whose stems are often of the size of a man's thigh. Already a very considerable trade in this article has sprung up at Zanzibar. Among the more tropical productions prominent is the oil-palm, which "flourishes in marvelous profusion, to a height of about 3,000 feet, in the broad valley of the Lualaba." Of mineral productions, iron is universally diffused, and very largely worked up. Copper is found in large quantities in several localities. Gold has been found in several places, in the shape of small nuggets and grains; the natives appear to be well acquainted with it, but have

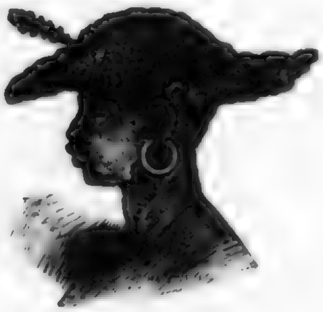


CAMERON EXPEDITION—A DANCE AT KIWAKASONGO.

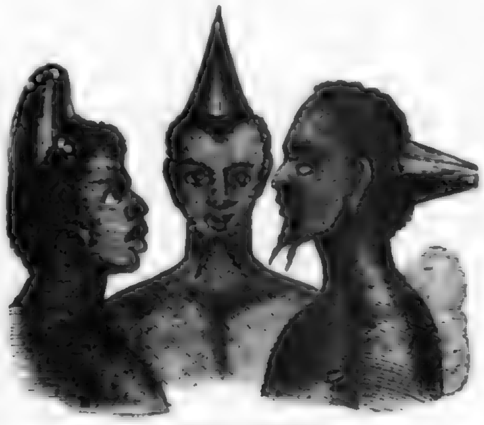
not yet learned its value; it is so soft that they prefer copper. Coal certainly exists, but in what quantities is as yet uncertain.



CAMERON EXPEDITION—SONA BAZH, A ULUNDO VILLAGE.



AFRICAN COIFFURE.



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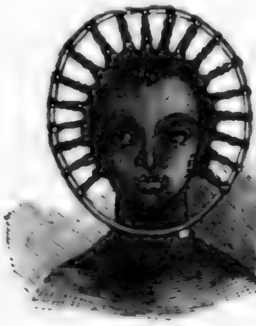
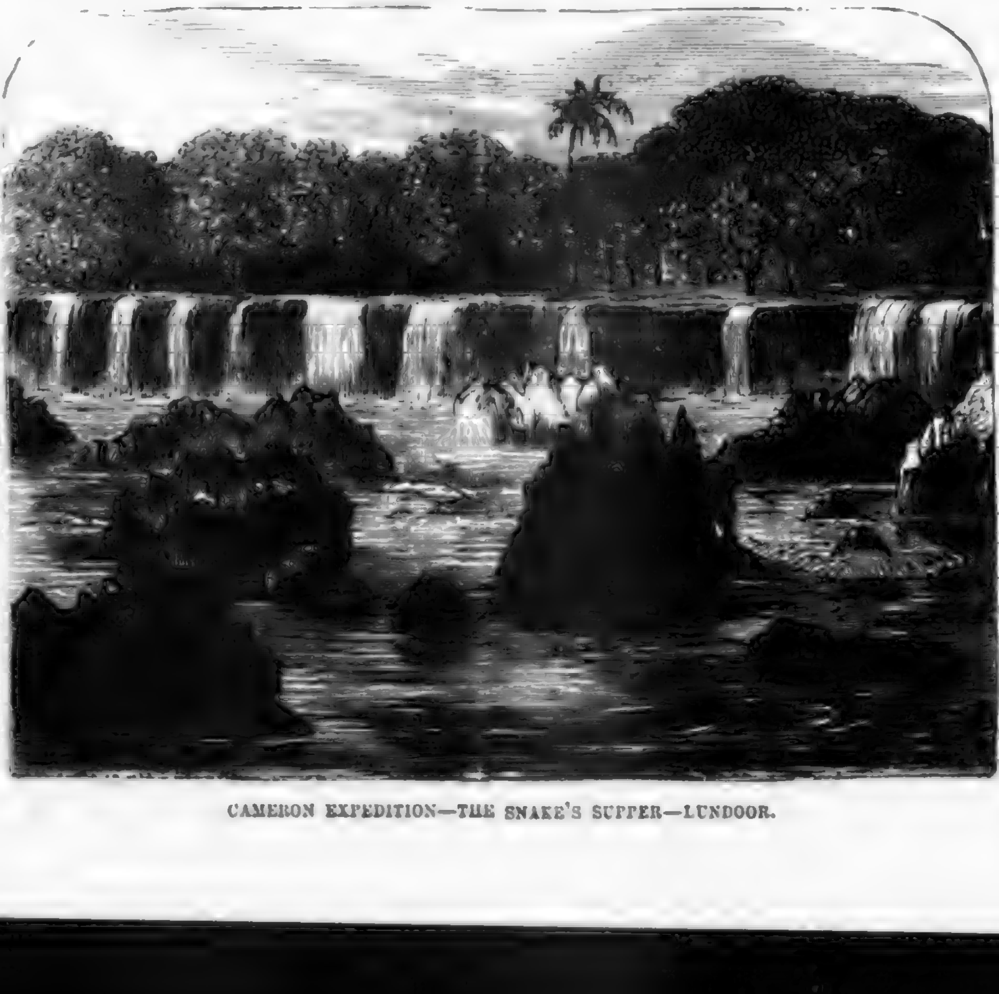


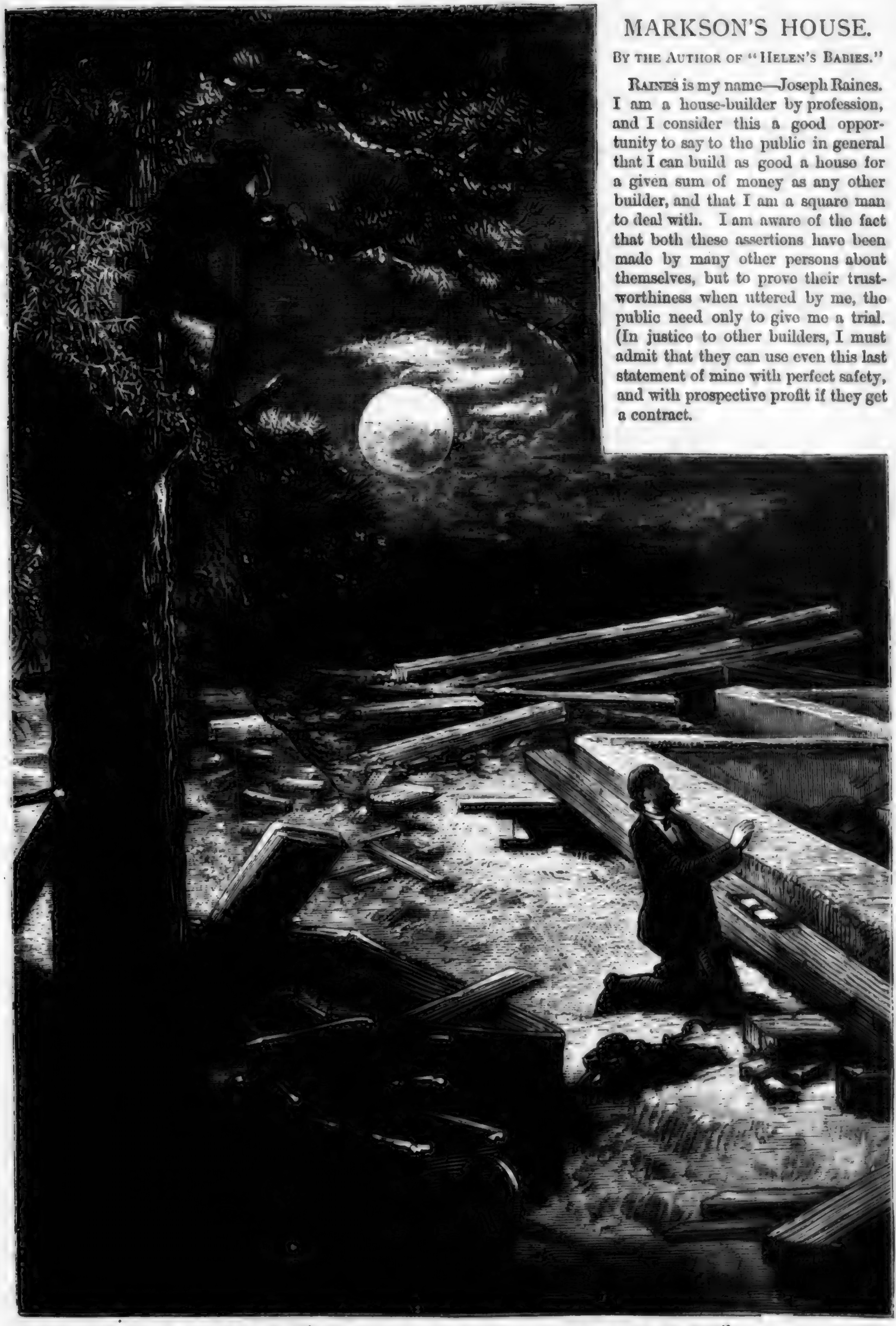
AFRICAN COIFFURE.

In the words of Cameron, "the vegetable and mineral productions of this marvelous land are equal in variety, value and quantity to those of the most favored regions of the globe; and if the inhabitants can be employed in their exploration, vast fortunes will reward those who may be the pioneers of commerce. The first step toward this is the establishment of proper means of communication," for as yet human beings are, in the region which we are considering, absolutely the only beasts of burden. The natural facilities for means of communication afforded by the great, almost interlacing, navigable rivers and the general level surface of the country, are very great. None but the most determined pessimists can doubt, we imagine, that in some not very remote future the great African plateau will become the domain of civilization; and there is good reason to hope that the native races will be civilized, not extirpated. One or the other of these is the sure fate of all the savage races of the earth.



CAMERON EXPEDITION—THE SNAKE'S SUPPER—LUNDOOR.

The explorations carried on in the present century have revealed to the civilized world the system of water-courses that distinguish the continent, and the natural products, as well as the actual condition of the several native tribes. The energy of the white races will soon be applied to make all this contribute to the wealth of the world.



MARKSON'S HOUSE.

By the Author of "Helen's Babies."

Raines is my name—Joseph Raines. I am a house-builder by profession, and I consider this a good opportunity to say to the public in general that I can build as good a house for a given sum of money as any other builder, and that I am a square man to deal with. I am aware of the fact that both these assertions have been made by many other persons about themselves, but to prove their trustworthiness when uttered by me, the public need only to give me a trial. (In justice to other builders, I must admit that they can use even this last statement of mine with perfect safety, and with prospective profit if they get a contract.

MARKSON'S HOUSE.—"HE KISSED THE PACKAGE, AND THEN I COULD SEE HE WAS PRAYING."

I suppose it will be considered very presumptuous in me to attempt to write a story, for, while some professions seem relatives of literature, I freely admit that there is no carpenter's tool which prepares one to handle a pen. To be sure, I have read some stories which, it seemed to me, could have been improved by the judicious use of a handsaw, had that extremely radical tool been able to work æsthetically as it does practically; and while I have read certain other stories and essays, and poems, I have been tormented by an intense desire to apply to them a smoothing-plane, a pair of compasses, or square, or even so far interfere with their arrangement as to cut a window-hole or two, and an occasional ventilator. Still, admitting that the carpenter should stick to his bench—or to his office and carriage, if he is a master builder, as I am—I must yet insist that there are occasions when a man is absolutely compelled to handle tools to which he is not accustomed. Dr. Buzzie, my own revered pastor, established this principle firmly in my mind one day by means of a mild rebuke, administered on the occasion of my volunteering to repair some old chairs which had come down to him through several generations. The doctor was at work upon them himself, and although he seemed to regard the very chips and sawdust—even such as found a way into his eyes—with a reverent affection, he was certainly ruining good material in a shocking manner. But when I proffered my assistance, he replied:

"Thank you, Joseph; but—but they wouldn't be the same chair if any one else touched them."

I feel similarly about the matter of my story—perhaps you will understand why as you read it.

When I had finished my apprenticeship, people seemed to like me, and some of our principal men advised me to stay at Bartley, my native village—it was near the city, they said, and would soon fill up with city people, who would want villas and cottages built. So I staid, and between small jobs of repairing, and contracts to build fences, stables, and carriage-houses, I managed to keep myself busy, and to save a little money after I had paid my bills.

One day it was understood that a gentleman from the city had bought a villa site overlooking the town, and intended to build very soon. I immediately wrote him a note, saying I would be glad to see his plans and make an estimate; and in the course of time the plans were sent me, and I am happy to say that I under-estimated every one, even my own old employer. Then the gentleman—Markson his name was—drove out to see me, and he put me through a severe course of questions, until I wondered if he was not some distinguished architect. But he wasn't—he was a shipping merchant. It's certainly astonishing how smart some of those city fellows are about everything. The upshot was, he gave me the contract, and a very pretty one it was: ten thousand three hundred and forty dollars. To be sure, he made me alter the specifications so that the sills should be of stuff ten inches square, instead of the thin stuff we usually use for the sills of balloon-frame houses, such as his was to be; and though the alteration would add quite a few dollars to the cost of materials, I did not dare to add a cent to my estimate, for fear of losing the contract. Besides—though, of course, I did not intend to do so dishonorable a thing—I knew that I could easily make up the difference by using cheap paint instead of good English lead for priming, or in either one of a dozen other ways; builders have such tricks, just as ministers and manufacturers and railroad men do.

I felt considerably stuck up at getting Markson's house to build, and my friends said I had a perfect right to feel so, for no house so costly had been built at Bartley for several years. So anxious were my friends that I should make a first-class job of it, that they all dropped in to discuss the plan with me, and to give me some advice, until—thanks to their thoughtful kindness—my head would have been in a muddle had the contemplated structure been a cheap barn instead of a costly villa. But, by a careful review of the original plan every night after my friends departed, and a thoughtful study of it each morning before going to work, I succeeded in completing it according to the ideas of the only two persons really concerned—I refer to Mr. Markson and myself.

Admitting in advance that there is in the house-building business very little that teaches a man to be a literary critic, I must nevertheless say that many poets of ancient and modern times might have found the building of a house a far more inspiring theme than some upon which they have written, and even a more respectable one than certain others which some distinguished rhymers have unfortunately selected.

I have always wondered why, after Mr. Longfellow wrote "The Building of the Ship," some one did not exercise his muse upon a house. I never attempted poetry myself, except upon my first baby, and even *those* verses I transcribed with my left hand, so they might not betray me to the editor of the Bartley *Conservator*, to whom I sent them, and by whom they were published.

I say I never attempted poetry-writing save once; but sometimes, when I am working on a house, and think of all that must transpire within it—of the precious ones who will escape, no matter how strongly I build the walls; of the destroyer who will get in, in spite of the improved locks I put on all my houses; of the darkness which cannot at times be dispelled, no matter how large the windows, nor how perfect the glass may be (I am very particular about the glass I put in); of the occasional joys which seem meet for heavenly mansions not built by contract; of the unseen heroisms greater than any that men have ever cheered, and the conquests in comparison with which the achievements of mighty kings are only as splintery hemlock to Georgia pine—when I think of all this, I am so lifted above all that is prosaic and matter-of-fact, that I am likely even to forget that I am working by contract instead of by the day.

Besides, Markson's house was my first job on a residence, and it was a large one, and I was young, and full of what I fancied were original ideas of taste and effect; and as I was unmarried, and without any special lady friend, I was completely absorbed in Markson's house.

How it would look when it was finished; what views it would command; whether its architectural style was not rather subdued, considering the picturesque old hemlock which stood near by; what particular shade of color would be effective alike to the distant observer and to those who stood close by when the light reached it only through the green of the hemlocks; just what color and blending of slate to select, so the steep-pitched roof should not impart a sombre effect to the whole house; how much money I would make on it (for this is a matter of utter uncertainty until your work is done, and you know what you've paid out and what you get); whether Markson could influence his friends in my favor; what sort of a family he had, and whether they were worthy of the extra pains I was taking on their house—these and a thousand other wonderings and reveries kept possession of my mind; while the natural pride and hope and confidence of a young man turned to sweet music the sound of saw and hammer and trowel, and even translated the rustling of pine shavings into hopeful whispers.

The foundations had been laid, and the sills placed in position, and I was expecting to go on with the work as soon as Markson himself had inspected the sills—this, he said, he wished to do before anything further was done, and, so that he might not have any fault to find with them, I had them sawn to order, and made half an inch larger each way, so they could not possibly shrink before he could measure them.

The night before he was to come up and examine them I was struck at the supper-table by the idea that perhaps from one of the western chamber-windows there might be seen the river, which lay between the hills a couple of miles beyond. As the moon was up and full, I could not rest until I had ascertained whether I was right or wrong, so I put a twenty-foot tapeline in my pocket, and hurried off to the hill where the house was to stand.

Foundation three feet, height of parlor ceiling twelve feet, allow for floors two feet more, made the chamber-floor seventeen feet above the level of the ground. Climbing one of the hemlocks which I thought must be in line with the river and the window, I dropped my line until I had unrolled seventeen feet, and then ascended until the end of the line just touched the ground. I found I was right in my supposition; and in the clear, mellow light of the moon the river, the hills and valleys, woods, fields, orchards, houses and rocks (the latter ugly enough by daylight, and utterly useless for building purposes), made a picture which set me thinking of a great many exquisite things entirely out of the house-building line.

I might have stared till the moon went down, for when I've nothing else to do I dearly enjoy dreaming with my eyes open; but I heard a rustling in the leaves a little way off, and then I heard footsteps, and then, looking downward, I saw a man come up the path, and stop under the tree in which I was.

Of course I wondered what he wanted; I should have done so, even if I had no business there myself; but, under the circumstances, I became very much excited. Who could it be? Perhaps some rival builder, come to take revenge by setting my lumber afire! I would go down and reason with him. But, wait a moment; if he *has* come for that purpose, he may make things uncomfortable for me before I reach the ground. And if he sets the lumber afire, and it catches the tree I am in, as it will certainly do, I will be——

There was no knowing what sort of a quandary I might have got into if the man had not stepped out into the moonlight, and up on the sills, and shown himself to be—Mr. Markson!

"Well," thought I, "you *are* the most particular man I ever knew—and the most anxious! I don't know, though—it's natural enough; if *I* can't keep away from this house, it's not strange that *he* should want to see all of it he can. It's natural enough, and it does him credit."

But Mr. Markson's next action was neither natural nor to his credit. He took off his traveling-shawl, and disclosed a carpenter's brace; this and the shawl he laid on the ground, and then he examined the sills at the corners, where they were joined.

They were only half-jointed, as we say in the trade—that is, the ends of each piece of timber were sawn half through, and the partially detached portions cut out, so that the ends lapped over each other.

Well, Mr. Markson hastily stacked up bricks and boards to the height of the foundation, and then made a similar stack at the other end of the same foundation-wall, and then he rolled one of the sills over on these two supports, so it was bottom side up. Then he fitted a bit—a good wide one, an inch and a quarter, at least, I should say—to the brace, and then commenced boring a hole in the sill.

I was astonished, but not too much so to be angry. That piece of timber was mine; Mr. Markson had not paid me a cent as yet, and was not to do so until the next morning, after examining the foundations and sills.

I had heard of such tricks before; my old employer had had men secretly injure a building, so as to claim it was not built according to contract when the money came due, but none of them did it so early in the course of the business.

Within a few seconds my opinion of Mr. Markson's smartness altered greatly, and so did my opinion of human nature in general. I would have sadly but promptly sold out my contract with Mr. Markson for the price of a ticket for the West, and I should have taken the first train.

As he bored that hole I could see just how all the other builders in town would look when I had to take the law on Mr. Markson, and how all my friends would come and tell me I ought to have insisted on a payment in advance.

But, after several sorrowful moments had elapsed, I commenced to think, and I soon made up my mind what I would do. I would *not* descend from the tree while he was there—I have too much respect for my person to put it at the mercy of an ill-disposed individual. But as soon as he left the place, I would hasten to the ground, follow him, and demand an explanation. He might be armed, but I was, too—there were hard characters in Bartley, and they knew my pocketbook was sometimes full.

Hole after hole that man bored; he made one join another until he had a string of them ten inches long, or thereabouts; then he began another string, right beside the first, and then another.

I saw that his bit went but six or seven inches deep, so that it did not pierce the sill, and I could almost believe him in league with some rival builder to ruin my reputation by turning over, next morning, a log apparently sound, and showing it to be full of holes.

I didn't feel any better-natured, either, when I noticed that he had carefully put a newspaper under where he was boring to catch all the chips, and destroy any idea of the mischief having been done willfully and on the spot; but I determined I would follow him, and secure that paper of chips as evidence.

Suddenly he stopped boring, and took a chisel from somewhere about his clothes, and he soon chiseled that honeycombed spot into a single hole, about five inches by ten, and six or seven inches deep.

It slowly dawned over me that perhaps his purpose wasn't malicious, after all; and, by the time I had reasoned the matter a little, he helped me to a conclusion by taking from his pocket a little, flat package, which he put into the hole.

It looked as if it might be papers, or something the size of folded papers, but it was wrapped in something yellow and shiny—oilskin, probably, to keep it from the damp. Then he drove a few little nails inside the holes to keep the package from falling out when the sill was turned over; and then he did something which I never saw mixed with carpenter-work in my life—he stooped and kissed the package as it lay in the hole, and then he knelt on the ground beside the sill, and I could see by his face upturned in the moonlight, showing his closed eyes and moving lips, that he was praying.

Up to that moment I had been curious to know what was in that package; but after what I saw then, I never thought of it without wanting to utter a small prayer myself, though I never could decide what would be the appropriate thing to say, seeing I knew none of the circumstances. I am very particular not to give recommendations except where I am very sure the person I recommend is all right.

Well, Markson disappeared a moment or two after, first carefully replacing the sill, and carrying away the chips, and I got out of my tree, forgetting all about the view I had discovered, and the unexpected scene I had looked at ran in my mind so constantly that, during the night, I dreamed that Markson stood in the hemlock-tree, with a gigantic brace and bit, and bored holes in the hills beside the river, while I

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kneeled in the second story window-frame, and kissed my contract with Markson, and prayed that I might make a hundred thousand dollars out of it. It is perfectly astonishing what things a sensible man will sometimes dream!

Next morning I arrived at the building a few minutes before seven, but found Markson there before me. He expressed himself satisfied with everything, and paid me then and there a thousand dollars, which was due on acceptance of the work as far as then completed. He hung around all day while we put up the posts and studding—probably to see that the sill was not turned over and his secret disclosed; and it was with this idea that I set the studding first on his particular sill. By night we had the frame so near up, that there was no possibility of the sill being moved, and then Markson went away.

He came up often, after that, to see how his house was getting along. Each time he came he would saunter around to that particular sill, and when I noticed that he did this, I made some excuse to call the men away from that side of the house.

THE CHILDREN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 663.

Sometimes he brought his family with him, and I scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry, for, while his daughter, a handsome, strong, bright, honest, golden-haired girl of fifteen or sixteen, always affected me as if she was a streak of sunshine, and made me hope I should some day have a daughter like her, his wife always affected me unpleasantly.

I am not a good physiognomist, but I notice most people resemble animals of some sort, and when I decide on what animal it is, in any particular case, I judge the person accordingly.

Now, Mrs. Markson—who was evidently her husband's second wife, for she was too young to be Helen's mother—was rather handsome, and extremely elegant; but neither manners nor dress could hide a certain tigerish expression which was always in her face. It was generally inactive, but it was never absent, and the rapidity with which it awoke once or twice when she disapproved something which was done or said, made me understand why Mr. Markson, who always seemed pleasant and genial with any one else, was quite silent and guarded when his wife was with him.

Pretty soon the people of Bartley knew all about the Marksons. How people learn all about other people is more than I can explain. *I* never have a chance to know all about my neighbors, for I am kept busy in looking to myself; but if all the energy that is devoted to other people's business in Bartley were expended on house-building, trade would soon be so dull that I should be longing for a mansion in the skies.

Everybody in Bartley knew that Helen Markson's mother, who was very beautiful and lovable, had died years before, and that her stepmother had been Mrs. Markson only two or three years; that the second Mrs. Markson had married for money, and that her husband was afraid of her, and would run away from her if it wasn't for Helen; that Mrs. Markson sometimes got angry, and then she raved like mad, and that it was wearing Mr. Markson's life away, for he was a tender-hearted man, in spite of his smartness. Some even declared that Markson had willed her all his property, and insured his life heavily for her besides, and that if he died before Helen was married, Helen would be a beggar.

But none of these things had anything to do with my contract. I worked away and had good weather, so I lost no time, and at the end of five months I had finished the house, been paid for it, had paid my bills, and made a clear two thousand dollars on the job. I could have made a thousand more, without any one being the wiser for it, but I don't build houses in that way—the public will greatly oblige me by cutting this out. This money gave me a handsome business start, and having had no serious losses, nor any houses thrown back upon my hands (for I always make it a point to do a little better than I promise, so folks can't find fault), I am now quite well off, and building houses on my own account, to sell, while some of my competitors, who started before I did, have been through bankruptcy, while some have been too poor to do even that.

A few years after building Markson's house, I went with a Southern friend into a black-walnut speculation. We bought land in the Southwest, cut the timber, got it to market, and made a handsome profit, I am glad to say. This business took me away from home, and kept me for months; but as I was still without family ties, I did not suffer much during my absence. Still the old village seemed to take on a kind of motherly air, as the stage, with me in it, rattled into town, and I was just dropping into a pleasant little reverie, when a carriage, which I recognized as Markson's, dashed down the road, met us, and stopped, while the coachman shouted:

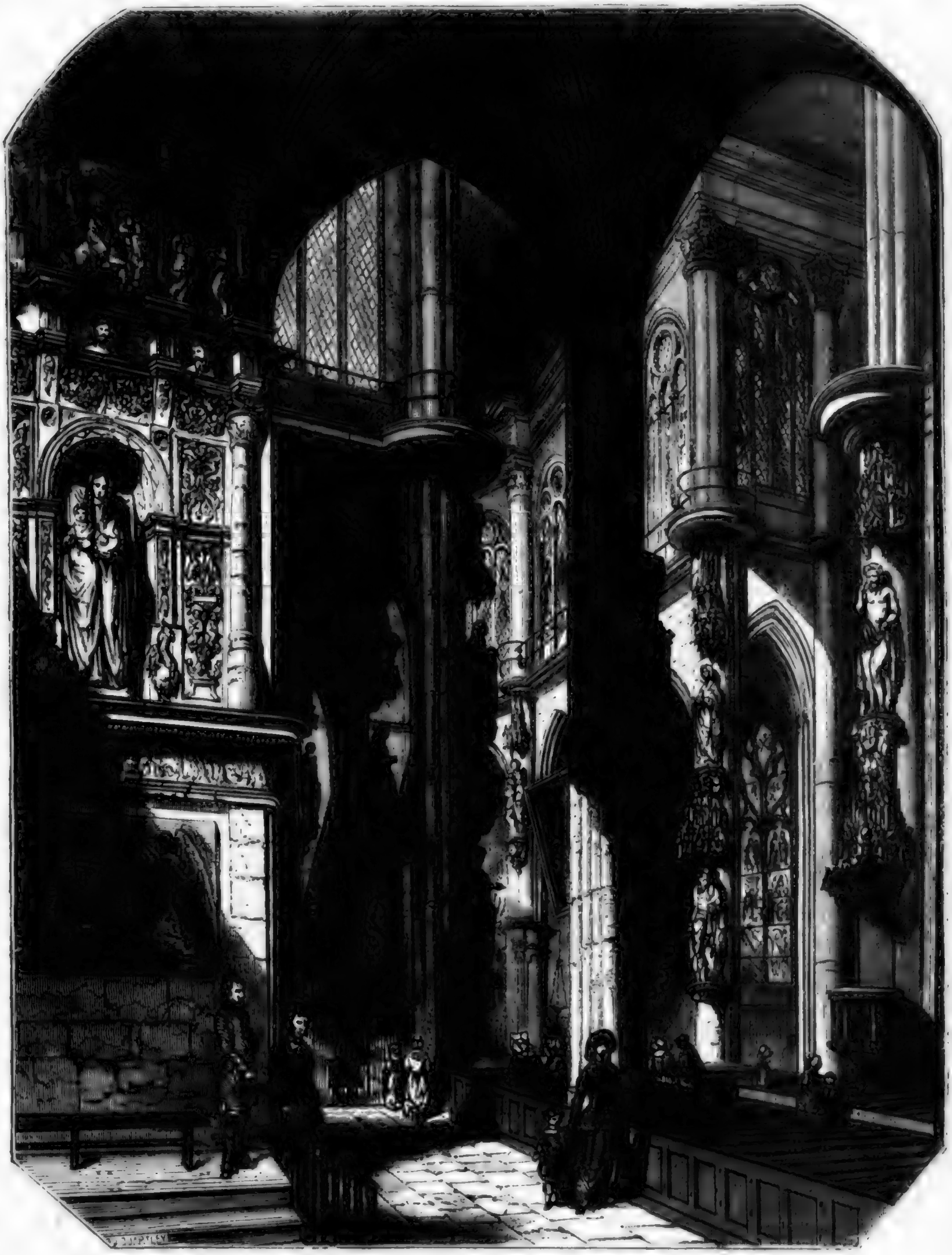
"Raines's foreman says the old man's coming home today." He meant me.

"Reckon his head was purty level," replied the stage-driver, tossing his head backward toward me.

"Mr. Raines," said the coachman, recognizing me, "Mr. Markson is awful sick—like to die at any minute—an' he wants to see you right away—wishes you wouldn't wait for anything."

What to make of it I didn't know, and said so; upon which the stage-driver rather pettishly suggested that 'twouldn't take long to find out if I got behind Markson's team; and as I agreed with him, I changed conveyances, and was soon at Markson's house.

Helen met me at the door, and led me immediately to Markson's chamber. The distance from the door of his room to the side of his bed couldn't have been more than twenty feet, yet, in passing over it, it seemed to me that I imagined at least fifty reasons why the sick man had sent for me, but not one of the fifty was either sensible or satisfactory.



CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.—SEE PAGE 663.

I was even foolish enough to imagine Markson's conscience was troubled, and that he was going to pay me some money which he justly owed me; whereas he had paid me every cent according to contract. We reached his bedside before I had determined what it could be. Helen took his hand, and said:

"Father, here is Mr. Raines."

Markson, who was lying motionless, with his face to the wall, turned quickly over and grasped my hand, and beckoned me closer. I put my head down, and he whispered, very rapidly:

"I'm glad you've come; I want to ask a favor—a dying man's last request. You're an honest man (N. B.—People intending to build will please make note of this.—J. R.), I am sure, and I want you to help me do justice. You have seen my wife; she can be a tiger when she wants to. She married me for money; she thinks the will I made some time ago, leaving everything to her, is my last. But it is not. I've deceived her for the sake of peace. I made one since, leaving the bulk of my property to Helen; it came to *me* through her dear mother. I know nobody to trust it with. Mrs. Markson can wrap almost any one around her finger when she tries, and——"

His breath began to fail, and the entrance of his wife did not seem to strengthen him any; but he finally regained it, and continued:

"She will try it with *you;* but you are cool as well as honest, I believe. I meant to tell Helen where the will was the day after I put it there; but she was so young—it seemed dreadful to let her know how cowardly her father was—how he feared her. Get it—get a good lawyer—see she has her rights. I put it—no one could suspect where—I put it—in—the——"

His breath failed him entirely, and he fixed his eyes on mine with an agonized expression which makes me shiver whenever I think of it. Suddenly his strange operation with that sill, of which I had not thought for a long time, came into my mind; and I whispered, quickly:

"In the sill of the house?"

His expression instantly changed to a very happy one, and yet he looked wonderstruck, which was natural enough.

"I saw you put it there," said I. "But," I continued, fearing the dying man might suspect me of spying, and so fear he had mistaken my character—"but I did not mean to—— I was on the ground when you came there that evening; and when I saw what you were doing, I could not move for fear of disturbing you. I know where to find it, and I can swear you put it there."

Markson closed his eyes, and never opened them again; and his last act, before going out of the world, was to give my hand a squeeze, which, under the circumstances, I could not help believing was an honest one.

As his hand relaxed, I felt that I had better give place to those who had a right to it, so I quietly retired. Helen fell on her knees by his bedside, but Mrs. Markson followed me out of the room.

"Mr. Raines," said she, with a very pleasant smile for a woman widowed but a moment before, "what did my dear husband want?"

Now, I am an honest man and a church-member—and I was one then, and believed in truth and straightforwardness just as much as I do now—but, somehow, when such a person speaks to me, I feel as if I were, all of a sudden, a velvet-pawed cat myself. So I answered with the straightest of faces:

"Only to see to one of the sills of the house, ma'am, and he made me solemnly swear to do it right away. He was an extraordinary man, ma'am, to think of the good of his family up to the last moment."

"Ah, yes, dear man!" said she, with a sigh which her face plainly showed came from nowhere deeper than her lips. "I hope it won't take long, though," she continued, "for I can't endure noise in the house."

"Not more than an hour," I replied.

"Oh, I'm glad to hear it!" said she. "Perhaps, then, you might do it while we are at the funeral, day after to-morrow? We will be gone at least two hours."

"Easily, ma'am," said I, with my heart in my mouth at the idea of managing the matter so soon, and having the papers for Helen as soon as, in any sort of decency, Mrs. Markson would be likely to have the old will read.

For the rest of the day I was so absent-minded to everything except this business of Markson's, that my acquaintances remarked that, considering how long I had been gone, I didn't seem very glad to see any one.

Finally I went to old Judge Bardlow, who was as true as steel, and told him the whole story, and he advised me to get the papers, and give them to him to examine. So, on the day of the funeral, I entered the house with a mallet and a mortising chisel, and within fifteen minutes I had in my pocket the package Markson had put in the sill years before, and was hurrying to the judge's office.

He informed me that Mrs. Markson's lawyer from the city had called on him that very morning, and invited him to be present at the reading of the will in the afternoon, so he would be able to put things in proper shape at once.

I was more nervous all that day than I ever was in waiting to hear from an estimate. It was none of my business, to be sure; but I longed to see Mrs. Markson punished for the mischief which I and every one else believed she had done her husband; and I longed to see Helen, whom every one liked, triumph over her stepmother, who, still young and gay, was awfully jealous of Helen's beauty.

Finally the long day wore away, and an hour or two after the carriages returned from the funeral, the city lawyer called for the judge, and, at the judge's suggestion, they both called for me.

We found Mrs. Markson and Helen, with some of Mrs. Markson's relatives—Helen had not one in the world—in the parlor, Mrs. Markson looking extremely pretty in her well-fitting suit of black, and Helen looked extremely disconsolate.

The judge, in a courtly, old-fashioned way, but with a good deal of heart for all that, expressed his sympathy for Helen, and I tried to say a kind word to her myself. To be sure, it was all praise of her father, whom I really respected very highly (aside from my having had my first contract from him), but she was large hearted enough to like it all the better for that. I was still speaking to her when Mrs. Markson's lawyer announced that he would read the last will and testament of the deceased; so when she sat down on a sofa, I took a seat beside her.

The document was very brief. He left Helen the interest of twenty thousand dollars a year, the same to cease if she married; all the rest of his property he left to his wife. As the lawyer concluded, Helen's face put on an expression of wonder and grief, succeeded by one of utter loneliness, while from Mrs. Markson's eyes there flashed an exultant look that had so much of malignity in it that made me understand the nature of Satan a great deal more clearly than any sermon ever made me do. Poor Helen tried to meet it with fearlessness and dignity, but she seemed to feel as if even her father had abandoned her, and she dropped her head and burst into tears.

I knew it wasn't the thing to do before company, but I took her hand, and called her a poor girl, and begged her to keep a good heart, and trust that her father loved her truly, and that her wrongs would be righted at the proper time.

Being kind to my fellow-creatures is the biggest part of my religion, for it's the part of religion I understand best; but even if I had been a heathen, I couldn't have helped wishing well to a noble, handsome woman like Helen Markson. I tried to speak in a very low tone, but Mrs. Markson seemed to understand what I said, for she favored me with a look more malevolent than any I ever received from my most impecunious debtor; the natural effect was to wake up all the old Adam there was in *me*, and to make me long for what was coming.

"May I ask the date of that will?" asked Judge Bardlow.

"Certainly, sir," replied Mrs. Markson's lawyer, handing the document to the judge.

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The judge looked at the date, handed the will back to the lawyer, and drew from his pocket an envelope.

"Here is a will made by Mr. Markson," said the judge, "and dated three months later."

Mrs. Markson started; her eyes flashed with a sort of fire which I hope I may never see again, and she caught her lower lip between her teeth.

The judge read the document as calmly as if it had been a mere supervisor's notice, whereas it was different to the first will in every respect, for it gave Helen all of his property, of every description, on condition that she paid to Mrs. Markson yearly the interest of twenty thousand dollars until death or marriage, "this being the amount," as the will said, "that she assured me would be amply sufficient for my daughter under like circumstances."

As the judge ceased reading, and folded the document, Mrs. Markson sprang at him as if she were a wild beast.

"Give it to me!" she screamed—hissed, rather; "'tis a vile, hateful forgery!"

"Madam," said the judge, hastily putting the will in his pocket, and taking off his glasses, "that is a matter which the law wisely provides shall not be decided by interested parties. When I present it for probate——"

"I'll *break* it!" interrupted Mrs. Markson, glaring as my family cat does when a mouse is too quick for her.

Mrs. Markson's lawyer asked permission to look at the newer will, which the judge granted. He looked carefully at the signatures of Markson and the witnesses, and returned the document with a sigh.

"Don't attempt it, madam—no use," said he. "I know all the signatures; seen them a hundred times. I'm sorry, very—affects *my* pocket some, for it cuts some of my prospective fees, but—*that* will can't be broken."

Mrs. Markson turned, looked at Helen a second, and then dashed at her, as if "to scatter, tear, and slay," as the old funeral hymn says. Helen stumbled and cowered a little toward me, seeing which, I—how on earth I came to do it I don't know—put my arm around her, and looked indignantly at Mrs. Markson.

"You treacherous hussy!" said Mrs. Markson, stamping her foot—"you scheming little minx! I could kill you! I could tear you to pieces! I could drink your very heart's blood—I could——"

What else she could do she was prevented from telling, for she fell into a fit, and was carried out rigid and foaming at the mouth.

I am generally sorry to see even wicked people suffer, but I wasn't a bit sorry to see Mrs. Markson; for while she was talking poor Helen trembled so violently that it seemed to me she would be scared to death if her cruel stepmother talked much longer.

Two hours later Mrs. Markson, with all her relatives and personal effects, left the house, and six months afterward Mrs. Markson entrapped some other rich man into marrying her. She never tried to break Markson's will.

As Helen was utterly ignorant of the existence of this new will until she heard it read, the judge explained to her where it came from; and as she was naturally anxious for all the particulars of its discovery, the judge sent me to her to tell her the whole story. So I dressed myself and drove down—for, though still under thirty, I was well off, and drove my own span—and told her of my interview with her father on his deathbed, as well as of the scene on the night he hid the will.

As I told the latter part of the story a reverent, loving, self-forgetful look came into her face, and made her seem to me like an angel. As for myself, the recalling of the incident, now that I knew its sequel, prevented my keeping my eyes dry. I felt a little ashamed of myself, and hurried away, but her look while I spoke of her father, and her trembling form in my arms while Mrs. Markson raved at her, were constantly in my mind, and muddled a great many important estimates. They finally troubled me so that I drove down again, and had a long and serious talk with Helen.

What we said, though perfectly proper and sensible, might not be interesting in print, so I omit it. I will say, however, that my longing—when I first saw Helen as a little girl—for a daughter just like her, has been fulfilled so exactly, that I have named her Helen Markson Raines, after her mother; and if she is not as much a comfort to me as I supposed she would be, it is no fault of hers, but rather because the love of her mother makes me, twenty years after the incidents of this story occurred, so constantly happy, that I need the affection of no one else.

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you are at play;
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, TROYES.

The ancient capital of Champagne is an interesting city. Leaving the railway station on the western side of the town, you stroll through streets bordered by time-honored and exceedingly picturesque houses of timber and plaster or pargeting, that carry you back to the days of Froissart and the chroniclers. New edifices show you, indeed, that the march of improvement is rapidly bearing all these ancient landmarks away, and that in a few years all will be straight, plain and practical, as becomes an age of Gradgrinds.

The churches of Troyes promise to be more enduring than the specimens of domestic architecture. Among these churches that leave on the mind a lasting daguerreotype, is that of St. Pantaleon at Troyes. Whether he be the same saint as the one who has a church at Naples, near which the Pantaloon took its origin and name, we cannot say positively, but it is apparently St. Pantaleon, martyr in Nicomedia in the year 305.

The son of a poor family at Troyes, who received in baptism the name of James Pantaleon, became Pope, under the title of Urban IV.; and it was to compliment their great townsman that the people of Troyes erected, in 1527, the Church of St. Pantaleon. It is an edifice of small dimensions, built on the site of a more ancient square oratory. The portal is still more modern, dating back only to the eighteenth century.

The interior, as our illustration shows, has a picturesque grandeur peculiarly its own. The abundance of statuary, and the tasteful arrangement of the figures on the twelve columns or pilasters, so as to form a graceful architectural whole, impress all visitors, and it is creditable to Troyes as a school of art that all the statues are the work of native artists.

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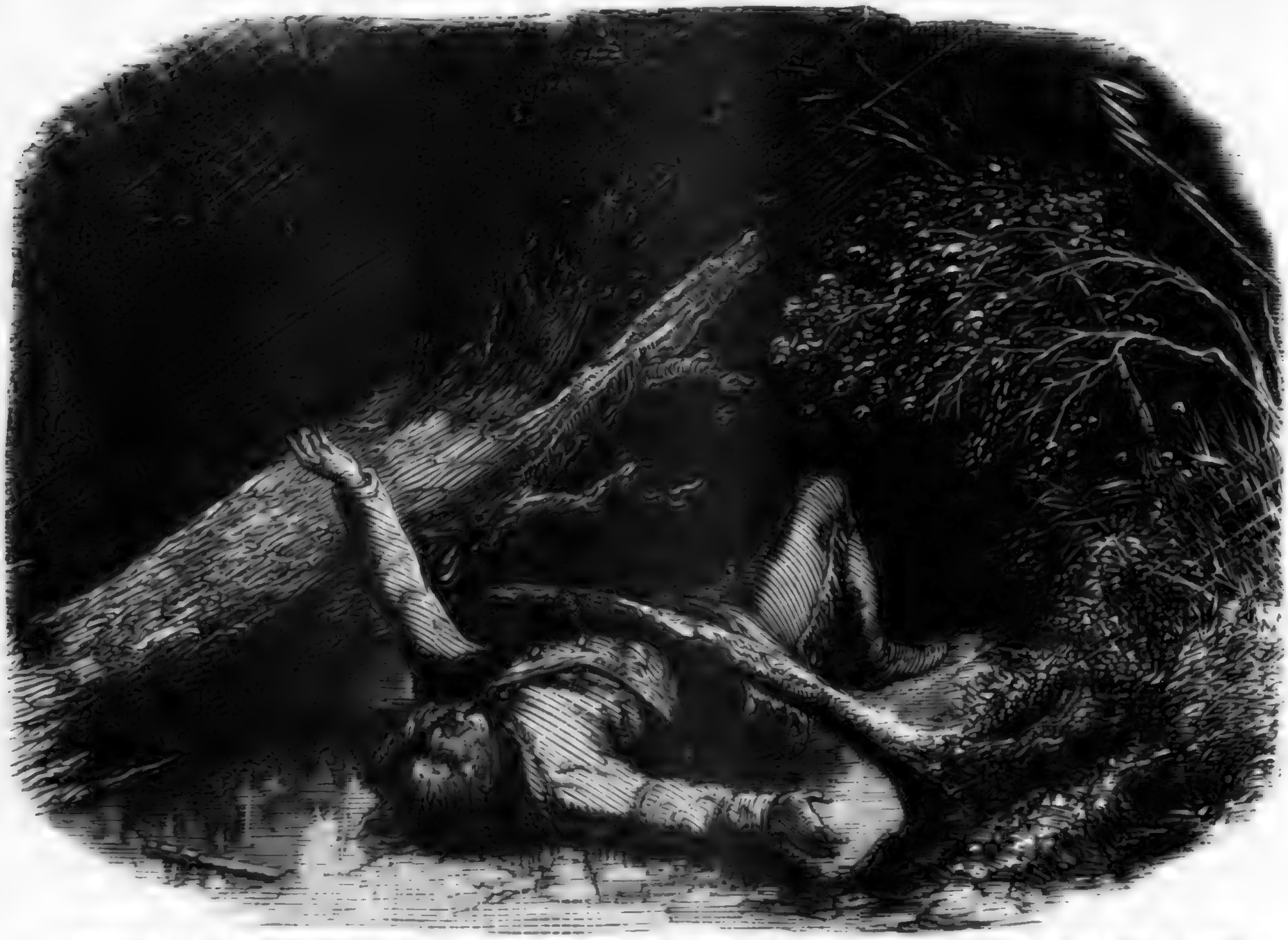


IMPRISONED IN THE FOREST.—"I WAS THROWN TO THE GROUND, AND PINIONED THERE AS IN A VISE. THE LITTLE TREE LAY JUST ACROSS MY BREAST, FAST BY A FEW REMAINING ROOTS AT ONE END, AND BY THE GIANT SYCAMORE AT THE OTHER."

The church has a wagon-vault with cross-ribs, small longitudinal vaults, and at the end of the north aisle a rich balustrade.

Troyes, fortunately, did not suffer greatly during the French Revolution, so that the churches retain much of their ancient beauty unmarred by iconoclastic hands. Though not the busy city that it was in bygone times, when its weight became the standard for the precious metals, Troyes is still a thriving place, in the centre of a rich agricultural district.

IMPRISONED IN THE FOREST.

The sprightly little antelopes had led me a long chase, and when I started out for camp I was not certain of the direction; but I walked briskly off, my speed, perhaps, a little accelerated by thoughts of the bloodthirsty panther that I had left behind.

For the first few miles my mind was occupied more with thoughts of my recent narrow escape than with the way that I was taking; but as the night grew darker and I became fatigued, I began to think of my whereabouts. I knew that I had been a long distance from camp, and that it would take me the greater part of the night to reach it, so I trudged along, tired enough, I assure you, but not discouraged.

I had no difficulty in keeping up a brisk pace, for on those almost boundless plains, with no vegetation but the short buffalo-grass, it is almost as easy traveling by night as by day. I continued my way until I thought it must be near morning, but no signs of camp yet. I was weary and footsore, hungry, and so thirsty! My lips were dry and parched, and my throat could not have felt worse had melted iron been poured down it.

Just as the thirst became almost intolerable, I espied the dim outline of a tree but a short distance ahead. How my drooping spirits revived! For in that region a tree is almost a sure indication of a watercourse.

Forgetting my fatigue, I quickened my steps, and was soon drinking my fill from the little creek.

Oh, how delicious! how invigorating! One cannot imagine the exhilarating influence of a draught of water. It is a pleasure so exquisite, that one knows not when one is satisfied.

Feeling much refreshed, I sat down for a moment to "compare notes." I had traveled far enough, I was sure, to have reached camp. If such was the case, I was certainly out of the way, and perhaps going further and further all the time.

It could not be long till morning, and, feeling sure that I was "off the track," I thought it best to remain where I was until daylight. Seating myself by an old sycamore, I leaned back against its smooth body. I did not intend to sleep, but my eyes closed in spite of me, and when I awoke the night had passed.

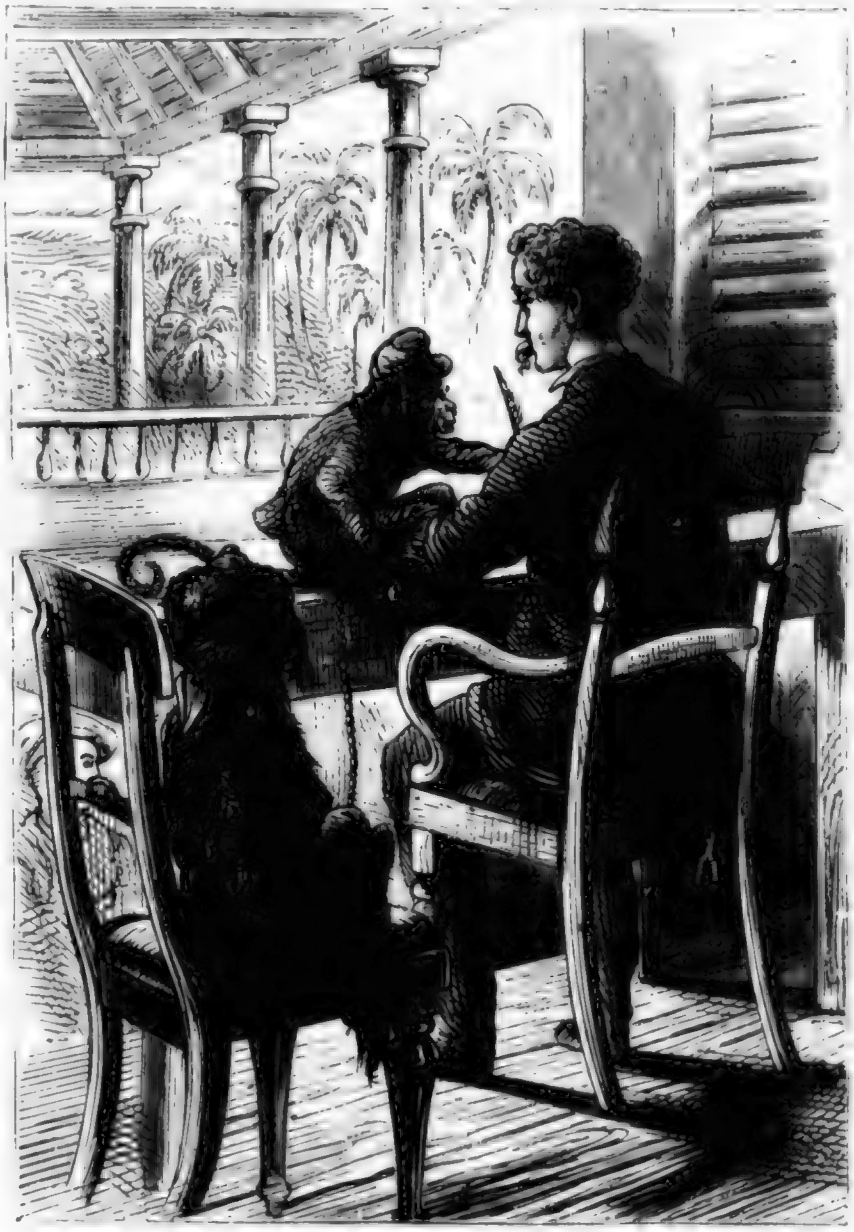
The gentle breeze that was blowing when I fell asleep had increased to a gale, heavy black clouds were rolling up from the south, and big drops of rain were already falling. I cast my eye about for a shelter, but saw nothing that offered greater inducements than the old tree by which I had been sitting. Hugging close to its trunk, I awaited the coming tempest.

The wind rose higher and higher. The great, white limbs of the sycamores which lined the banks of the creek on either side were twisted to and fro, and now and then a crash told plainly that some one of them had yielded to the fury of the storm. I was all the while on the lookout, for no one could tell which would go next.

Suddenly the tree against which I was leaning trembled and cracked, and the ground began to heave under my feet. I jumped for my life and escaped that peril; but another awaited me. The huge tree in its descent struck a little sapling that stood near, partly uprooting it, and bending it to the earth.

Before I was aware, I was caught, thrown to the ground, and pinioned there as in a vise. The little tree lay just across my breast, fast by a few remaining roots at one end, and by the giant sycamore at the other.

The pressure did not seem heavy, at least, not painfully so; but it was sufficient to hold me firmly down upon my back, with the rain beating in my face, and, worse than all, the trees falling around me. The tree seemed scarcely larger than my wrist, and I thought of my knife to cut it. It was in the sheath at the back of my belt, and consequently under me. I reached first one side, then the other; but I was held too close to the ground to get it without digging away the soil. I commenced with my hands, and after an hour's work I got my hand upon the sheath. *It was empty.* In my fall the knife had been brushed out. Instinctively I turned my head, and there it was, not six feet from me, but beyond my reach. It might as well have been as many miles, for all the good it was to me. I puzzled my brains to devise some means to get it within my grasp, but all my Yankee ingenuity could not surmount the difficulty. There was no other way but to dig myself out, and I went at it with determination. I worked away until the flesh of my fingers' ends was nearly worn off, yet it seemed that I was making but little progress.


A QUEER MESSENGER.

And then my time was limited to a few hours. The storm had ceased, and the sun, which was shining brightly, had long since passed its meridian. Full well I knew my peril if I should be forced to spend the night in that helpless condition, and I resumed my digging, though with little hopes of being able to free myself before the darkness came on. Then I was so nearly exhausted, and my hands were so sore, that I was obliged to rest every few moments. During one of these intervals I heard a slight rustling among the leaves, and, looking up, saw a most welcome sight. It was the professor's faithful dog Jack. He bounded toward me, licked my face and hands, and jumped about me with every demonstration of joy at finding me.

I had supposed, when I first saw the dog, that some of my companions were with him, but this proved not to be the case. Then, of what use is he, only as a companion and a sentinel? He could not release me.

Ah! couldn't he? *He could bring me the knife.* I had often seen him, at his master's command, carry different objects and lay them at his feet. Would he not do the same for me? It was worth a trial.

"Jack, go bring it!" said I, patting him on the head, and pointing to the knife. Away he bounded and brought a stick. Again and again I sent him, but with the same results. Once more I made the trial.

"Go get it, Jack. Get the knife."

Away he went again. Another stick—no, it's the knife. Ah! he drops it again and takes—the—stick—no, thank God! the knife is firmly between his teeth, and he lays it in my hand.

If there was not some "tall" whittling within the next half-hour, and a fervent "Thank God" as the little sapling parted, then my name is not Max Munson.

You may well imagine that it was no easy matter to rise after having been so long pinned down. Every muscle, except those in my arms, was stiff and rigid; but I did contrive at last to regain an erect posture.

Once more upon my feet, however, I found that I had received more serious injuries than I supposed; but I managed to reach camp, which was not more than a mile distant, just as my companions came in from their search for me.

A QUEER MESSENGER.

A GENTLEMAN who held a judicial position in India tells this story: I was a magistrate in those days, and Fan, a favorite dog of mine, always went to court with me, and sat on a chair by my side. I had a tame monkey, too, which Fan was very fond of. I used to couple them together, and they played about the grounds very happily.

One day I expected some friends to luncheon. I was in

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court, and, somehow or other, I had left Fan at home that day. As I was rather late at my work, my friends arrived before I came home, and seeing Fan, they dressed the monkey up in his red jacket and blue trowsers, and fastening his chain round the dog's neck, with a card tied round it, on which was written, "Mulligatawny is getting cold," told Fan to go to her master.

Well, Fan set off, the monkey running by her side, and trying in vain to hold her back, by hanging to the chain. I was busy writing down the evidence, and took no notice of Fan jumping up into her usual position upon the chair, not even looking at her; but my attention was soon attracted by the monkey, who, in full uniform, seated himself on my table, and put one hand into the ink, while with the other he seized the pen I was writing with, to my consternation and to the amusement of the crowds of natives with which the court was thronged. I need not say I was obliged to adjourn the court after that, and go off to tiffin, which, you know, is the India term for lunch.

COLIN AND HIS LITTLE WIFE.

The marquis was ready to faint. He was treated much the same by his friends, and in half a day he learned to know the world better than in all the rest of his life.

While he was plunged in this depth of despair, he saw a chaise of an antique fashion coming up—a kind of covered cart, fitted up with leather curtains—followed by four enormous wagons, all loaded. There was a young man in the chaise, in coarse clothes, with a round, fresh face, full of kindness and gayety. His little wife, dark, and, in a rough way, pleasing enough, was jolting by his side. The carriage did not go at the rate of a dandy's curricle. The traveler had plenty of time to contemplate the motionless marquis, buried in his grief.

"Eh!" he cried, "I do believe that's Jeannot there."

At this name the marquis raised his eyes; the chaise stopped. "It is Jeannot himself, it is."

The little fat man made but one spring, and ran to embrace his old comrade. Jeannot recognized Colin; shame and tears covered his face.

"You've given me up," said Colin, "but you make a fine lord. I shall always like you."

Jeannot, touched and confused, told him part of his story with many sighs.

"Come to the inn where I am staying, and tell me the rest," said Colin; "say 'How do you do?' to my little wife, and let us go and have dinner together."

THE THIRD NIGHT.

We went, my wife and I, to visit Evan Barstow, a distant connection upon my mother's side. The invitation had been a matter of great surprise to us; for since he settled, nearly five years previous, Mr. Barstow had kept himself aloof from any of his relatives in this country.

So five years elapsed, and, as we had seen none of our relatives during the past six months, Katy and I had quite forgotten Evan Barstow and his oddities, when, upon a sudden, came that invitation to visit him at Springbrook Farm.

When we opened the letter and saw the signature at the bottom of the page, we were so taken aback that we could not, for several moments, read a line.

"Will you and your wife come and visit a desolate, fanciful invalid?" he wrote. "I can extend no inducement except the consciousness you will have of showing a kindness to a solitary man. I offer no explanation or apology for my long silence. When I came to this place, it was to break every tie that bound me to my kind; but now, with death near, I ask you to come to me; and from the knowledge I gained of your character during our few short interviews, I am certain that you will not refuse."

There were several lines more; then a broken sentence carefully blotted out, and the letter closed.

"Poor man! poor man!" exclaimed Katy, wiping the tears from her eyes, as I folded up the epistle. "I always said that he was to be pitied. I am glad I did not believe the things they told of him."

"Are we to go?" I asked, doubtfully.

"Of course," replied my little wife, with her usual decision. "Why, Richard, you would not refuse?"

So it was settled that we should start in three days; and I dispatched a letter at once to Mr. Barstow, announcing our intention.

It was not far from sunset when we reached the town; and, while our driver stopped at the little inn to water his horses, I made inquiries of the landlord concerning the distance and the road to Springbrook Farm.

"Goin' to visit that old miser?" he asked, his features fairly convulsed with surprise and curiosity. "Wal, I never know'd nobody to go there before. Maybe you're relations?"

I did not see fit to enter into the details of my genealogy with the worthy landlord, and only repeated my questions.

"Wal, it's the funniest thing! you'll wish yourselves away the first night. Tell you what, it's a queer place if all's true folks say; and he is a queer man."

Luckily, our driver was anxious to reach his journey's end with all speed, and get as far back on his road that night as possible. So we drove off, before the landlord's wonderment and inquiries could go further; but as long as the carriage was in sight I could see him staring after us.

Katy and I grew very silent. We could not converse upon indifferent subjects, and we were so impressed by our approaching arrival that we had no spirits to indulge in suppositions or fancies. The sun set, and in the gray twilight we ascended a hill crowned with a grove, in the midst of which—a man we met had told us—Springbrook was situated.

A little beyond the summit we came to a great gate. Through the trees we caught glimpses of tall chimneys looming through the gloom. Our journey was at an end. Soon the house was in sight.

A plain brick dwelling with substantial wings—a long porch in front covered with ivies; nothing else could be made out. The driver drew up his horses before the house, saying:

"It don't look as if anybody lived here; it's dark as a prison."

As he spoke the door opened, and an elderly man came out.

"Is Mr. Barstow at home?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "It is Mr. Morgan, I suppose. Master is expecting you; please to come in."

He looked so solemn that I felt Katy shiver as I helped her out of the carriage. The man showed me into the hall, where we were met by a middle-aged woman, who received us with a curtsey as imposing as her fellow-servant's bow, and while the man was helping the driver down with our trunks, conducted us into an unlighted room, apologizing for the darkness and making haste to light the lamp upon the table. While she went to summon her master, Katy clung fast to my arm; but the apartment looked so commonplace and comfortable, that after a little, she subdued her nervousness and concluded to sit down.

Very soon Mr. Barstow came in. He was greatly changed since I had last seen him, His iron-gray hair had grown almost white, his tall form was bent and fearfully attenuated. He greeted us with subdued cordiality, thanked us for granting his request, and apologized for not having sent a carriage to meet us at the railway station.

"I did not receive your letter until to-day," he said, in explanation; "and it was then too late."

He showed us up to our rooms himself, said that supper would be ready when we came down, and left us to stare at each other and make hurried preparations for the meal.

"I am so glad we came!" said Katy. "He looks ill and very wretched."

I was satisfied to find that she had no misgivings, and we decided that we had done our duty. The three rooms allotted to us were large and comfortably furnished, and looked as little mysterious as possible; so that Katy quite took heart, and declared that all the stories we had heard were sheer nonsense, and that our relative, in spite of his sickness and quiet manners, was a charming man.

Seated opposite him at the supper-table, I was more shocked than ever by the change in his appearance. He could not have been much over forty, but he looked nearer sixty. He had evidently been a very handsome man; even now, wreck though he was, there were traces of that beauty left.

The evening passed pleasantly enough. Katy, womanlike, feeling it her duty to make everything cheerful, talked incessantly, and actually made our grave host smile several times.

Before the evening was over, I found what it was that struck me as so peculiar in him. It was not his quiet, nor his deathly paleness; but he looked like a man in constant expectation of some dreaded event.

But the evening passed quietly enough; and when we went to bed, Katy was so cheerful and so full of sympathy for our host, that I did not trouble her with the thoughts which beset me.

The next morning was bright and pleasant; and while we were standing on the doorstep, admiring the old trees, Mr. Barstow joined us, asking, it struck me, with singular solicitude, if we had slept well.

"Never better!" Katy said, laughing. "I was asleep before my head touched the pillow."

I thought he seemed relieved, and when we went in to breakfast he was positively cheerful. Then we went about to see the house a little. It was large and commodious, and the rooms were well furnished. A door at the end of the hall led into a square passage, and when Katy asked what was beyond that, Mr. Barstow answered:

"Only my library, full of dry, old books; such works as will please you are in the breakfast-room."

He did not offer to take us into his library, although the rest of the house was free to us; and when the circuit was made, I had mentally to confess that the dwelling differed little from any other romantic old mansion.

We had an early dinner; then I took Katy to drive in a little one-horse chaise; after that we had tea, and so the first day passed.

"It really is pleasant," said Katy; "if I were not so anxious about poor cousin Evan, I should be quite happy, everything is so very odd and out of the world."

She had called him cousin Evan from the beginning, and he seemed pleased with it. Indeed, I saw from the very first, that he took greatly to Katy—not that I wondered at it—and I was more than ever glad we had come, since her presence could do him good.

During the evening, Katy offered to sing to him, although he had no piano, and very sweetly her voice sounded. Barstow enjoyed it, I could see, shading his eyes from the light, and yielding to the spell music possesses for the unhappy. I was lounging near the door to smoke my cigar at a proper distance from Katy, listening to the song, and, I confess, studying our host. Suddenly, from the square passage which led into the library, I heard a noise—I cannot describe it—a sort of rustling like heavy draperies disturbed by the wind; but there were no curtains there, and no wind to stir them.

I glanced at Barstow, he had caught the sound. Again across his features passed that look of horror; but when he saw that my wife had not noticed the noise, he forced himself into stillness. The song ended. Again I heard that peculiar rustle, followed by the echo of a footstep; then a noise as if a distant door had opened.

"Excuse me one moment," said Barstow, to my wife; "when I come back I shall claim another song."

She answered laughingly, and he went out, closing the door behind him; I heard him walk down the hall toward the passage. I said nothing to Katy, but I confess that all the strange stories I had heard crowded upon my mind, and a superstitious thrill shot over me.

I went to bed strangely excited; but there was nothing beyond the power of my own fancies to keep me wakeful, for the old house was quiet as the grave.

The next morning, Barstow was paler and more feeble than ever, but he proposed our taking a drive.

When we returned, the next day, the old servant met us, quiet and respectful as ever. I saw Barstow give Phillips an anxious, inquiring look, answered by a bow and a low sigh; then Barstow left us abruptly and remained alone in the library for a long time.

I went out into the garden, where I saw Phillips at work, and began to talk with him, but a statue could not have been much more rigid and silent.

Another evening passed, and though nothing happened, I fairly wished that Katy, at least, was back in our own snug home.

Long after she was asleep I lay watching the moonlight through the muslin curtains, and at last forgot my vague uneasiness in thoughts of a personal nature. I must have fallen almost asleep, for I was roused with a start. I sat up in bed—again I heard that peculiar sound which had disturbed me in the rooms below—it seemed to come from thence now.

All was still for a time; I almost succeeded in arguing myself into the belief that everything was fancy, except Barstow's step—that the restlessness of an invalid had caused him to arise.

The moon set, the chamber was gray and dark, and as the gloom grew more complete a chill passed over me, which seemed to raise my hair on end and to freeze the blood in my veins.

I sat up in bed, overpowered by the consciousness that there was some invisible presence in the chamber. I had heard no sound; my eye, growing accustomed to the gloom, could detect nothing but familiar objects; yet the chill in my frame grew stronger, and I could feel that inexplicable something drawing closer and closer to the bed. I could endure it no longer. I rose, went to the table, and lighted the lamp, but except Katy and myself, there was no living thing in the room.

My wife woke, and asked why I was up.

"One of my old restless fits," I said; "don't mind me."

When she was again asleep, I took the lamp and walked through our suite of rooms; but nothing rewarded my search. I went back into the bedroom, closed and bolted the door, and sat down. The windows were shut. Nevertheless, a rush of cold air swept through the apartment, followed by a loud rustling, which extinguished the light and woke Katy.

"Why on earth have you opened the window?" she asked. "The wind blows a gale. Where is the light?"

"I suppose the wind blew it out," I answered, as composedly as I could.

"Pray shut the window," she said, not well pleased at what she deemed my neglect.

When we entered the breakfast-room, Barstow was already there. He followed his morning salutation by his invariable question:

"And did you sleep?"

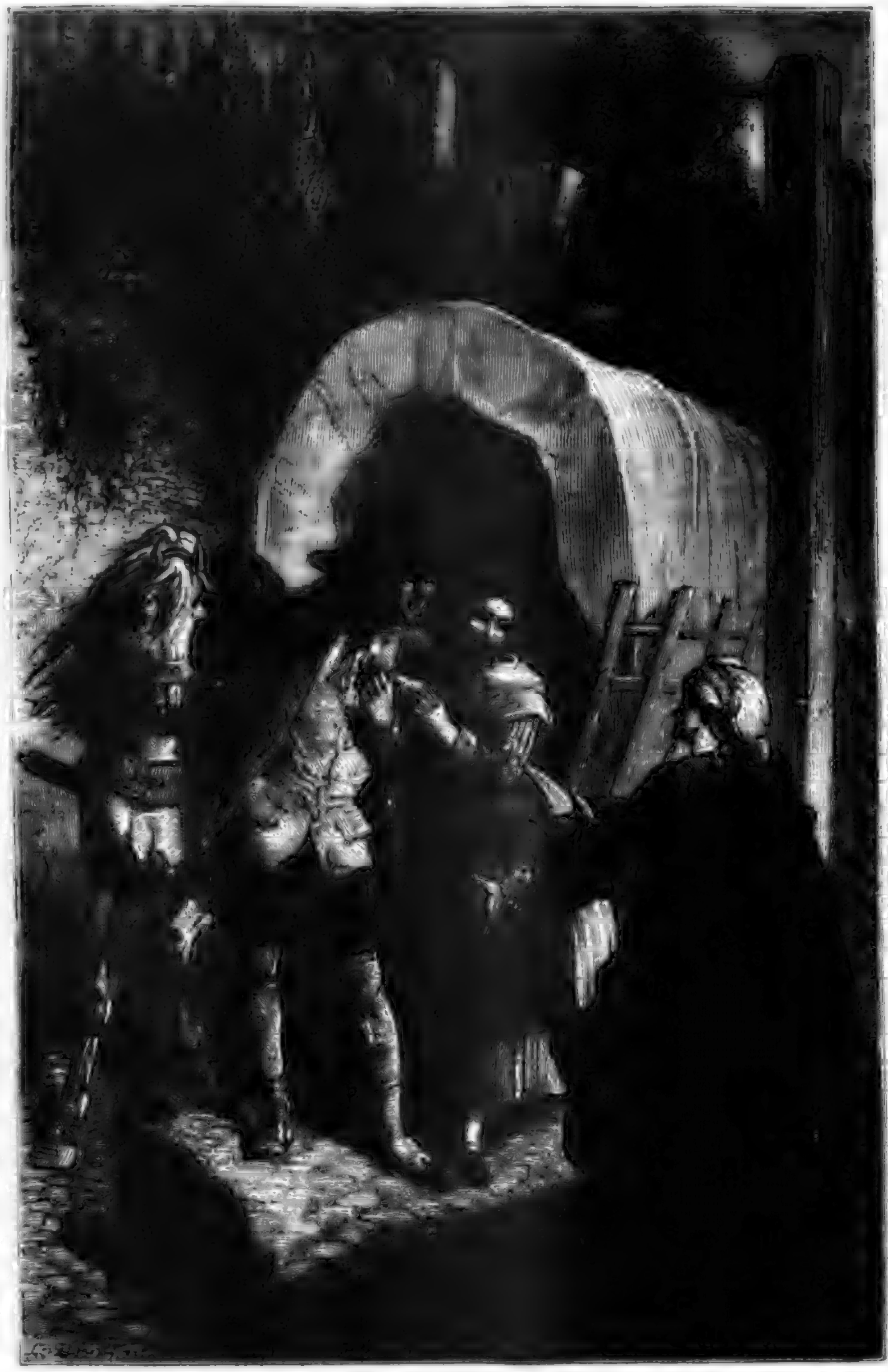
"When Richard would let me," replied Katy. "He must needs get up in the night and open a window upon me."

"Were you ill?" he asked, turning quickly toward me.

"Only restless," I said; but I felt myself color under his gaze.

"The wind must have blown hard," continued Katy. "When the window was opened there was a rush of air as cold as death, and the curtains rustled dolefully."

Barstow caught at the back of the chair for support; but Katy was busy with the teacups and did not notice it. That evening we sat, as usual, in the little parlor off the hall, and I was nearly as absent as Barstow himself.



COLIN AND HIS LITTLE WIFE.—FROM VOLTAIRE'S "JEANNOT AND COLIN."—SEE PAGE 666.

"Cousin Evan is in pain, and Richard is stupid," said Katy, trying to be gay; although I saw that the pervading gloom was beginning to affect her. "Shall I sing to you, cousin?"

"Do, please," he answered; and she began at once a simple air which he had admired.

In the very midst of her song I heard, issuing from the square passage, that rustling sound which had grown so terrible. It swept through the hall, gathering force as it went, made Barstow start upright, and roused Katy.

"What is that?" she asked, hurriedly.

I rose, determined to find out, if possible, the meaning of this; but Barstow checked me.

"Ring the bell," said he, almost sternly.

I obeyed; and when Phillips came in, he ordered him to close the doors. I well knew there was no door in the hall open—I had noticed it when I entered the room; but the old servant bowed and said, apologetically:

"I forgot it, sir, when I went out to close the shutters."

Barstow asked Katy to sing again; but I saw his restlessness increase. His eyes dilated, and he wiped great drops of perspiration from his forehead. Once he put his hands before his eyes, as if to shut out some object visible to him alone. Katy ceased her song. No one spoke.

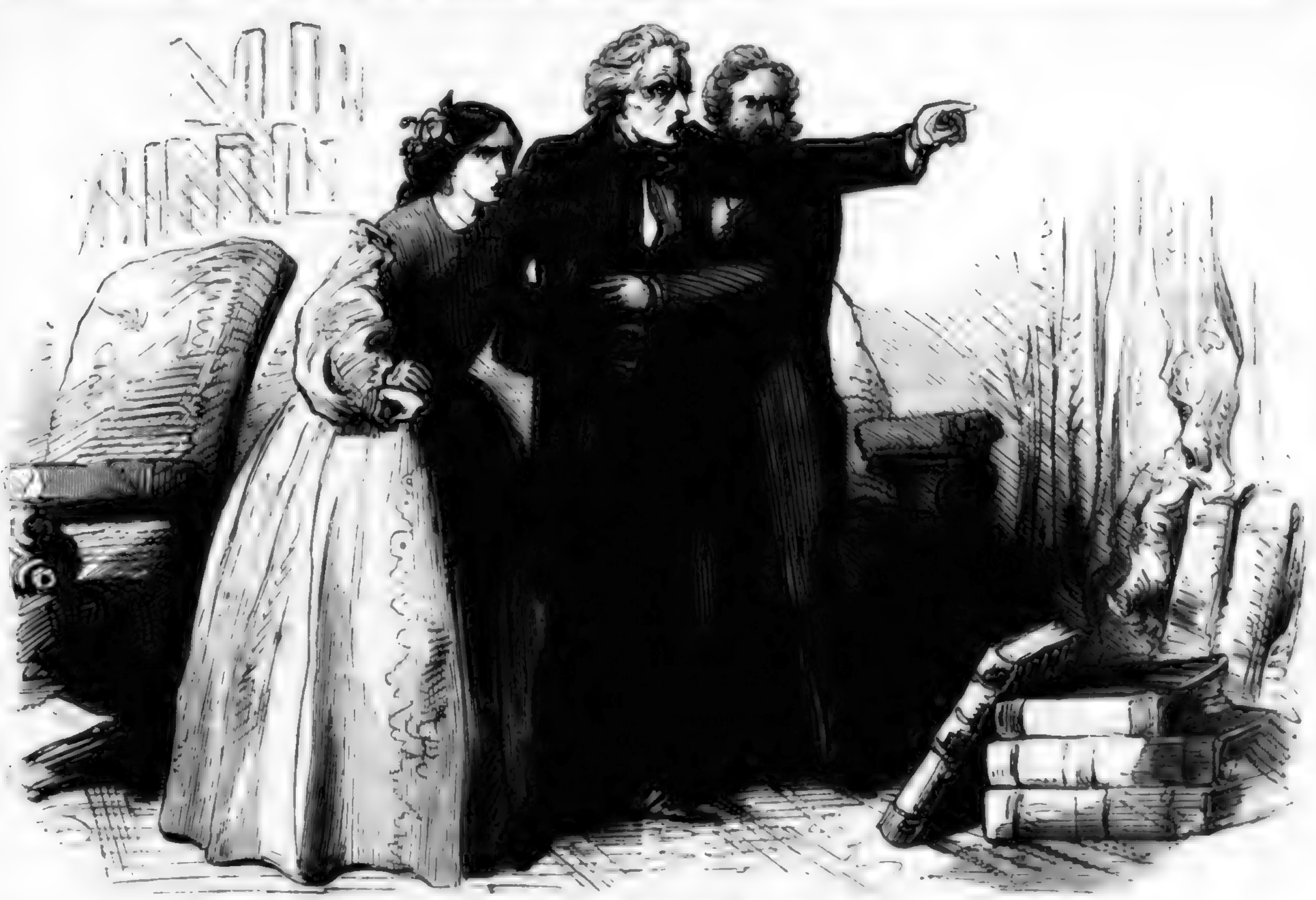
"I must ask you to come into the library," he said, with a suddenness and violence so unexpected and disproportionate to the words that I fairly started, and Katy grasped my arm. Perhaps Barstow noticed the shock his words had given us; for he added, quietly, "I always sit there of an evening, and I cannot feel at home in any other room."

He rose and rang the bell, which was answered by Phillips.

"Are the lamps lighted in the library?" he asked, when the latter entered.

The old servant gave him a quick, frightened look; but the stern eyes fixed upon his face awed him at once, and answering in the affirmative, he went out.

Katy was still clinging fast to me, and I felt a vague anticipation that something strange, perhaps terrible, was about to



THE THIRD NIGHT.—" 'THIS HOUSE IS HAUNTED!' HE GROANED."—SEE PAGE 666.

happen; yet my wonder and excitement mastered the feeling of dread which had before had possession of me.

The library was a large room. The walls were lined with bookcases; a great reading-table stood in the centre of the room, about which were gathered several easy-chairs. Two lamps burned upon the table as we entered, and several others were placed on the mantel.

"What an illumination!" said Katy, her spirits rising as she looked about. "Really, Cousin Evan, although this is a gloomy sort of room, you have made it pleasant."

He faltered out some answer, but his eyes were fastened upon the further end of the room, that was filled by an immense bay window, before which hung curtains of heavy black cloth.

"Perhaps Morgan will read aloud?" he said, suddenly. "Here is a Shakespeare."

I turned to "As You Like It," and read several of the comic scenes. Katy quite forgot her uneasiness, and laughed merrily; and when Barstow felt her eyes upon him, he would rouse himself and try to appear interested.

My wife was seated close by my side. My hands were resting on the book, when suddenly she exclaimed:

"Why, Richard, what a rude joke!"

I looked at her in astonishment.

"See, Cousin Evan," she said, "he has thrown my work into the middle of the floor."

Sure enough, there it lay; but I had not stirred, nor, if I had tried, could I have thrown the thin fabric so far as it had fallen. I was about to speak; but Barstow checked me by a look. He picked up the work and restored it to her without a word. Katy thought he was offended at my boyish jest, and glanced reproachfully at me as she resumed her task and motioned me to go on.

Before I could do so she uttered an exclamation. I looked and saw the embroidery flutter from her lap as if blown by a strong wind.

"Is there such a draft here?" she asked, tremblingly.

No one answered. Instinctively I put my arm around her and drew her close to my side, while Barstow rose and stood a little before us. As we looked, the great lamp in the middle of the table was moved to the further end; yet no one touched it—no one had moved. Two of the lights upon the mantel went out, and as Katy gave a low cry the rustling began again, sweeping steadily across the room.

"In heaven's name, Evan Barstow! what does this mean?" I exclaimed.

The rustling increased, the curtains and table-covers shook as if in a wind.

"Barstow!" I cried again.

"Go away—go away! Take her out of the room—quick!"

I drew my wife toward the door. The noise ceased; we looked back. He was standing in the same attitude.

"Oh, don't leave him, don't!" pleaded Katy, her womanly tenderness overcoming all fear.

"Call him," I whispered.

"Evan! Cousin Evan!" she exclaimed; but he did not stir. "Come with us, cousin; do come!"

"I must stay," he answered, in the same unnatural tone. "Go quickly, go! Do you see them? There—it is too late! Don't look!"

We went back to his side; but at that instant the noise began afresh—and the chill wind flickered the lamps.

"What is it?" I asked.

"This house is haunted!" he groaned. "Not this spot alone, but wherever I go! Now do you understand! The curse has followed—even so near the grave it will not leave me!"

Every feeling left me but pity for the miserable man, and Katy's face showed me that she had forgotten all fear.

"You must not stay here!" cried Barstow; "take her away—I warn you—be quick!"

"Evan, we will not go! I am not afraid—there is nothing will do me any harm."

"Then you must stay!" he exclaimed, grasping our hands, as if he found comfort even in the midst of his horror.

He tottered, and would have fallen, had I not caught him in my arms. We placed him in an armchair, and in a few moments he revived.

"I thought it was death," he muttered; "that will come soon."

We could not speak. Appalled and horror-stricken, we could not give the lie to our own senses by telling him that he suffered from diseased fancies.

Suddenly he rose from his chair, stiff and rigid; he made several steps toward the window.

"There, there!" he gasped, in a horrible whisper.

"What is it?" I asked. "What do you see?"

"They are both there," he continued. "See, she pities me, she pleads with him; he turns away, but he does not look so stern. Margharetta, is death near?"

"Whom are you speaking to, Evan?" cried Katy. "There is no one there."

"Don't you see them?" he questioned, straining his eyes in the direction to which he pointed.

At that moment the rustling and movement which had continued, though faintly, during the whole time, ceased altogether. No one stirred. I could think of neither danger to Katy nor the fear she might suffer—could only gaze fixedly on the spot to which Evan still pointed.

A dull, numbing pain crept through all my nerves. I felt that some unseen intelligence was struggling with my will, and trying to make itself visible to my sight. I made no effort to shake it off, I could only stare blindly before me, helpless and rigid.

"Margharetta!" I heard Barstow exclaim, but I could not move my eyes. Dimly through the clouds the outlines of two human figures appeared to form; then I heard a cry—I knew that Katy fell fainting in my arms, and I carried her out of the room.

When sense returned, I was in the little parlor bending over Katy; the old servant and his wife were sprinkling her face with water, and by the door leaned Evan Barstow, ghost-like and still.

"You saw it?" whispered Phillips. "We never did; it's 'cause the same blood runs in your veins."

When my wife recovered, we took her up-stairs and administered a powerful opiate, the effects of which made her sleep until late the next morning, while old Mabel and I watched over her; but I saw Evan Barstow no more until the next day.

When Katy awoke she was very feverish, and believed that all she had seen upon the previous night had been a sick fancy, and I did my best to confirm her in that conviction. I could not permit her to rise; and when she fell asleep again I left Mabel to watch her.

"Where is your master?" I asked Phillips, whom I met in the hall.

"In the parlor," replied the old man, who was crying like a child. "Oh, sir, he won't see another day out!"

The moment I entered the room and saw his face, I knew the man was right—death was legible on Barstow's worn features.

"It is almost over," he whispered, as I bent near the sofa where he lay.

"You must have a doctor at once," I urged.

"It could do no good," he said; "they call it heart disease, and said that I might die at any moment. You will know what killed me, Morgan."

During the day I divided my time between Katy's room and his. She was in a state which caused me considerable alarm.

Barstow grew weaker as night came on, and insisted upon being helped into the library.

"They call me," he said; "I must go."

Barstow lay upon a low couch, and I watched over him, disturbed at times by strange noises, which seemed to proceed from several quarters of the room at once.

"I shall die to-night!" Evan said. "Richard, can you bear to stay, or must I die alone?"

"I will stay," I replied.

He lay quiet for some time, his eyes fixed upon the window—mine wandered there too, but saw nothing.

"I must tell you," he gasped, suddenly; "they force me to tell you."

He began abruptly the story of his life, speaking rapidly, and with an energy I had never seen him exibit.

"I was in Naples in 183—. I was young, but of gloomy, retiring disposition. I met a young Italian, Margharetta Lusini, and loved her with all the intensity of my strange, jealous nature.

"She lived with an old uncle, a retired, lonely life, and it was but natural that she should return my affection. We were to be married, but from some inexplicable reason, Margharetta several times postponed our wedding-day. At last I grew mad with jealousy; I could not understand her hesitation at leaving Naples, where she had few friends, and where, as she told me, all of her family had been wronged by the Government. But she would give no reason, perhaps she scarcely understood how jealous I was; and for the third time the day of our marriage was postponed.

"I left her house that evening frantic, almost cursing her and myself, and vowing to go away for ever. I started for my lodgings, but half-way there I turned back; for hours I wandered near her dwelling, impelled to do so by the mad passion which had taken possession of me.

"It must have been long after midnight when I saw a man steal through the little courtyard of her habitation, which was situated upon the ground-floor of a deserted old dwelling. I followed in his footsteps, saw the door open, saw Margharetta admit him. Then I understood all—she was faithless!

"My first impulse was to rush in and kill him before her eyes; but I checked it. I crept round to a little balcony, over which I climbed, and through the window-draperies could look into the chamber. Margharetta was standing with her head upon the shoulder of the young man, his arms were about her waist, and she was weeping passionately. 'You must not come again,' she said; 'think if you were seen—the officers would arrest you.'

"Like lightning a fiendish plot shot through my brain; I could punish her more terribly than by giving him a death-blow before her eyes. I crept away, gained the street, and seeking the nearest guardhouse, warned the officer that a man of whom they were in search was in the dwelling I had left. A party of men sallied out at once, and I followed. I heard Margharetta's shrieks, saw the young man dragged forth; and starting forward, I cried out, 'It is I did this, woman—this is my revenge!'

"With a cry she fell senseless upon the ground; the prisoner turned upon me like a tiger, but he was overpowered and carried away. There I stood until Margharetta came to her senses, never, never approaching her. She raised herself and saw me standing there. 'God forgive you,' she groaned; 'you have murdered my brother!'

"It was true. It was her brother whom I had doomed in my frenzy, and she had not dared hint, even to me, the knowledge of his presence there. Nothing availed—no tidings could be gained of the prisoner. Three days after, Margharetta died, forgiving me with her last breath.

"For months I lingered in Naples, little less than mad. At last I discovered the prison in which Lusini was confined. I believed myself dying—I must have his pardon first. From the king himself I obtained permission to visit the captive. I found him in a dungeon, chained hand and foot. He knew me at once. Before I could speak he lifted his voice and cursed me. 'I shall die at last,' he said; 'then I will haunt you. I will force Margharetta to pursue you—you shall have no peace—no home—no friends.'

"I cannot repeat his words—I fell fainting before he had finished. For several years I wandered aimlessly about. At last my house became filled with fearful sounds. I knew that Paolo was dead. Since that time I have had no peace. Go where I might, those horrors followed. People shunned me as one accursed; only that faithful old couple clung to me. I came to England; there was no escape. Night after night the murdered man stood before me, dragging Margharetta by the hand. I thought at last I was forgiven. With death near, I believed that I might send for some of my own kindred; but the consolation of having you near me without any of those terrible sights and sounds was not permitted.

"They will come once more—perhaps to bring my pardon."

As these words left his lips he sprang upright.

"They come!" he whispered—there!"

Again I saw the blue clouds form—separate—the outlines of human figures shaped themselves under the vail.

"Margharetta!" cried Barstow. "She smiles—she beckons—he consents! I am forgiven—I can die at last!"

He fell back upon the couch. I could not move—could only watch that dim cloud approaching nearer and nearer. The door opened. I heard my wife's voice in a cry of fear and agony—heard her fall heavily upon the floor. Then the cloud swept nearer and nearer the couch, till it hovered over Barstow. I heard a low sigh; and when I looked again, the phantoms had disappeared, and Evan Barstow was dead!

I took my wife away from the house, and three days after Barstow was buried.

SWAN-SHOOTING.

The most usual method of hunting them is by snares. These are set in the following manner:

A lake or river is chosen, where it is known the swans are in the habit of resting for some time on their emigration southward—for this is the principal season of swan-catching. Some time before the birds make their appearance, a number of wicker hedges are constructed, running perpendicularly out from the bank, and at the distance of a few yards from each other. In the spaces between, as well as in openings left in the fences themselves, snares are set. These snares are the intestines of the deer, twisted into a round shape and looped. They are placed so that several snares may embrace the opening, and the swans cannot pass through without being caught. The snare is fastened to a stake driven into the mud with sufficient firmness to hold the bird when caught and struggling.

That the snare may not be blown out of its proper place by the wind, or carried astray by the current, it is attached to the wattles of the hedge by some strands of grass. These, of course, are easily broken, and give way the moment a bird presses against a loop. The fences or wattle-hedges are always constructed projecting out from the shore—for it is known that the swans must keep close in to the land whilst feeding.

Whenever a lake or a river is sufficiently shallow to make it possible to drive in stakes, the hedges are continued across it from one side to the other.

Swans are also snared upon their nests. When a nest is found, the snare is set so as to catch the bird upon her return to the eggs. These birds, like many others, have the habit of entering the nest on one side, and going out by the other, and it is upon the entrance side that the snare is set.

The Indians have a belief that if the hands of the persons setting the snares be not clean, the bird will not approach it, but rather desert her eggs, even though she may have been hatching them for some time. It is, indeed, true that this is a habit of many birds, and may be so of the wild swan. Certain it is that the nest is always reconnoitred by the returning bird with great caution, and any irregularity appearing about it will make her extremely shy of approaching it.

RUSSIAN SPENDTHRIFTS.

It is the fashion now to tell Russian stories, and particularly stories about the Russian princes that live habitually in France. Two have just been published that are worth repeating.

The Russian princes in Paris are all men of large incomes, but generally spendthrifts. One of them borrowed the sum of 10,000 francs from a money-lender, giving his note for the same. On the day it fell due the holder presented it for payment, and was told by the prince that he had no money to waste in paying debts. At that moment a gentleman entered, and the prince handed him 20,000 francs to meet the losses of the night before at the club. The Jew tore up his note of hand, and said, when going out:

"Now, prince, there is nothing between us but a debt of honor."

The prince bowed, and handed over the money without a word.

The second begins in the same way, but when the Jew presented his note the prince flew into a passion, called him hard names, and, drawing a revolver, made him eat the note-of-hand. A few days later the Jew received his money, with a thousand-franc bill thrown in for interest. Shortly afterward the Jew received a letter from the prince telling him that he was again in want of money, and telling him to present himself with 10,000 francs and stamped paper upon which to write his infernal note of hand. The Jew came with the money.

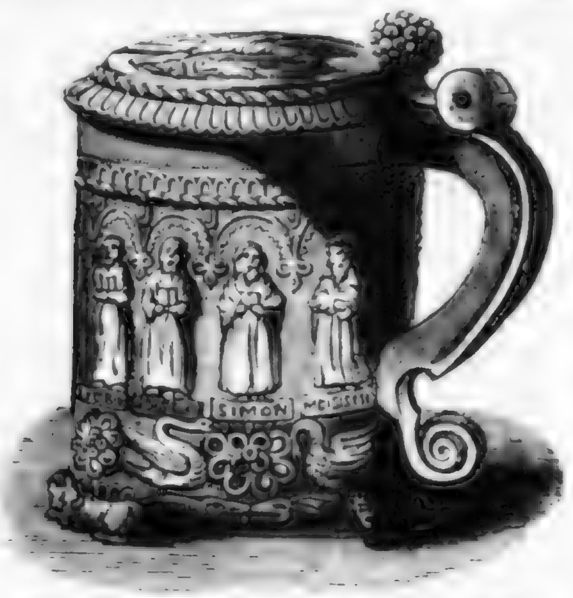
"Where is your paper for the note?" he said, taking the money.

"Here it is, prince," said the Jew, drawing a large cake of gingerbread from his pocket.

The prince laughed at the joke, and shortly afterward paid the debt, with interest.

VIENNA.

The first impression of Vienna is, that it is like Paris. The streets are lively, the buildings handsome, and some of the people very French in their appearance. There are, indeed, a great many French people there, and one hears the language continually in the street and in the *cafés*. There is a large percentage of the people who are Italian, or of Italian blood, and the Vienna German is not the light blonde of the North so much as the dark hair, complexion and eyes of the South and East. There is a superabundance of Jews, as there is in all German cities. In Vienna they seem to crop out more as individuality. Since the tearing down of the old row of Jewish houses in Frankfort, the Jew of that city has become absorbed in the general population. In Berlin he is individualized only as an old-clothes buyer at the street corners. Jew and Gentile are commingled on the street and on the Bourse. In Vienna, however, they form a more prominent feature of the landscape.



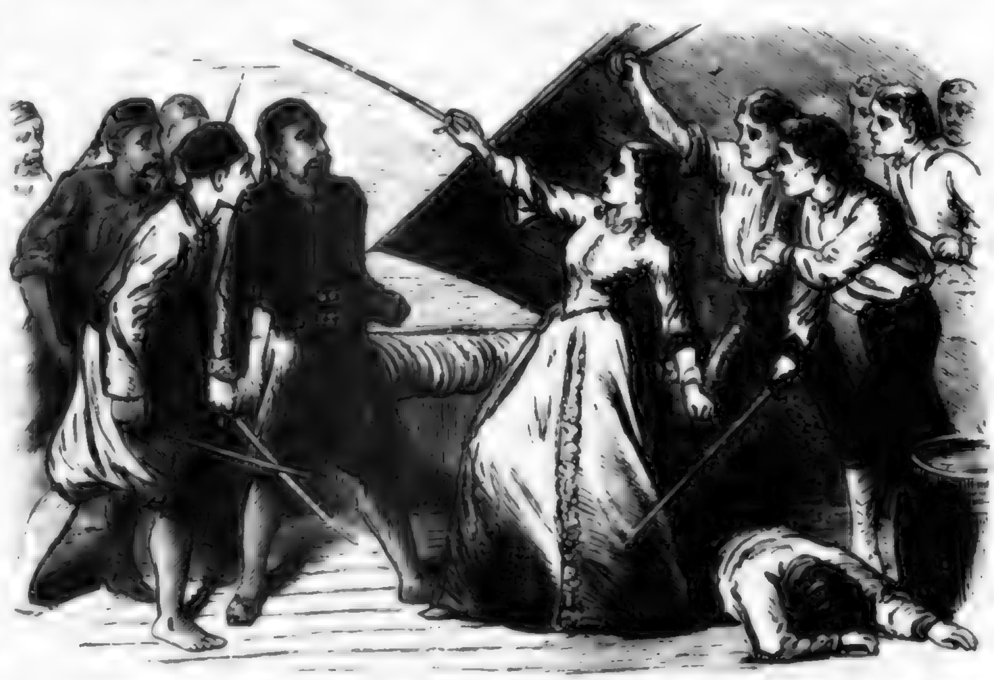
CUP FOUND IN THE RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

CUP FOUND IN THE RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

In Saxon times, Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, had a famous abbey, founded by St. Augustine, the monastic house where Dunstan ruled, and by his energy and learning endeavored to diffuse light in a dark and fierce age more given to battle than to books. A spot so long occupied quietly must, of course, contain many relics of various past generations. Among the various objects brought to light is a silver tankard, of extremely curious workmanship. Around it are embossed in relief figures of the twelve apostles. Below these, in the grotesque mingling so usual in illuminations, swans appear between rosettes, while the lower edge of the cup is formed by crocodiles, and the cup rests on lions couchant in the guise of feet.

A HEROIC WOMAN.

It is related that, in the year 1786, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta sent as a present a costly bracelet of rubies to Madame de Frenoy, a Frenchwoman of great beauty, in token of her extraordinary and gallant conduct when an Algerian corsair attacked the vessel in which she was a passenger. This lady was in a polacca, bound to Genoa; and the Algerine, coming alongside, poured in a broadside, and then grappling with her, a number of the pirates boarded her, sword-in-hand. The crew were about to submit to the enemy, when Madame de Frenoy snatched a sabre from a wounded sailor, and wielded it with astonishing courage and effect. The crew, animated and inspired by such an unexpected example of female valor, fought with enthusiasm, killed several of the pirates, and drove the remainder back to their own vessel. When the lady reached the shore, she was everywhere greeted with acclamations by the populace. The Marquis de Christeaux waited upon her, and with his own hands placed a crown of laurel on her head.



A HEROIC WOMAN.—"SHE SNATCHED A SABRE FROM A WOUNDED SAILOR, AND WIELDED IT WITH ASTONISHING COURAGE AND EFFECT."

NYMPHEA'S BRAVERY.

The Manse rose, a huge pile of gray granite, with outlines softened by the gathering darkness. About it clumps of foliage threw denser gloom, or white rock-work thrown artistically up gleamed ghostly betwixt tendrils of creeping vines. Marble statues, and great vases overflowing with rare exotics were scattered through the grounds, and a fountain where Niobe shed continuous streams of tears sent the soothing sound of its flowing waters out upon the air of the Summer night.

One by one the windows of the great house were filled with a lurid glow, until it seemed like a monster, Argus-eyed, awakened from a slumber, and peering into outer darkness through its manifold fiery orbs. The shadows scurried away before the streams of light, or clung tremulously about the skirts of the mother-objects which firmly stood their ground.

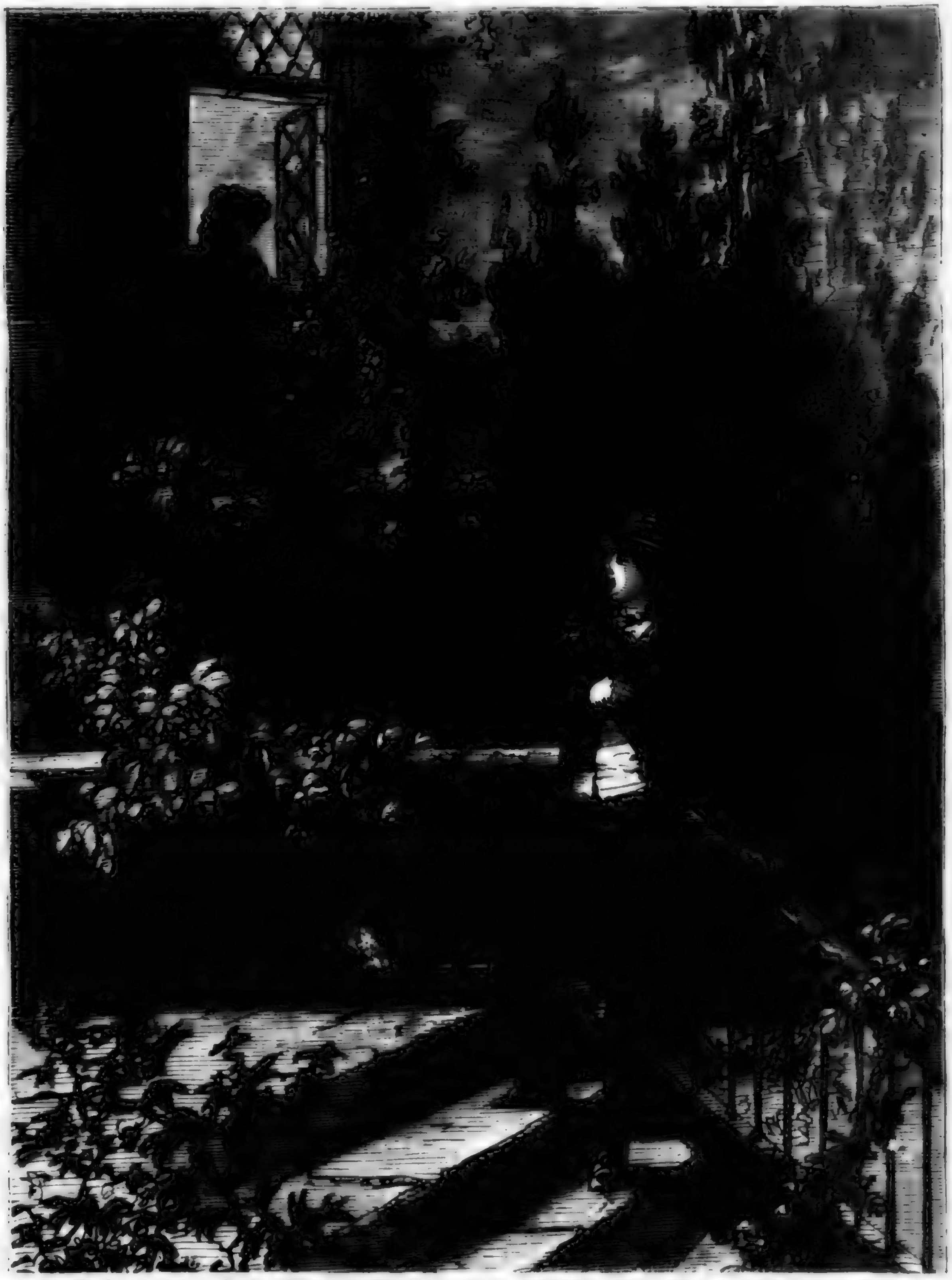
The drive, stretching its white-pebbled length in tortuous curves and twists, began to be dotted with incoming vehicles, and the rooms within gradually filled with alighting occupants.

It was Nymphea's birth-night, and to be celebrated as became the natal anniversary of Estabroke's only daughter. But, then, Estabroke was peculiar, and by no means permitted social custom to override his sense of comfort or aristocratically exclusive propensities. So this *fête* resolved itself into an informal and scattered gathering, rather than the crush of two people where there is only room for one, the glare and heat so usually predominant at such festivities.

The line of carriages was full, and the last of the guests sojourning at the Manse had floated down the stairway in clouds of gauze and tulle, or descended with more apparent pedestrious motion in patent-leather and sable broadcloth, relieved by the usual display of snowy kids and waistcoat.

Gale, coming in through the wide entrance-way, sauntered slowly by the group clustered in the hall, exchanging salutations as he went. Uncrowded as it was, some one came in his way, and that some one proved to be Rube Holstein. Gale favored him with a malignant glance, but spoke casually as he passed. Evidently there was no kindly feeling wasted between these two.

Gale would rather have encountered any one else at that moment. The fact that Holstein was preferred before him was a bitter pill, but one which policy induced him to swallow



NYMPHEA'S BRAVERY.—"RUBE BELOW LISTENED, AT FIRST WONDERINGLY, THEN WITH STARTLED COMPREHENSION. HE SIGNED TO HER HIS UNDERSTANDING, AND DARTED AWAY."

with a smiling face. Estabroke held Rube in high favor, and had installed him for an indefinite period at the Manse; while Gale, after angling in vain for a similar invitation, made the most of such circumstances as he could command, by taking lodgings at the hotel, which already contained many of the Estabroke set. Of course he came in for a share of the common courtesy shown to these, and, while he chafed at this tolerance, yet grasped eagerly at the advantage it gave him.

He caught sight of Nymphea a moment after, and turned that way, a chord of gratification thrilling as he saw that she observed his approach. He went lingeringly, surveying her critically, as though she had been a work of art, instead of Nature's wondrous masterpiece. But Nymphea could well endure the scrutiny.

She was robed in green satin, the sheen of which, softened by snowy lace, reminded him of the foam-capped sea-waves glinting in waves of down-pouring light. Her hair, tawny and floating, was bound by a velvet fillet, studded with a single pearl. Pearls upon her arms and neck, gleaming beneath their lacy covering. Nymphea, dazzling, he thought, as he approached her—perfect, peerless, he told himself, when she softened the stereotyped phrase into unmistakably glad greeting.

He gave way, but did not retire, as a last comer paid *devoir* to her, and turned to the elderly lady who had been her support. Then Nymphea gave a sigh of relief.

"Free at last," she said.

Gale offered his arm, and they moved away with the floating human tide. Borne by this, they drifted into an ante-room, where a side-table upheld a fragrant floral pyramid.

XUM

"My gifts," she explained. "I could take nothing else from any except the family, you know."

"I sent you the only token I dared this afternoon," Gale said, his face flushing as she singled it from the mass of bloom.

Twin camellias, pure and wax-like, nestled down against a bed of glistening green.

"I knew it came from you, even before I saw the name. So considerate not to add to the influx of roses and lilies. People seem to pitch upon them as an available standard. See—this, too, is exquisite."

It was a cluster of musk pinks arranged in a silver filagree-holder.

"There was no name, but Rube is the kindly donor."

"Is woman's intuition such a certain guide?"

He stooped over the flowers as if to inhale their pungent odor, and the shadow playing on his face concealed the quick hardening of his lips.

"Not in this case," Nymphea laughed. "The perfume lingering about him told me they had been made up by no other hands. What is it?"

He had dropped the cluster he was carelessly handling. An insect droned away from a honey-laden calyx.

"Only the traditional thorn. A wasp in the midst of your fragrance, *ma belle!*"

"And I came near looping them into my flounces," Nymphea shuddered. "They suited my dress so admirably. But I could not wear all, and would make no distinction to-night."

She did not see a tiny slip of paper lying within Gale's half-closed palm. How he blessed her impartial resolution when he glanced at it under the gas-jet, as she lingered over some other tributes. Just a line in Rube's writing, fine and accurate as copper-plate:

"Wear but a flower of mine, if I may speak to-night."

He crushed it into his glove, and, drawing closer to her, lowered his voice until it could reach no passing curious ear.

"If you would accept a gift from me, Nymphea. All the love of my life went out to you from the very first. It is so precious to me, and yet so worthless, if you have no return. Give me merciful assurance, Nymphea."

Her eyes—wondrous eyes they were—met his gaze, and shyly drooped before it. Rosy waves surged up to her very hair, and fingers plucked nervously at a tuft of bloom. He closed his one hand over her two, and they lay quiet in his clasp. He detached a ring from his watch-chain—a twisted circlet of gold, so pure that it was pliable—and slipped it on her unresisting hand.

"Wear my fetter," he whispered. "Let me feel that I am linked to you by a tangible tie. I will never let you regret it, Nymphea."

Her eyes flashed up with sudden, saucy light, but her hand with the ring nestled closer into his.

"If it is a bond, you must expect a restive captive. Don't let the chains chafe, or I may break them."

"And my heart, too? You would never do that, my Nymph. Elf, changeling, you should have been. A moment ago you were all shy diffidence; now you are sparkling, exultant already in the power you wield."

"I am like a chameleon, never reliable. The promise of one moment may not develop in the accomplishment of the next."

"Then I shall tell myself that you are mine, and hold you fast."

Gertie Wray, alone, fluttered up to them. Gale reached over, taking Nymphea's tablets.

"The lancers," he was saying. "Ah, your card is full!"

"I promised Rube the first, and have not looked at it since. It has gone the rounds, I see.

Those who had been earlier at her side had filled the vacancies. Gertie Wray looked on half enviously.

"You never lack attendants. Just think, Nymphea—I came with Burt, and he has deserted me already. Let me stay with you until I can get back to the parlors."

"I will do better," Nymphea declared, as the soft strains of quiet melody changed to lively measure, and she saw Rube coming to claim her. "I charge Mr. Gale with the delightful task of caring for you."

"A charge which is endurable only because you have given it," Gale told her in an aside. "I wonder if bliss is never unalloyed?"

"What were you saying?" Gertie asked, thinking the whisper had been meant for her.

"Thanking Fate for unexpected benificence. See that obese lady with the eyeglass. I am sure you have preserved me from her."

"And am tolerated as a lesser evil, I suppose," Gertie pouted. "Is that Burt? If you will call him——"

"Which I certainly shall not," Gale responded, tucking her hand within his arm. "You were dependent upon my mercy a moment ago; don't recompense me by cruel desertion."

"If I thought you were not bored," she hesitated.

"If you go, I shall not care to avert boredom. Don't you see you hold my contentment in your presence?"

They turned away from the floral mass.

"What a pity the other gifts could not have been placed on exhibition," Gertie said. "Estabroke is munificent. Nymphea's gems are worth a fortune."

"You have been favored with admission behind the scenes?" queried Gale, carelessly. "Enviable liberty! I have almost a woman's mania for precious gewgaws."

"Is that satirical? If not, you shall be rewarded with a peep."

"Let me prove my sincerity. That is, if brighter shafts have not impaired my appreciation of material brilliancy?"

Gertie's eyes drooped consciously. Gale had the faculty of freighting idle sayings with apparent meaning. She led him back into the dressing-rooms, where only lady guests had been admitted. These were deserted now for the ballroom and promenade.

Nymphea's gifts lay unguarded, except for a fragile crystal screen. Gale's eyes grew coruscant; but he looked down, seemingly indifferent. Opals, emeralds, pearls, diamonds, and amethysts representing in themselves values untold. Gertie pointed out Estabroke's selection. A chrysoprase set, imbedded in dull Etruscan gold.

"So unique!" he declared.

Gale admired all, and they went back to mingle with the moving stream.

THE crowd had surged away to the refreshment tables, and the gas-lights streamed down over the disordered furniture and drooping decorations. Even the Manse was not proof against the demoralizing effects of society and protracted hours.

Some one else had monopolized Nymphea; so Gale lingered behind to dream of her; perhaps, also, to escape paying devotion at some less absorbing shrine. Voices and laughter floated back to him, mingled with the clatter of china and ring of glasses.

A casement near him swung silently back; a face, smooth-shaven and dare-devilish, was framed within it.

"Gale, a word with you; this way, quick, before prying stragglers spot me."

The newcomer spoke in hurried, suppressed tones. Gale went out to him mechanically, but with sullen resentment.

"What are you doing here?" he questioned. "You will ruin all with your cursed chicanery."

"The others think you are trying that game, and that you mean to give them the slip when your own nest is feathered. They will not be satisfied with promises now. Either you must do for them, or they will take the job in their own hands. We all know what gleamers the Manse holds to-night."

"Fools!" Gale uttered, excitedly. "Let me follow my own plans, and you shall all share of them peaceably before three months have passed."

"We should hear of Madame Gale sporting them in the midst of European *bon ton*," the other said, good-humoredly. "But you forget you have old hands with whom to deal. Either you must show color to the tune of a few thousands, or the crib will be cracked by other hands within six hours."

"With chances of the whole gang seeing Botany Bay within as many weeks. You haven't an expert equal to the thing."

"We number you yet," interposed the newcomer.

Gale fumed, but, realising his precarious footing, bottled his wrath, and attempted to make terms. He went back to the rooms twenty minutes later, quiet, dark and cool, to exchange a parting word with Nymphea, and take noticeable departure.

It was three o'clock in the morning, and the house was still, with here and there a single light dimly showing behind close curtains. The moon, late risen, shone full and clear on the Manse, touching the weeping Niobe with a sheen of her falling tears.

As the ormolu clock struck its three chimes, Gertie Wray, who was staying over night, distorted her pretty mouth with a distinct yawn. She and Nymphea had been gossiping together in the dressing-room which separated their sleeping-chambers."

"So late!" exclaimed the latter, in surprise. "I have kept you out of bed for an hour. Don't wait for me, dear, unless you share my wakefulness."

Gertie suppressed another yawn, and made a faint demur.

"Shall I help you put away your jewels, Nymphea? You must be very tired."

"They are safe enough," Nymphea said, absently, turning the ring upon her finger.

So Gertie, kissing her good-night, withdrew.

Nymphea was neither tired nor sleepy. She leaned back in her chair, softly caressing the hand which wore Gale's ring, and gave herself up to pleasant thoughts.

The clock ticked a monotonous refrain. The sound of rustling leaves and dripping waters was wafted faintly upon the breeze which played about the open casement, just stirring the curtains within.

Her birthday-gifts—the sparkling, glittering mass of precious stones—were upon the table. Near them, in a crystal case, were the twin camellias. The cluster of musk pinks lay waiting in the miscellaneous heap below. Rube had seen them there during the evening, and ascertained the absence of the tiny note; had taken to heart the chilling conviction that Nymphea was quite beyond his reach.

The clock struck the quarter, then the half hour, and she roused herself from her reverie, preparing to retire. Wheeling her chair before the dressing-table, with its inclined mirror, she brushed out her hair, confining it in a close net. She had removed her elaborate evening-dress, and wore a wrapper of dead-white cashmere.

"It makes me look like a corpse," she said, half aloud.

A second later the tinge of color faded from her cheeks, and her lips grew pale until the simile she had used was no extravagance. Back of her was an alcove, separated from the room only by heavy curtains. These were slightly drawn, and through the interstice a man's face peered out at her. The slight swaying of the curtains, and the face cautiously appearing, met her sight in a hand-glass resting upon the table. The swinging mirror reflected only her own form and features and immediate surroundings.

For an instant her hands fell nerveless, and her heart stood still through sudden terror. Then she went on tying the silken tassel of her net, lingering over all the trifling details of her toilet, with her eyes fixed steadily on the imaged face.

Gale's face! she recognized it at once. The Estabroke blood coursed through her veins, and from that second her tender thoughts of him lay dead and buried in her memory. Gale, as she had known him heretofore, and Gale as he stood revealed to her, were alike powerless to stir a chord of joy or pain, except through a realization of her present peril.

A thousand rumors she had heard without heeding thronged up now. She remembered hints thrown out—questions asked. "Who is he?" had been the query. It was never answered. Gale, springing from whence no one knew, referring to no past, had been tolerated, even lionized, through his own assumption.

Nymphea saw his gaze wander from her, and rest upon the heap of glittering gems. Saw the sordid lighting of his eyes, and the impatience stamped upon his features.

In the room beyond, Gertie was sleeping. Her own empty apartment was opposite. This suit comprised a wing, and a long corridor connected it with the central building. She could summon no aid. Only her woman's wit to foil him.

She drew the vase with the camellias nearer her, and bent her cheek to touch them caressingly.

"Beautiful flowers!" she murmured, but never moved her eyes from his mirrored face.

His features softened, and twitched emotionally, but relaxed nothing of their resolute purpose. His own feeling might prompt withdrawal even yet, but the stronger power had him in its clutches.

Nymphea stretched out her hand, and dropped it, a snowy covering over the gleaming gems. She took them up, one by one, clasping them on her throat and arms, until she flashed with a thousand tongues of reflected light. She leaned forward, a low laugh rippling over her pale lips.

He had grown grim and keenly watchful. She could never dare to rise with that load upon her. One by one she took them off again, and swept them in a glittering heap. Then she leaned her head upon her hand, and, singing softly, kept her eyes upon the glass.

Four strokes chimed. Only a half hour, and it seemed to her like an eternity.

He was growing restless and suspicious. Nymphea felt a sense of deadening horror as she watched his face take on a sullen, dogged expression, which would admit of no merciful promptings. He thrust the curtains half aside, as if to step into the room.

She rose slowly, and he drew back again. She moved about, singing yet some opera air. She felt that a crisis was coming soon, and knew that she was momentarily growing powerless to avert it. She approached the open casement, looking out into the still night.

Some one moved out from the shadows below, and her heart leaped with renewed hope. It was Rube, faithful, disconsolate Rube, unable to rest after her grievous disappointment, taking chill comfort in watching her light, and thinking himself rewarded through having seen her shadow on the blind an hour before.

She stretched out her hands to him with a gesture imploring silence. With him so near, she realized safety, but how should she convey to him a knowledge of her position.

A providential remembrance came to her. Gale understood nothing of Italian, as she happily knew. Forming her words into perfect rhythm, she sang on, softly yet, but clearly distinct. Rube below listened, at first wonderingly, then with startled comprehension. He signed to her his understanding, and darted away.

She drew back into the room, and, with the assurance of speedy aid, felt her strength deserting her. The alcove curtains shook, and Gale, looking down, met the gaze she was powerless to withdraw. There was no chance now for further subterfuge. He saw her terror, and his purpose wavered before his passion for her.

"I was driven to this," he said, approaching her; "but there is a way to cheat them yet, Nymphea. "If you will go with me, I swear that no harm shall come to you, and my love shall make you forget all of this. Will you go, sweet?"

She shrank back, wringing her hands dumbly. Would Rube never come? Must she submit to the touch of this man? The pliant golden circlet he had placed upon her finger parted under her wrenching clasp, and fell to the floor. The last semblance of a tie between them was broken.

A second later the door was thrown open, and she was caught in Rube's arms. A stout servant or two, hastily summoned, were prepared for Gale, whose apprehension was a key to unravel a score of previous mysteries. He was identified as the infamous hero of as many dark adventures, and is now paying the penalty of his crimes, and regretting the plot defeated through his very human weakness.

THE WATERSPOUT.

THE WATERSPOUT—A THRILLING INCIDENT.

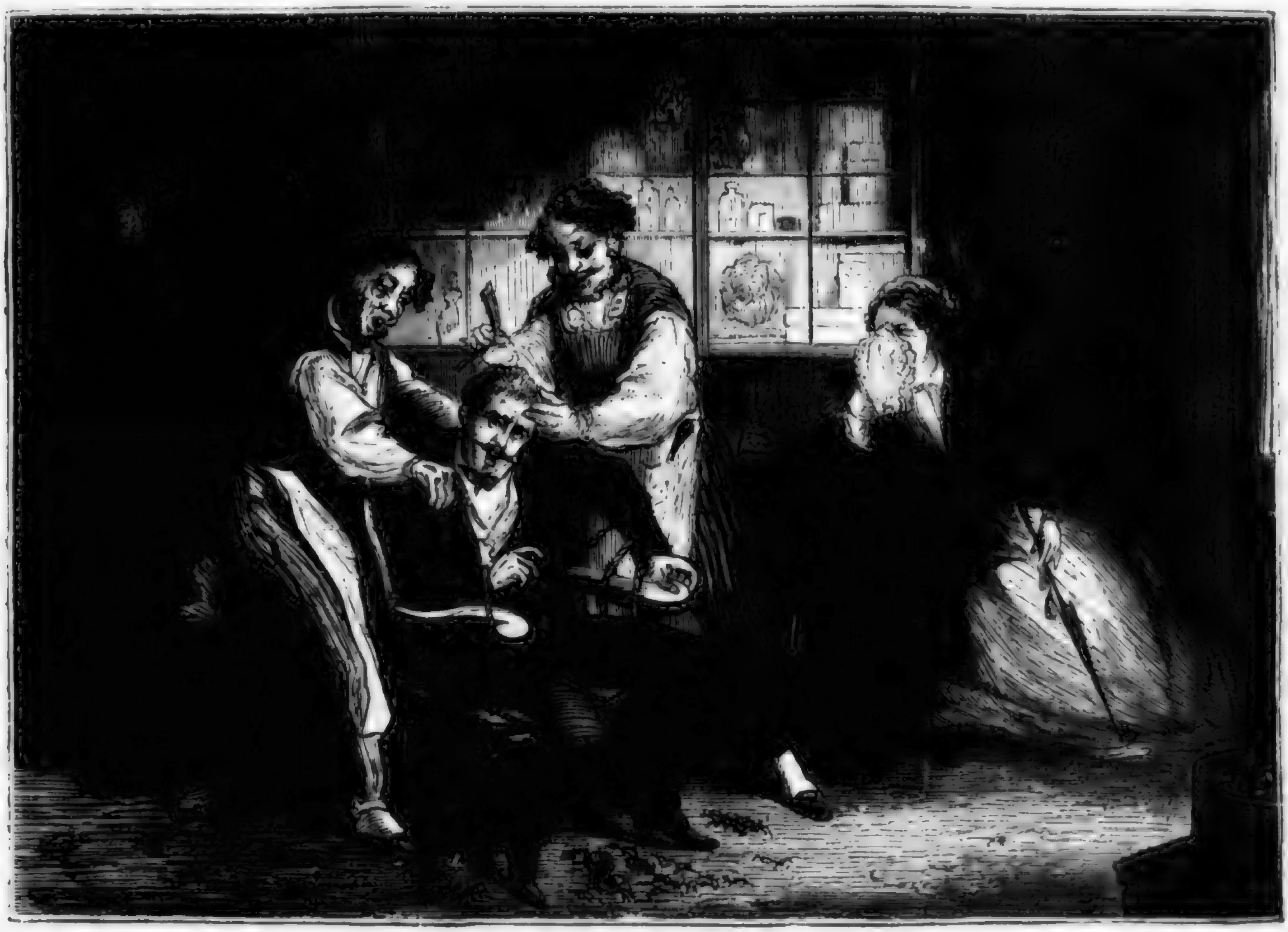
The water-spout is formed by two winds blowing in opposite directions, and raising or sucking up the water in their vortex. They generally form a double cone; the superior part with its apex downward, consisting of a dense cloud, while the inferior cone, the apex of which is turned upward, consists of water, which is thus sometimes raised to a height of several hundred feet.

Water-spouts seldom last longer than half an hour. Their course and movements are irregular; straight forward, in zigzag lines, alternately rising and falling, stationary, slow or progressing with the rapidity of thirty miles an hour. The rotatory movement is also variable; its power is often very great, but sometimes waterspouts pass over small vessels without injuring them. They are more frequent near the coast than on the high seas; and are more commonly seen in warm climates. They seem to occur particularly in regions where calms frequently alternate with storms, which is not to be wondered at, since they owe their origin to miniature storms or whirlwinds.

The *Rhine*, a sailing vessel of one thousand and six tons, which recently arrived from London, encountered an immense waterspout about twelve hundred miles out. John Richardson, one of the seamen, describes the phenomenon thus:

About the time that you ask me, boss, the ship *Rhine* was running along at the rate of four knots an hour, which was pretty good speed for such an old tub, now, I tell you. I think I heard the first mate say we were in latitude forty-two degrees when he took the sun at twelve o'clock that day.

We had been out of a heavy gale only twelve hours, and the sea was running pretty high. At about two o'clock in the afternoon the wind went down, and we stood stock-still. At three o'clock we couldn't see a ripple on the water; it was just as smooth as the smoothest glass I ever saw. The sails hung perfectly motionless, and the atmosphere seemed to get heavy. A fellow felt as though he would like to take a full breath, but that if he tried he couldn't. As we hadn't anything to do, and had been worked very hard for forty-eight hours previous, we (the crew, I mean) assembled around the forecastle.



NEVER MIND HIS CRIES.—"ALPHONSE WAS FORCIBLY SEIZED, BOUND DOWN IN HIS CHAIR, AND DESPITE HIS CRIES AND ASSURANCES, THE RELENTLESS SCISSORS SEVERED EVERY PERFUMED LOCK FROM HIS HEAD."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

I think I must have fallen asleep, for I was wakened up suddenly by hearing the captain's big bass voice—he had a voice like a bull, sir—singing out, "All hands on deck." I jumped up as quick as I could—I couldn't jump very quick, for you see I'm old—and hastened aft to the mainmast. The other fellows were there ahead of me, and when I got up to them they all turned off in different directions like madmen. I noticed that the faces of most of them were white as chalk, and that the captain's was as red as blood. I saw the second mate, and asked him what was the matter. He answered me by telling me to go to the main brace, or he would pitch me overboard. I went there pretty quick; *not* because I was afraid of going overboard, but because I felt that something terrible was going to happen, and that even my weight might save the ship. When I got to the rope, a fellow standing near me said:

"*Pull*, old man, don't you see the waterspout?"

I followed the direction of his eyes, and there, sure enough, not more than half a mile from us, was the biggest water-spout that I had ever seen in all my life. It towered above the ship at least two hundred feet, and seemed to be the breadth of half the ocean. It was coming toward us like a steam-engine, and the water, for hundreds of yards ahead of it, was boiling like water in a kettle. We braced the yards around, put the wheel hard-aport, and did everything that lay in our power to get out of the way of the terrible destruction that was rushing upon us. There wasn't a breath of wind stirring, and there we lay, right in the path of the water-spout, unable to do the least thing to save ourselves.

There were about seventy steerage passengers with us, the most of whom were women and children, and the way they screamed and went on was enough to take the heart out of any man. One old woman caught me round the legs, and begged of me for God's sake to save her, while every one was rushing around trying to find some shield from the approaching crash. The captain swore, and went on terribly, because we couldn't move an inch, and seemed to be going out of his mind, for I saw him deliberately knock a man down who was standing near him. Some of the men ran down the forecastle ladder that they might not see themselves die.

What I have been telling you now all occurred in a moment, but the waterspout had come much nearer to us, and we could hear the fearful hiss and splash of the water as it came whirling on. Just then I heard a young gentleman in the cabin ask the captain whether he had a gun on board. "The captain said, "No," and the young man's face turned as white as snow, and I saw him shake all over. He put his hand to his head, and staggered toward the main hatch, and in another moment he would have fallen down "'tween" decks, when suddenly there was a cry from above that sounded like the roar of a madman. It was heard above the loud howl of the surging waters, and every eye was turned in the direction that it came from. It came from a "shipmate" that we called "Jack." He was a smart fellow on his feet, and was a regular monkey among the ropes when he got aloft in a storm. There he was, with a heavy block of wood in his hands that he held above his head, and was shouting for us to "stand from under!" He was on the main yardarm, the yard that carries the "storm sail," you know. We all ran forward, and when the coast was clear, "Jack" gave the block a swing, and sent it down on deck as quick as a flash. It struck a piece of sheet-iron that lay near the main hatch, and made a terrific report that sounded like a cannon's. We kept our eyes on him, for he seemed about to fall, but he caught hold of the "port bowlines," and regained his balance. Just then the ship careened over on her beam-ends, lurched back again, and stood ready as before. Nearly every one was thrown down, and some of the passengers were badly hurt. As soon as we got on our feet, we saw no more of the waterspout, but in its stead the whole sea was just as white as though it was composed of soapsuds.

We felt that it was over, and that the noble "Jack" had saved us by his coolness, but it was some time before we could recover from the paralysis that seemed to have stricken us all. When we did recover, we felt as only men can feel who have been snatched from the jaws of death. Work seemed a pleasure after that, for it reminded us that we had life in us. There were on board, counting the officers, crew, and all, about one hundred and fifty persons, and if that spout had struck us, it would have sent us, ship and all, to the bottom of the sea, and no one could have known what sank us. Ever since that day I have been convinced that the *City of Boston* was lost in this manner. I suppose the water that was in the air would have weighed 10,000 tons; it couldn't have been less; and as there was a brig sailing ten miles from us in the direction of the water-spout's course, and no one on board saw it, it must have formed between us two, and reached its immense proportions in about half an hour.

"NEVER MIND HIS CRIES.

A BRILLIANT sun shone—let us say on the 4th of this present month, and Alphonse Royer, with not a little pride, arranged the clusters of curls collected on either side of his temples, as he passed and repassed before one of the large mirrors gracing the walls of a mercer's shop in one of the most fashionable streets in Paris.

Alphonse had more than once been fully aware that many a fair customer looked upon him with admiration, and visions danced before his eyes of one in particular—a young lady of birth and fortune who frequently came shopping with her mamma; and whilst the mother examined the silks, this fair child of Eve fixed her eyes in loving longing on the forbidden fruit of Alphonse's silken curls.

On this auspicious day the mother had appointed to call to see some fresh goods.

It was twelve o'clock, and as *he* arranged his curls in hope, Destiny was settling them after her own fashion.

In a hairdresser's shop the previous day, in a retired street, a lady had just entered. Her conversation was long and confidential, not unaccompanied by those applications to the eye of a pocket handkerchief—that vail of grief—that repository of those angel drops, pity's tears.

"Poor young lady!" said the hairdresser, looking after her; "so young and handsome, and so sorrowful! Well, the half of us don't know the sufferings of the other half, and we never know what's hanging over our heads!"

Indeed we don't. Alphonse Royer had not the slightest idea, whilst he stood behind the counter, avoiding as much as possible the necessity of serving the customers dropping in—ever watching for the expected mother and daughter. But there is a fate, far above all our personal strength, in malice and ill-nature.

A lady entered. There is a magnetic influence in youth as in beauty—they naturally cling to their own; and this lady was both fair and young, and her glance mechanically fell on Alphonse.

She stepped toward him; there was a magnetism in her dark eyes—he could not avoid her as he had done all those who came before.

"Will you show me some fancy silks?" she said.

And the lip smiled; it was its naturally benignant expression; she could not long look stern.

Fancy silks were his department. He showed her piles of them, and she selected three or four of the richest.

"For a lady going abroad," she said.

And then there were shawls, and heaven knows what! For man cannot conceive, nor author indite, all a Frenchwoman fancies when she goes out shopping.

She seemed to have fixed her mind on Alphonse, for a purpose seen hereafter; for, after diving into every other department of the huge emporium of fashion, she returned to his, "just for that pretty little dress she had been undecided about, as she found her purchases had come within the sum she had been commissioned to spend."

All this gave additional confidence to the master; when, after a glance at the amount of her bill, she said—without apology for being without money, but with the air of one accustomed to command all—and, above all, respect:

"Will you send these things with me directly by one of your young men? The one who served me in the silks—for I am not quite certain if the last *foulard* dress will please; my friend must judge for herself."

She looked toward Alphonse. There is—we grieve to record it—that innate vanity and unfaithfulness in our nature which makes us listen too easily to the suggestions of the former, and become ready disciples of the latter.

Alphonse forgot the mother and daughter he had been watching for, in the *almost* tender glances which crossed his. She requested them to call a conveyance and have the goods placed in it. On the counter she threw down her card: "Madame de Montbreuil, Faubourg St. Honoré."

The "*de*" bespoke her nobility, if her easy grace of manner had not already betrayed a person accustomed to move in exalted society.

Alphonse's heart beat with a vague hope as he stepped into the *citadine* (the French cab), after her, and desired the man to drive to the address given.

Little was said at first. The lady seemed embarrassed. Suddenly looking up, she asked her companion whether he could not bring her any other dresses she might require to her residence himself, for she disliked strange faces, and as he had served her that day she should wish him to come. He knew her taste and could select those likely to suit her.

Was woman ever at a loss for an excuse?

She added quickly:

"I cannot often leave home. My mother is an invalid, and does not like my going much out alone since my husband's death!"

"Young, handsome, titled, and a widow!" thought he. And vanity raised up the hand which caressed a curl and a jetty whisker, as he acceded to everything she solicited.

At that moment they were turning down the Rue du Luxembourg.

"Stop!" she cried, suddenly turning the brass screw which rings and stops the coachman; "will you turn down the Rue Dupont and call at Monsieur Carlier's, the hairdresser's—my hairdresser in ordinary?" she said, turning toward Alphonse. "I would rather return *alone* to-day!"—there was significance in every intonation—"and I think Carlier can lend me the money!"

Alphonse hoped not; but as his master had desired him not to lose sight of the goods and lady, he decided that the better way would be to keep close to the latter, as the former were merely inanimate things; and though there is much electricity in silk, it can scarcely make to itself wings and fly away by the power of attraction from some distant and alluring cause.

So Alphonse followed the lady into the shop, and left the goods in the *citadine*. *He* had no suspicion of her. He felt confidence in the evident motive for her selection of himself.

The hairdresser bowed as she entered. She was evidently known; all seemed to respect her, and all—the master and two shopmen—looked curiously upon him. He felt proud; a certain something of delight swelled in his heart.

The lady drew the hairdresser aside and whispered. A bow and a smile of assent were the answer.

"Will monsieur step inside?" he said, politely, addressing Alphonse.

"Monsieur Carlier will oblige me," she said, in a low tone, to Alphonse, who was grieved at the result of the mission—which would of necessity separate them sooner that day.

He followed the master and lady into an inner room, not perceiving that he was in his turn followed by the two shopmen; and we will let them make their way in peace whilst we go back and relate the subject of the lady's conversation with the hairdresser the previous day—for it was one and the same person who held it and on this morning made the large purchases at Alphonse Royer's master's.

"Monsieur," she said, on the day of her first visit to Carlier, "you see before you a most distressed woman! I have a brother—a dear brother, who is most painfully afflicted! He is mad—quite mad—and labors under the strangest hallucinations, sometimes imagining himself the emperor, sometimes one thing, sometimes another! His last strange fancy is, that he is a shopman at ——'s shop, and nothing will persuade him to the contrary! My poor mother's medical attendant says only shaving and blistering can restore his intellect! Having a great quantity of hair, and, strange to say, a perfect knowledge of its abundant beauty, all our schemes have been fruitless hitherto to shave him. A friend, however, suggested one to us yesterday, and if you will only lend your aid it may be accomplished and a beloved brother restored to us."

Here she burst into tears, and sobbed aloud.

"Do not cry, mademoiselle!" exclaimed the compassionating hairdresser; "only tell me what to do—I will aid you most willingly."

"Thanks!—a thousand thanks!" she cried, looking up gratefully with her beautiful limpid eyes. "Poor fellow!—poor Jules, who even forgets his own name! Ah, sir, genius and study have destroyed him! Poor fellow! He has still, however, implicit confidence in me, even amidst his darkness of intellect, and for once I must turn traitor and betray him! Monsieur, I will bring him here to-morrow—could you not shave him by force?"

"Nothing easier," answered the good-natured man; "I have two strong assistants. We will manage him!"

"Oh, monsieur, you render me and my poor mother your debtors for ever! Oh, my Jules—my own dear brother—if I only see you restored!"

Here she burst again into ecstatic tears, and the kind-hearted man was fain almost to weep with her. Much more they talked, and at last, rising, she said:

"Then, monsieur, I may rely upon you. Seize him by force—bind him down—never mind his cries—shave him!"

And this is the catastrophe of our sad tale. Alphonse was forcibly seized, bound down in a chair, and, despite his cries and assurances that he was Alphonse Royer, shopman at ——, the relentless scissors severed every perfumed lock from his head, and his sister sat by, hiding her face in her handkerchief and weeping. When he felt the razor approaching his pericranium, a loud scream attested his horror.

"Oh, it is too much to bear!" cried she, in agony; "I will await him in the outer shop. My beloved brother!"

But it would appear that his agonizing cries prevented her remaining even there, for she walked *through* the shop, out of the door into the *citadine*, and drove off.

So much does sorrow make us oblivious of all.

What became of her nobody knows—not even her *dear brother*—who at last convinced the hairdresser—alas! half an hour too late—that his raven curls might safely have remained on his head, and looked far better than strewn on the floor of that little den, called a room.

Let us gather a moral from our *fact*, and not be led by vanity into error, folly, or blindness. How very little we feel, when the unpleasant truth is forced upon us, that a wiser eye at a glance read our diminutiveness, and profit by it, to make us thoroughly ridiculous.

GUY DE DAMPIERRE, COUNT OF FLANDERS, AND HIS DAUGHTER, IN PRISON.

Among the great ones of this world whose life has been checkered by sad misfortunes, stands Guy de Dampierre, Count of Flanders.

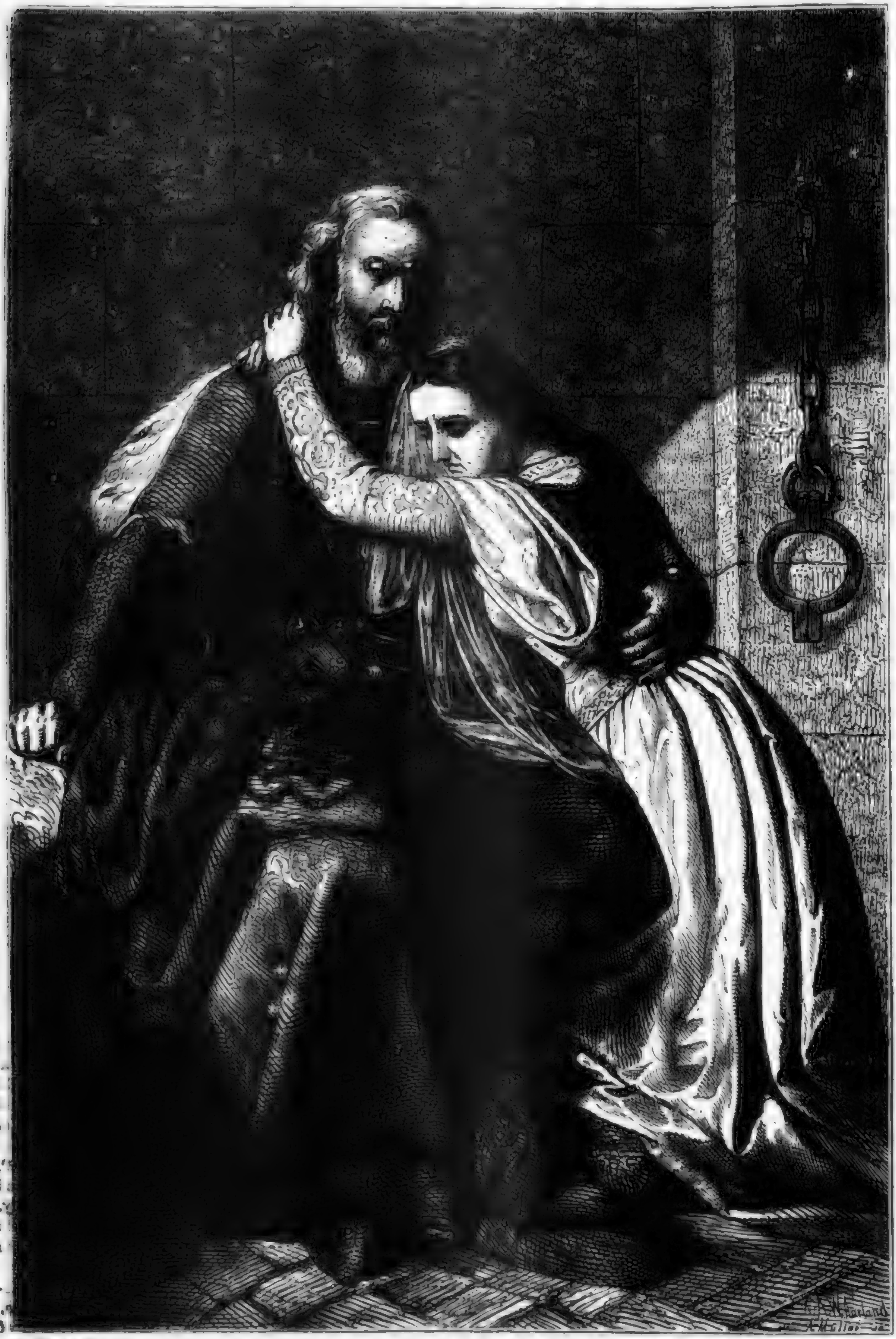
His mother, Margaret, Countess of Flanders and Hennegau, had been twice married, but loved the offspring of her second union far beyond those of her first marriage, and gave them her domain. This led to a civil war on the death of her husband, Count William de Bourbon-Dampierre, in 1241, which was not appeased till one brother on each side had fallen, when the Pope restored peace, and John became Count of Hennegau, and Guy de Dampierre, Count of Flanders.

The French king, Philip the Fair, cast a covetous eye on the land thus weakened by war, and Guy, whose course had failed to elicit the warm support of his people, sought English aid; but in 1296 Philip forced them to ask peace. He then invited Guy to a conference, and treacherously seizing him, carried him a prisoner to Paris, confining him in a dungeon of the Louvre, and overran Flanders, which his tyrannical governors oppressed beyond all example.

He wished to compel Guy to renounce his rights, and abdicate as count in his favor. Finding all persuasion unavailing, he threatened to dishonor his daughter, offering the greatest possible outrage to a father's heart. It is this sad moment that the Hanoverian artist, G. Laves, has chosen for his painting.

But the victory of the Flemings at Courtray, in 1302, where twenty thousand French perished, and five thousand gold spurs were gathered on the field, changed his policy. He sought to succeed by wile, and allowed Guy to go to Flanders, binding him, on his word as a knight, to return to his dungeon if the Flemings would not submit to France.

Guy went, and urged his people to maintain their independence, and bore back to Philip this stern resolution, which led to a peace in 1304, establishing the freedom of Flanders. Guy kept his word, and sacrificed his own liberty, but saved his people.



GUY DE DAMPIERRE, COUNT OF FLANDERS, AND HIS DAUGHTER, IN PRISON.—FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THE HANOVERIAN ARTIST LAVES.—SEE PAGE 679.

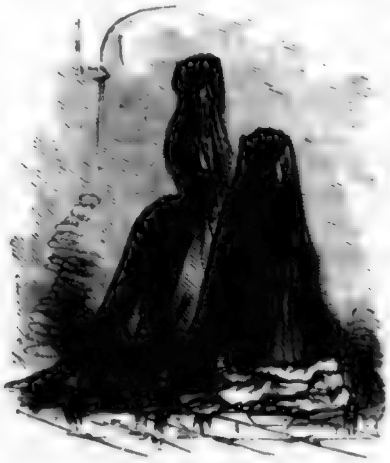
FROM NUEVITAS TO HAVANA.

By Hippolyte Piron.

The entrance to the harbor of Nuevitas is narrow and dangerous, on account of the sunken reefs with which it is beset at certain points. The erection of a lighthouse has lessened the danger, and the harbor itself is large, convenient, and beautiful.

Before 1868, this charming bay was all alive with an active commerce that grew from day to day, for the trade of Puerto Principe was in the full tide of its prosperity when the insurrection came with its rough hand, to check this happy growth.

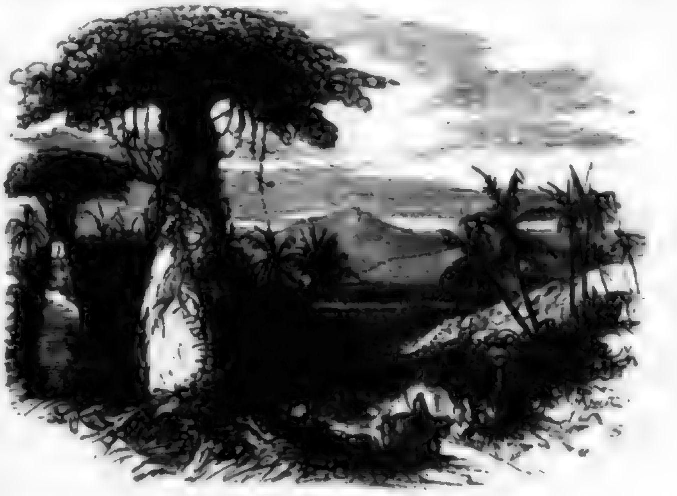
The aspect of Nuevitas at present is quite sad. The houses are of one story only, and are plastered with gay colors, like most of those at Santiago; but they are worse built and more wretched-looking. The streets are wide, but, being unpaved, are either dusty or muddy.



LADIES IN CHURCH.

I was here introduced to a most charming family, one of whom, Don Guillermo, concluded to accompany us to Puerto Principe, where he conducted us to the house of his brother, Don Rafael. The natives of this place are called *Camagueyanos*, and have suffered as the other landholders have. Its full name is Santa Maria de Puerto Principe, and it has a population of about 40,000. It is built upon level ground, and has streets that are narrow, winding, unpaved, and, consequently, muddy. Many of the houses have one story only, most have two, and all are plastered with bright colors, according to the Spanish taste.

We went first to the *Alameda de la Caridad*, a beautiful promenade, planted with magnificent trees; then to the *Casino*, which includes a handsome walk, together with a botanical garden; next to the *Plaza de Armas*, adorned by the Government building and that of the Philharmonic Society, where we found a *café*-restaurant with billiard tables, halls for dancing, music, and declamation, and a lecture-room; but the same sluggishness appeared everywhere, the inevitable and sad result of the war. There are three hospitals and twelve churches, besides three attached to convents. Among the latter, that of La Merced is the largest and richest. The convent of which it forms part is at present changed into an artillery barrack, and the echoes of this old building, accustomed to repeat the prayers of pious priests, must thrill with horror as they feel themselves constrained to answer back the oaths and imprecations of these coarsely cursing cannoneers. The other two convents have shared the same fate.



VALLEY OF THE YUMURI, CUBA.

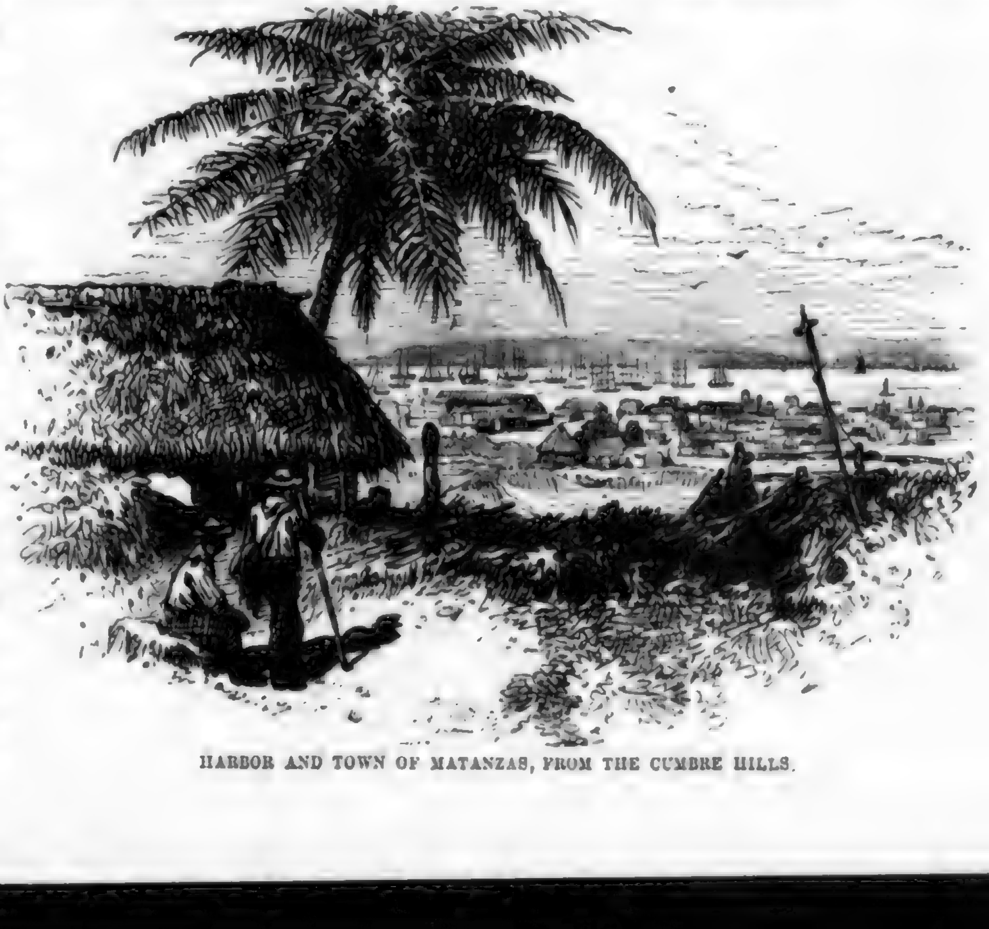
The *Camagueyanos* are physically the most gifted of all the inhabitants of Cuba. Tall, strong and well-built, they are generally fine-looking; nor have their women reason to complain that nature has neglected them.

Both sexes are, for the most part, kindly, sensitive and generous, but proud and resolute. They do not long endure any humiliation, and have a great love of independence. The insurrection has found among them its most ardent partisans and its most valiant heroes.

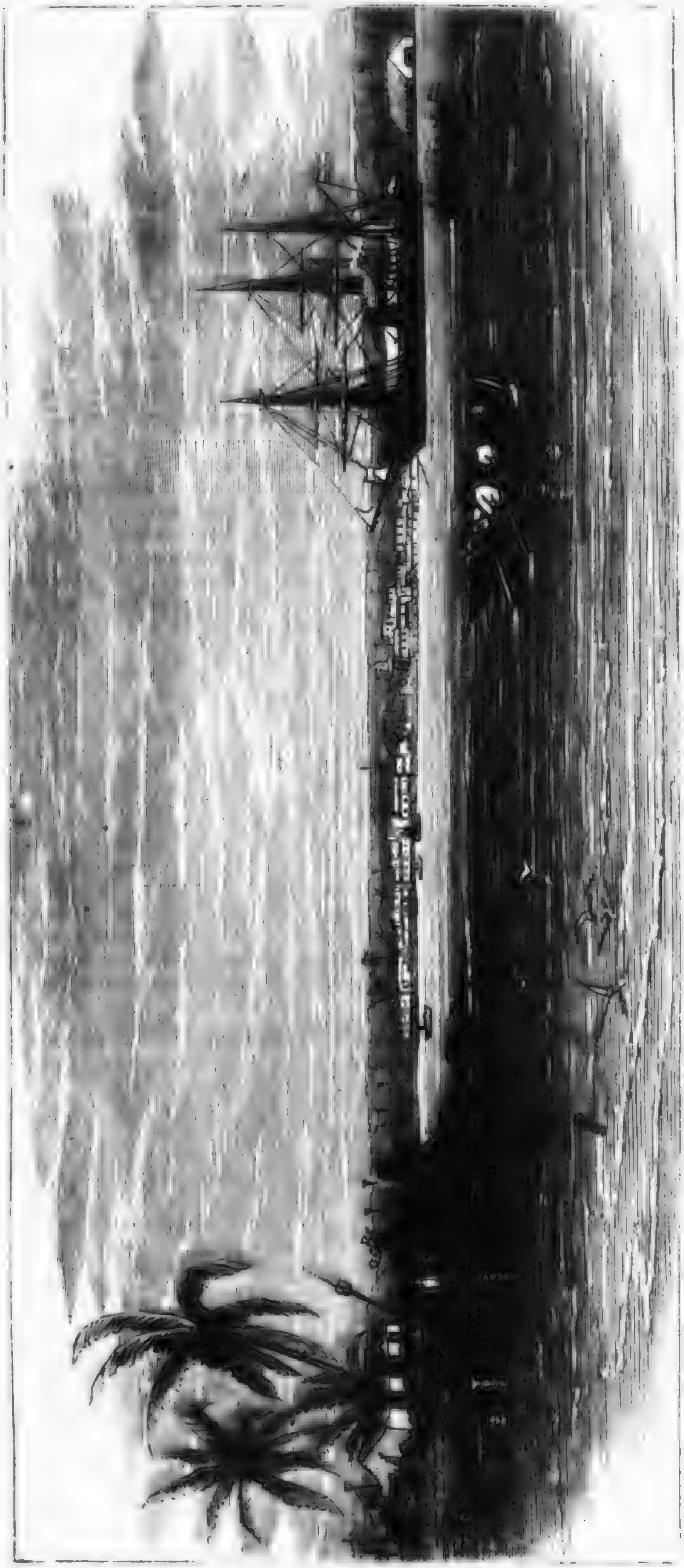
As to the arts and sciences, Santa Maria de Puerto Principe is, perhaps, beyond any other city in Cuba, for, apart from writers of merely local reputation, she claims as her children La Avellaneda and Gaspar Bétancourt Cisneros.

The latter did for his native place what Don Jose de la Luz Caballero did for Havana. It owes to him its very great progress in education and refinement, and also its railroad to Nuevitas.

An entertaining and able writer, of high intelligence and great integrity, he captivated his readers by the powerful charm of his writings, and always exercised a beneficent influence; yet he has left little besides his articles published in the daily papers, for he lavished on those around him with a prodigal hand the riches of his gifted mind, and scattered to the winds his brilliant improvisations. One of his relatives, Ramon Bétancourt, a talented lawyer, and himself a writer, is getting into book-form the articles of this distinguished man, and preparing a fitting biography.



HARBOR AND TOWN OF MATANZAS, FROM THE CUMBRE HILLS.



THE TOWN OF NUEVITAS, CUBA.

As to Gertrudez Gomez de Avallaneda, her reputation has spread as far as Europe. Spanish critics have proclaimed her the greatest poet of modern times. This seems like going too far; but Spaniards would not be likely to be too partial to a *Camagueyana.*

This marvelously gifted woman died in Spain a few years since, leaving many remarkable writings of all kinds. She attempted dramas, romances, poems, odes, sonnets, and succeeded in all. She has enriched Spanish literature with some of its most beautiful gems.

Puerto Principe has two theatres, where her citizens enjoy Italian operas, Spanish operettas, dramas, comedies, etc. Among the *Camagueyanos* who have distinguished themselves in the insurrection, are Ignacio Agramonte, Angel Castillo, Bernabe Varona, the hero of the *Virginius*, Manuel and Rafael de Quesada, and the Marquis of Santa Lucia.

After several weeks passed pleasantly at Puerto Principe, we embarked on a natty Spanish brig for Matanzas, and, with a favoring wind, we soon arrived there. Situated at the head of a charming bay, this city presents a most agreeable aspect to its visitors. The low houses that border the harbor are painted in gay colors, and seem to smile upon you in the warm rays of a tropical sun. Along the water extends a vast promenade, planted with pine trees, called the Paseo San Severino, and ending at a fort of the same name which overlooks the entrance of the bay.

The land here is not flat as at Puerto Principe, but from our vessel we could see the hills and valleys lending their picturesque charms to the landscape.

We were soon wandering in the streets, which are wide, bordered with neat sidewalks and lined with low houses having no pretensions to architecture, and presenting the same variety of color that seems the fashion in this island. The Plaza de Armas presents a square, surrounded by an iron railing, adorned with trees, plants and flowers, and by graveled walks. These walks are provided with hospitable benches, where one can rest and breathe the perfume of flowers, while listening to the military music which is played there three times a week. There are but two churches in this city of 40,000 inhabitants, which shows that the Matanzeros are not so pious as their neighbors. Sensitive, generous, enthusiastic, they are also very intelligent, and have a decided turn for art and literature.

Active, restless, industrious and ingenious, they are good agriculturists and merchants. Among the Matanzeros distinguished in literature are Emilio Tolon, Turla, and Milanes. This last, remarkable for his poetic talent, unfortunately lost his reason.

Some have distinguished themselves as musicians. Among them is one well known in France, Joseph White. While yet a child, with his little violin, he roused to enthusiasm his compatriots by his astonishing talent.

When he came to Paris he was immediately received as a pupil in the Conservatory of Music, and in six months had won the first prize for performance on the violin. Matanzas is in the most fertile part of the island, and the inhabitants know how to profit by their position. The country, having a sufficiently varied surface, is very fruitful; and as it has had the happiness of not being ravaged either by the Spaniards or the insurgents, being far away from the fierce and bloody struggle, it spreads out fearlessly its many beauties for the admiring traveler, and presents a striking contrast to the devastated fields of the eastern half of the island.

Matanzas is next to Havana in her commerce, which is in great part with the United States, and has exported in a single year as much as $15,000,000 worth of sugar, coffee, rum, molasses, tobacco, etc.

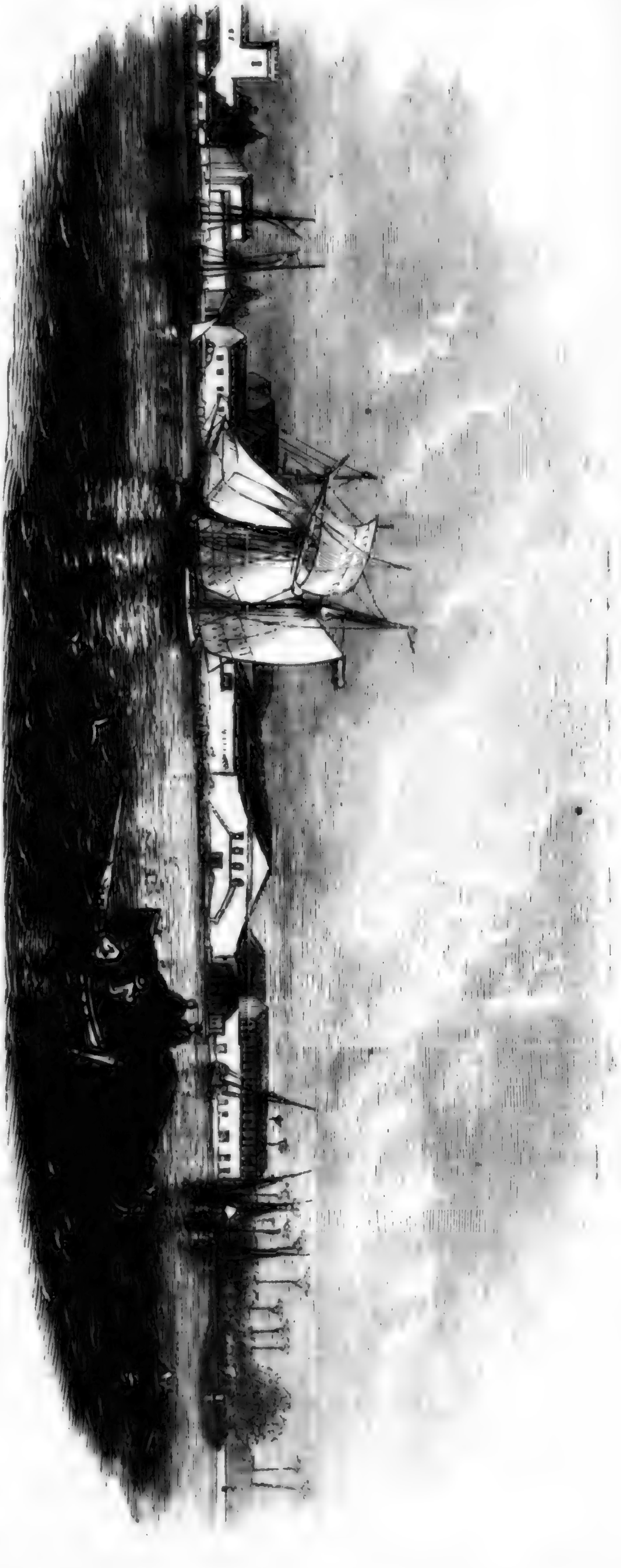
There are here several large and well-managed schools, together with two theatres. Two rivers, the Yumuri and the San Juan, traverse Matanzas and pour their waters into the harbor. Not far from the bridge over the Yumuri is a most charming little valley, planted with beautiful trees, which lend their kindly shade, and form a delightful promenade, with a picturesque grotto from which runs a crystal stream in cool cascades, and whose singular echoes were awakened for us by a troop of joyful children.

Two bridges, *el puente de Baylen* and *el puente de San Juan*, lead to a suburb named Pueblo Nuevo, where are the stations of the two railroads that lead to Havana. The old one takes seven hours, and the new one but three.

At this place are also a vast storehouse for sugar, and an immense refinery belonging to Americans, and the Plaza de Toros, where the inhabitants enjoy their bull-fights. This ended our sight-seeing at Matanzas, and we took our seats for Havana.

The hotels of Havana are poor. The cafés and restaurants are good. We had furnished rooms in the richest and finest quarter, called Extra Muros. The streets are broad and straight, but some are not paved. The houses are generally one or two stories, a few only rising to three. They are built of stone, leave much to be desired as to their architecture, but their vivid and varied colors give them a smiling aspect. Some aristocratic habitations were pointed out to me, which were really very beautiful. Among them was the palace of Don Miguel de Aldama.

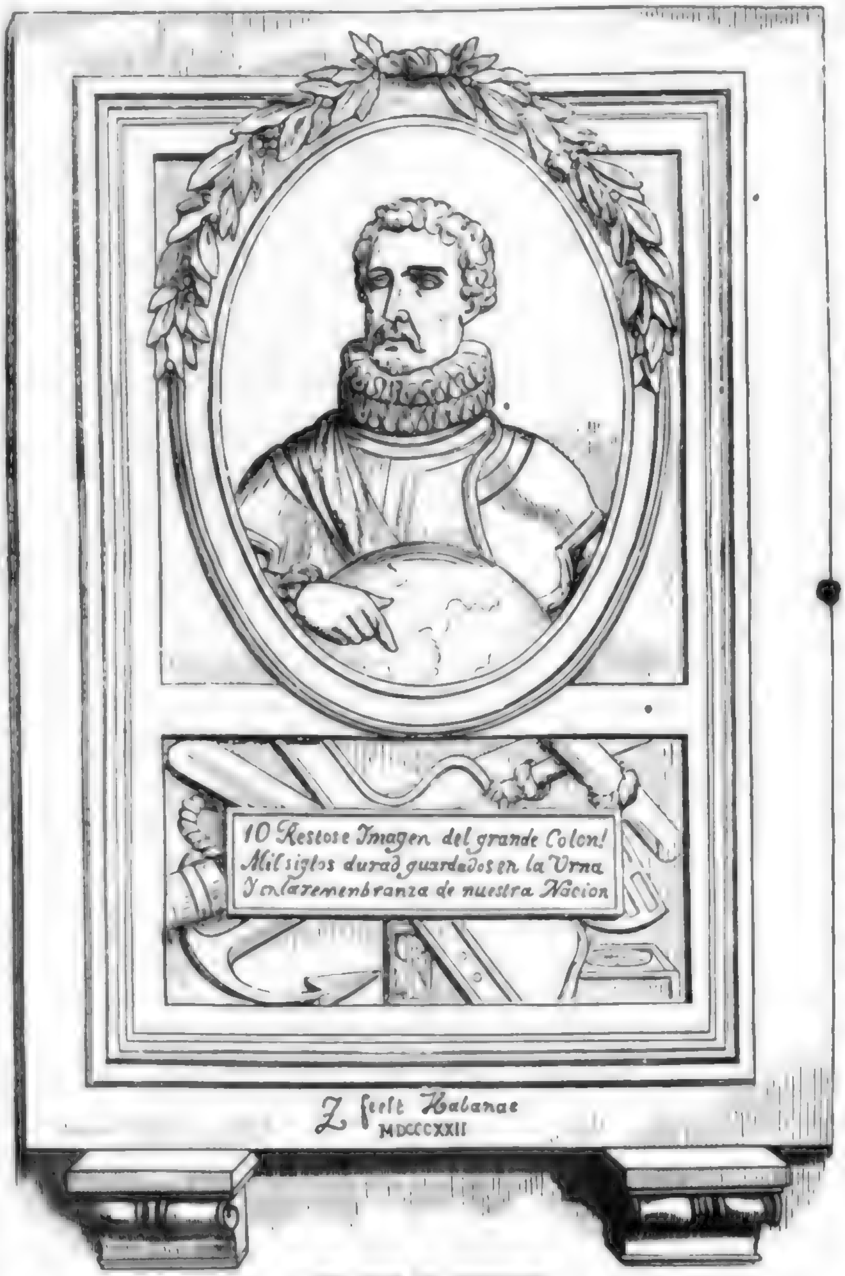
In the old part of Havana the streets are



CARDENAS.

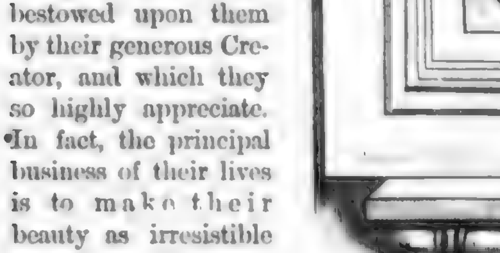
narrow, crooked, badly paved, and with very narrow sidewalks. They are often cut up by the *volantes*, whose large wheels spatter abundantly those who pass, who cannot protect themselves.

The wealthy dames of Havana have consequently fallen into the indolent habit of not going out except in carriages. This custom suits well their careless existence and their idea of refined elegance. Their small feet, clothed in Cinderella slippers, are too charming and too delicate to be soiled by the dirt of old streets, or to fatigue themselves on the sidewalks of the new. Having plenty of leisure, they devote themselves conscientiously to preserving and heightening the beauty bestowed upon them by their generous Creator, and which they so highly appreciate. In fact, the principal business of their lives is to make their beauty as irresistible as possible. Dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, they wear, instead of the French bonnet, the Spanish mantilla. Their movements and their gestures, now abrupt, now languishing, exercise a powerful influence on the imagination, and add to the effect of the clear and bright look of their large, dark eyes, that know how to take so many different expressions.


10 Restos e Imagen del grande Colon!
Mil siglos durad guardados en la Urna
Y en la remenbranza de nuestra Nacion
Z fecit Habanae
MDCCCXXII

THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

From their small mouths, with their coral lips and pearly teeth, the Spanish language acquires a sonorousness, a grace and a charm that cannot be expressed. In their hands, so small and so white, the fan becomes a telegraphic instrument with which, from a distance, they can easily carry on a regular conversation. Nor are they by any means deficient in spoken language, for they are gifted with quick intelligence, and have a very agreeable facility of expression.

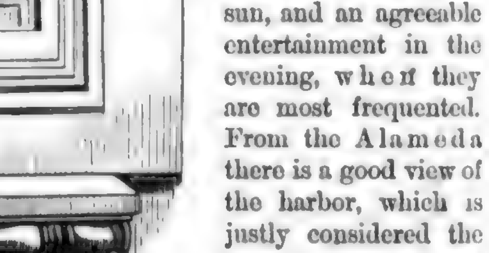


A MARKET SCENE.

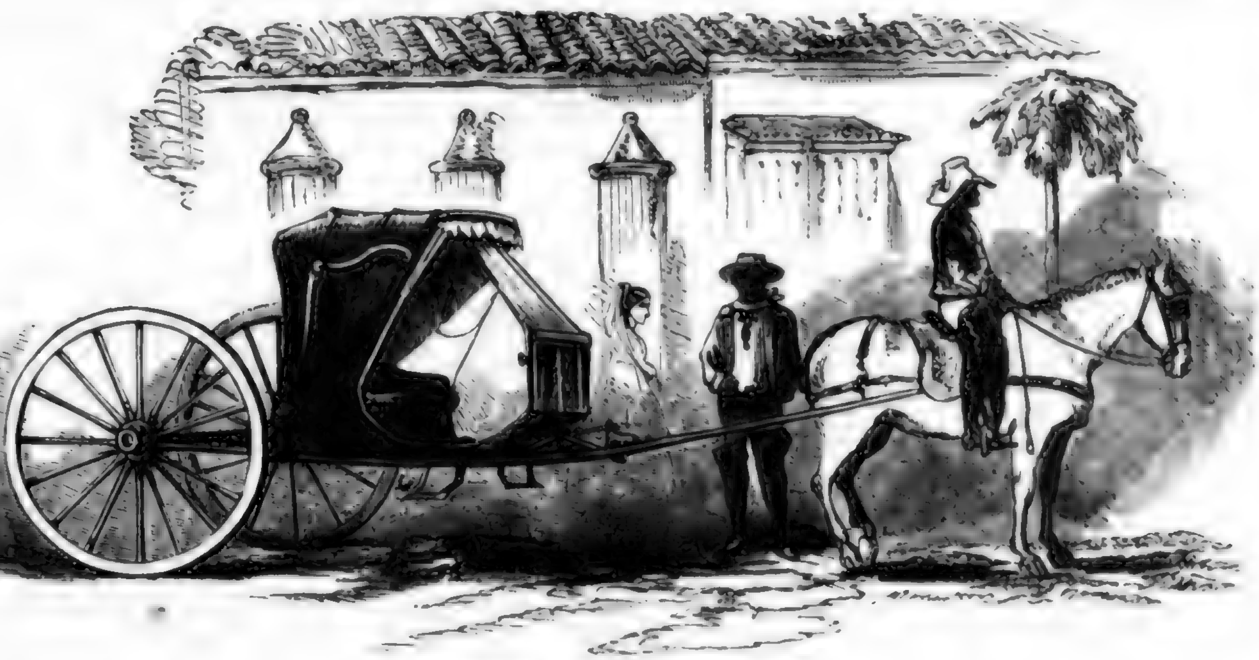
The men of Havana think much less of pleasure, and are more serious than those of Santiago, though these latter have changed much since the insurrection. Grave political questions have transformed into men those who before were but good-hearted and careless "children of a larger growth." The men of the capital are, perhaps, superior to those of Santiago in intelligence, but inferior to them in kindness. They do not know how to confer favors with so much generosity, or with such great and such charming simplicity. The public walks are one of the great charms of Havana. Broad and long, planted with the beautiful trees of the tropics, adorned with fountains and well supplied with benches, they offer to promenaders a delightful shelter from the heat of the sun, and an agreeable entertainment in the evening, when they are most frequented. From the Alameda there is a good view of the harbor, which is justly considered the best in America, and can easily accommodate a thousand vessels. The entrance is narrow and well-defended. So strong are its defenses that it must be considered one of the best fortified harbors in the world. To enter, one must pass between Morro Castle, which rises from the rocks on the left, and presents the menacing mouths of so many guns, and the fortress of San Salvador de la Punta, that defends the right. The entrance, at its narrowest part, has a width of only 370 yards. The city is also defended on the north by the castles of Carlos de la Cabaña and La Casa Blanca, and on the west by those of Santo Domingo, Altares, and San Carlos del Principe.

The Morro was indeed taken by the English in 1762, but then the castles of Altares and La Cabaña had no existence. When taken again by the Spaniards, in 1763, the old fortress was rebuilt, and strengthened by important works, of which La Cabaña and Altares formed a part.

These works,



GOING TO MASS.



PUBLIC VOLANTE WAITING FOR A CUSTOMER.

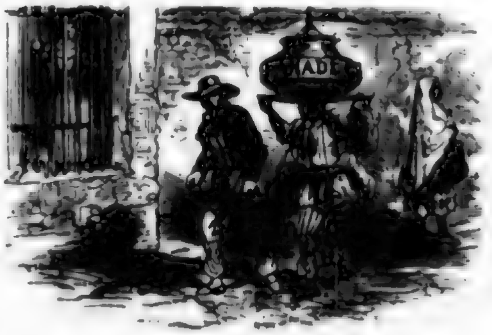
undertaken by the Count de Rula, were not completed until 1770, under the government of Bucarely, who added to these defenses the fort of San Carlos del Principe, near the Botanical Garden. Count de Rula expended on these works more than $6,000,000, which came from Mexico.

From the deck of a vessel the general view of the city is most charming. The houses, built of wood or stone, are painted in bright and various colors—yellow, blue, green, or rose-color, and with their red, tiled roofs, seem to rejoice in the bright rays of their tropical sun. In the Plaza de Armas is a beautiful statue, in white marble, of Ferdinand VII.

Beside this place, and quite near to the sea, is a small chapel, named El Templete (the little temple), sacred to the memory of Christopher Columbus. This exceedingly modest building consists of four stone walls, and is adorned with two small columns. Before it is a small statue in bronze, a shabby and ridiculous representation of the great man who gave a new world to Spain. He is said to have disembarked on this spot at his first visit to the island. His remains, contained in an urn, are deposited in the Cathedral, in a little monument constructed for them, and which is always an object of curiosity for strangers.

Among the charitable establishments, one of the most interesting is the Casa de Beneficencia. This is a foundling hospital established by the Governor-General, Don Geronimo Valdes, who generously allowed all these foundlings to take his family name of Valdes.

The Tacon theatre has certainly a very simple exterior. It looks like an ordinary house, but, on entering, this impression is entirely changed. The interior, which is one of the largest in the world, has no great luxury of decoration, but is marked by an elegance and a suitableness that make it particularly agreeable. It has five rows of boxes, which all command good views, and when filled with ladies richly dressed and adorned, they present a ravishing sight. On entering with my friend, I was dazzled by the combined flashing of diamonds and bright eyes, and charmed by the freshness and beauty of the toilets, which generously allowed us to perceive the graceful forms and the subdued whiteness of their busts, their shoulders and their arms. The air was agitated and refreshed by hundreds of fans, moving with such vivacity in the alert little hands of these ladies, who thus carried on their conversations from point to point of the theatre, sending polite messages or interchanging thoughts. The Habaneros are very fond of music, and always ready to pay well for it, but they will not put up with mediocrity.

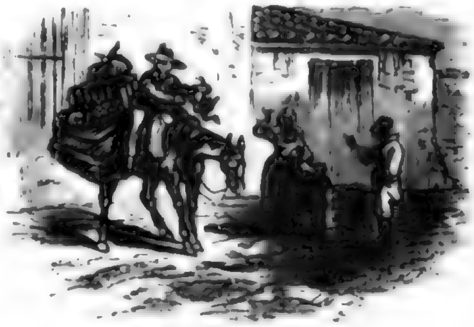


THE BAKER.

The extraordinary precocity of the fair sex was well illustrated by an incident this evening. While waiting for the second act, my attention was attracted by two young ladies of great beauty, who, while managing their fans, cast on us many bright glances from their black eyes.

Perceiving that I noticed them, my friend said, "Come, let me present you to those ladies."

We were received with perfect politeness. The elder of the two had asked, by means of her fan, who I was, and my friend, not having one of those eloquent little instruments to answer with, had brought me to answer for myself. While conversing, I was struck with the extraordinary resemblance between these ladies, which extended not only to the face, but also to the gesture and to the voice. Turning to the elder, my friend said, "And Luisita, how is she?"



POULTRY-SELLER.

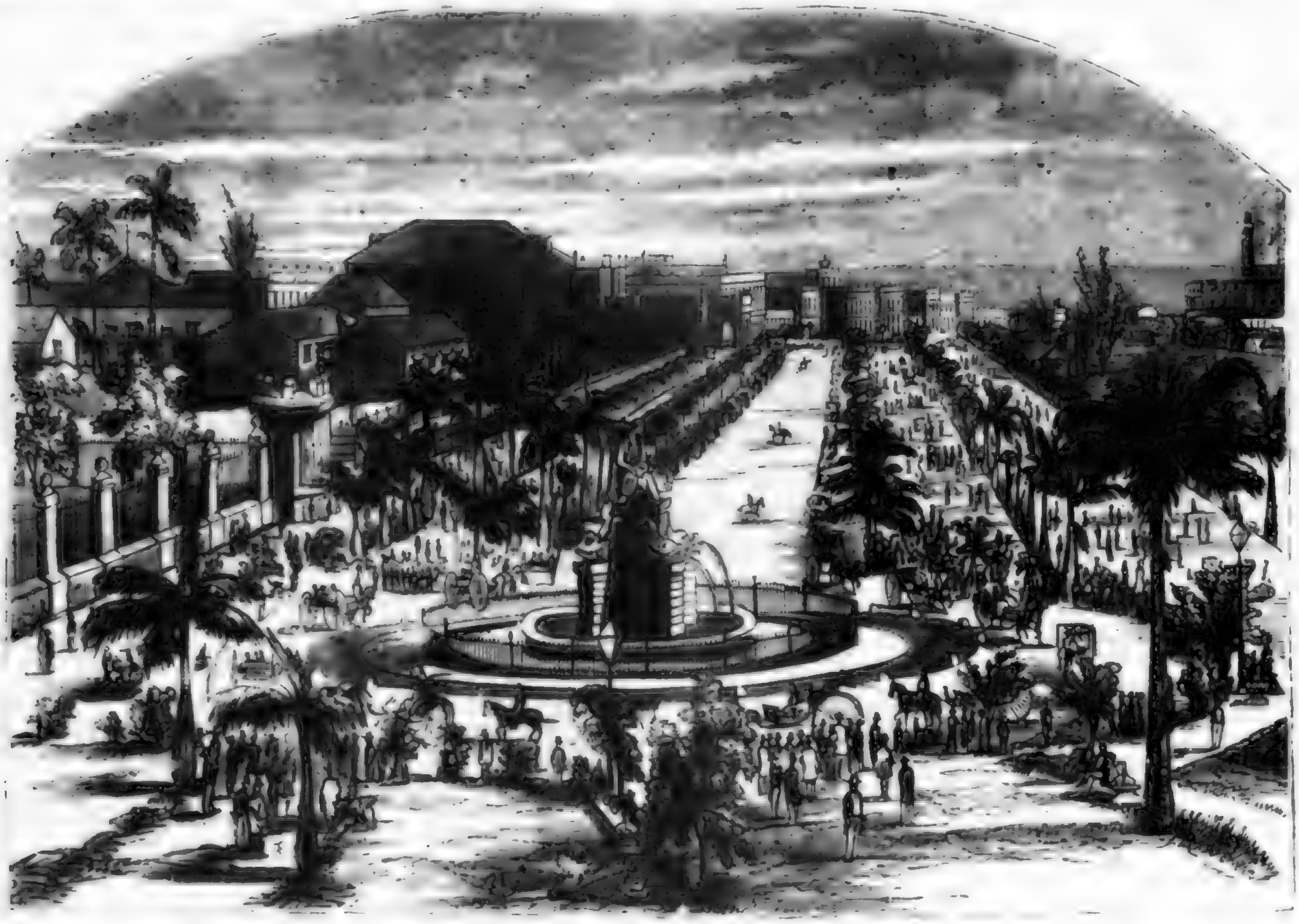
"Luisita?" was the answer. "Why, you have her before you!"

"What!" cried he, with astonishment. "Is that your daughter whom I saw a little girl only five years ago? How old, then, is la niña?"

"Twelve years."

To me she seemed to be at least eighteen.

The University of Havana has acquired a well-deserved celebrity by accomplishing great results, for it has sent forth

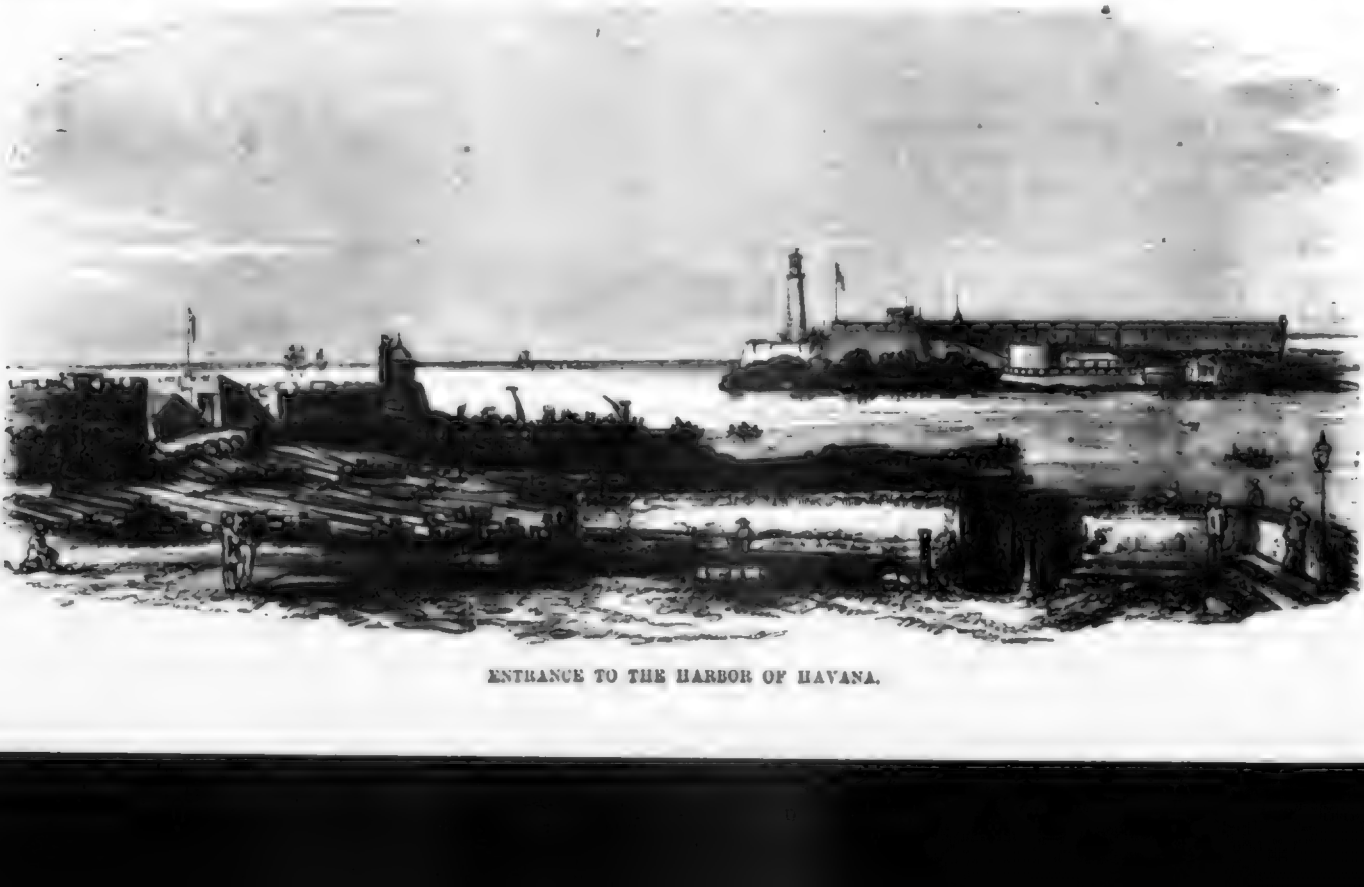


THE PASEO, HAVANA.

scholars who have become learned men. The honor of its reorganization is due, in part, to Don Antonio Zambrana, a distinguished lawyer, who, undertaking its direction, surrounded himself with professors who were both learned and conscientious. He had especially the valuable aid of his brother Ramon, a philosopher, a physicist and a physician. With praiseworthy unity they exerted all their efforts to instruct the youths entrusted to them, and enable them to enjoy all the benefits of modern science.

Ramon Zambrana was not only learned, but also a man of imagination and of heart, as his poetry reveals. He was most happy when at evening he could enjoy his favorite authors, and thus refresh himself after the labors of the day. One evening he took up a book written by a young lady of Santiago. This volume had achieved some reputation, but he thought that poems written by a young woman who, perhaps, had received no great amount of education, could be only the vague reveries of a school-girl. The first verses fixed his attention. A certain exquisite charm surprised him. The subjects were well chosen, and treated with triumphant grace. The more serious pieces seemed to have a Pindaric air. He was surprised into tears, actual tears from the eyes of a philosopher, drawn forth by the writings of a girl! He had found an ardent and noble soul—a heart admirably gifted, and knowing how to express its feelings with surprising eloquence. The name of the fair authoress was Luisa Peres de Montes de Oca.

Ramon Zambrana could not resist the desire of writing to



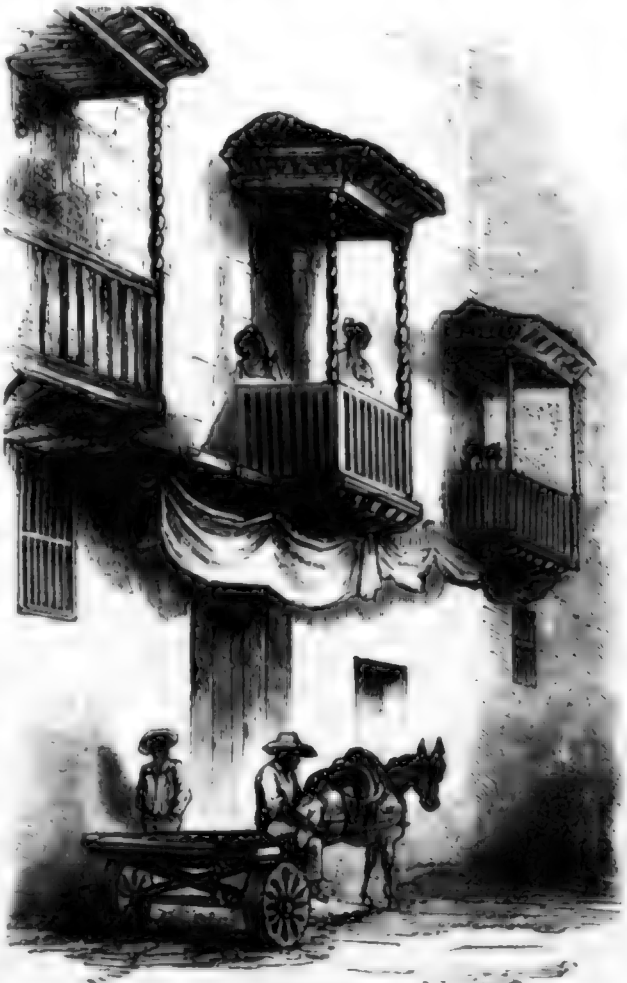
ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

compliment her very warmly on her works. A correspondence ensued, which led to an interview, resulting in their marriage. Unfortunately, their happiness was short-lived; for pitiless death carried off the husband, and left the fair poet to mourn for him she loved so much, and who was so worthy of her.

BATTERY COMMANDING THE ENTRANCE TO CARDENAS.

One of the best of the institutions of learning here was without doubt the College of San Salvador, founded and directed by Jose de la Luz y Caballero.

This learned philanthropist consecrated his fortune and his life to the establishment of this institution, and gloried in raising it above all others of its kind. Gifted with unusual intelligence and unusual goodness of heart, he wished to insure to the youth of Havana all the benefits of education. Writing and talking with surprising correctness eight languages, he cherished the noble ambition of advancing his country in civilization, and of sending out into society highly educated men. Losing an only daughter at the age of nineteen, he turned for consolation to his college, and labored more assiduously at it. Being so well cared for in sickness and so well trained in health, the youth under his enlightened guidance felt for him a profound affection, and an admiration without limit. He treated them as his children, and they always addressed him with the respect due to a father. He loved to chat with them and to instruct them in his moments of recreation. He continually astonished them by his immense learning and his prodigious memory. Dead or living languages had no secrets for him. He translated without hesitation Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German, etc., and helped the strongest scholars in their greatest straits. When asked for help in hunting up a reference, he told them infallibly, not only the shelf and the book in his library, but the page and the line where it could be found.



STREET SCENE.

When their studies were ended they left him with regret. In a short time they became physicians, lawyers, authors, etc., and almost all of them became men of mark. A man who rendered such services to his country deserved all favors and encouragement from the government. Instead of this, he was persecuted in a thousand ways, and it required all his energy to resist the attacks made upon him. From too great labor, he was attacked by a disease of the stomach, and after his death his institution, falling into other hands, soon deteriorated.

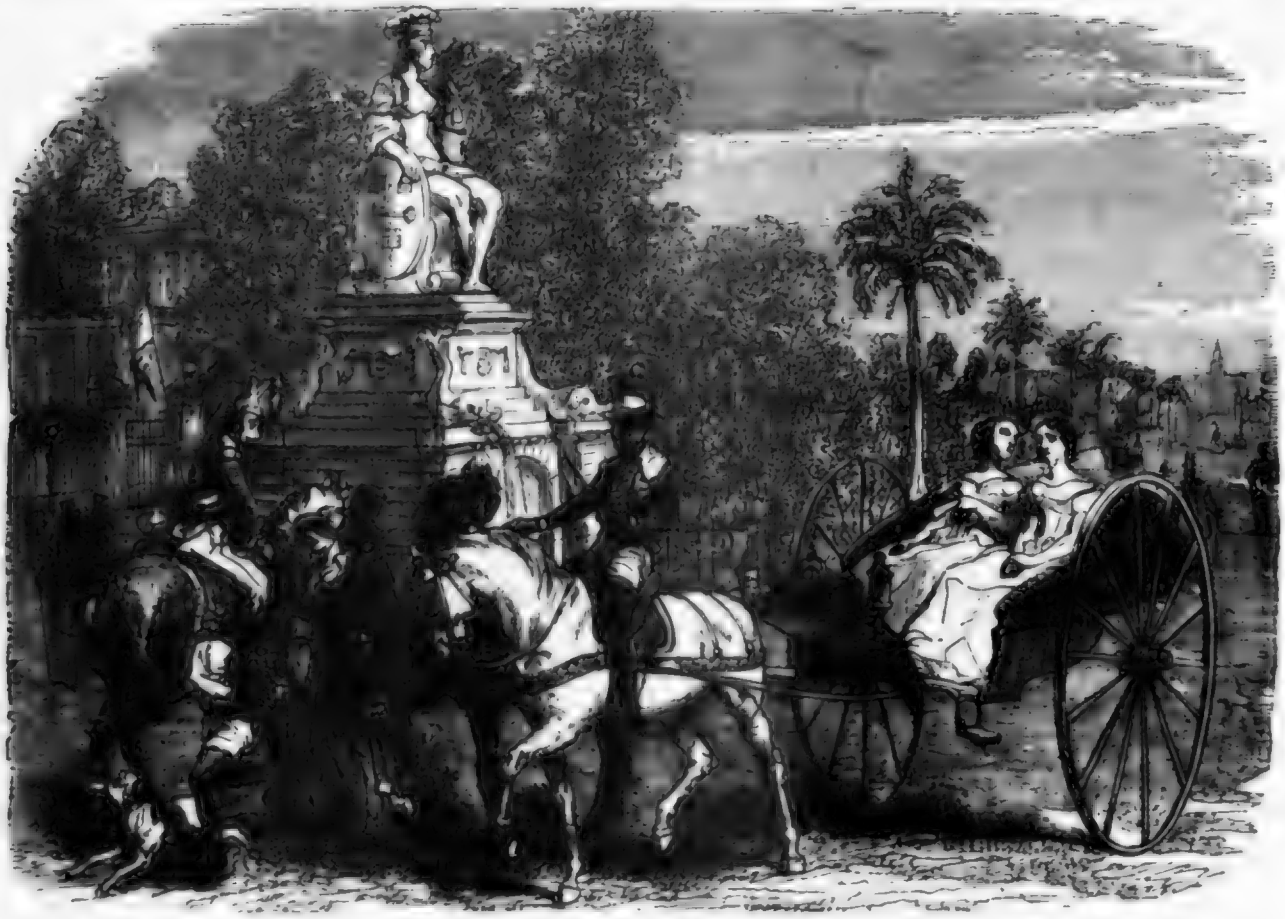
La Plaza de Toros is an immense circus, which can contain five or six thousand spectators upon its wooden seats. Outside it presents nothing but a blank wall. It has no roof, so that the spectators have plenty of fresh air, but also of sunshine, and sometimes of rain.

These horrible combats never take place without many accidents, and at least one dead man. The Cubans are not so enthusiastic for this sport as are the Spaniards, but prefer cock-fighting, which excites them quite sufficiently.

The manufacture of cigars is one of the chief industries of Havana. As soon as the *manojas* (small packages of dry tobacco-leaves) are brought to the factory, they are placed in a dark and cool room on the ground-floor. There they are classified according to their quality and value, which varies from twenty to four hundred dollars for two hundred pounds.

When they commence the manufacture of cigars they unfasten the *manojas*, and, taking the leaves out one by one, plunge them into a cask containing a solution of saltpetre. When they are sufficiently soaked and softened, the water is poured off, and they are spread on the edge of the cask to drip and dry. They are then carefully unfolded, so as not to tear them, and the extremities are carefully trimmed. This is called *disbalillar*. These trimmings, with other refuse tobacco, serve for the filling of common cigars, and are known under the name of *tripa*. The cigars are made with a small quantity of *tripa* and an envelope of good tobacco-leaf, called *capa*.

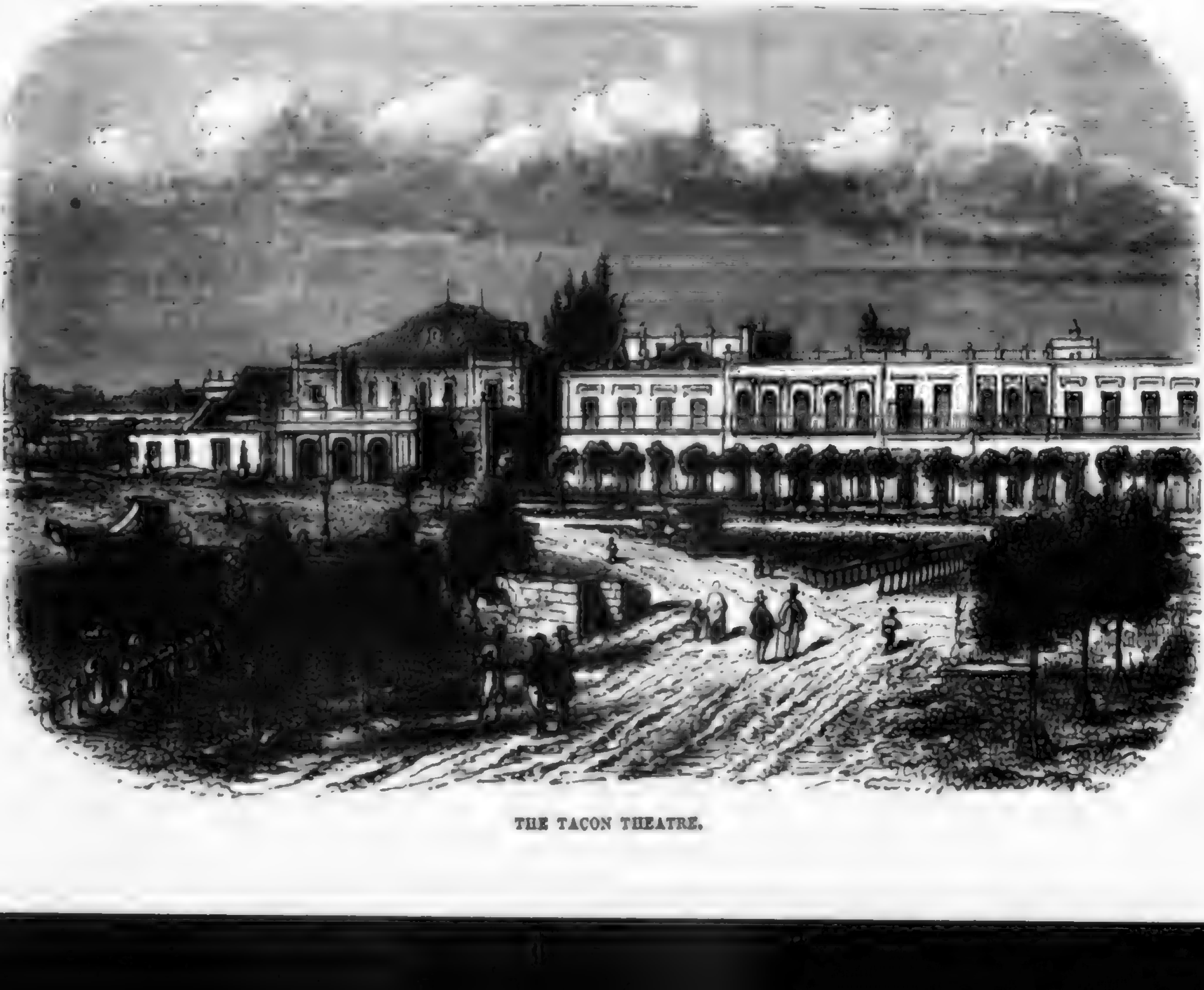
XUM



SCENE ON THE PASEO.

The *torcedor* is the true artist for cigars. Seated at a small table, slightly inclined toward him, he spreads out carefully the *capa*, and, taking a sharp knife, he cuts it into different pieces. This is a delicate operation, which demands knowledge, experience and address, for there are certain rules that must be observed in dividing the leaf according to its different qualities. The edges are considered the best parts, the middle next, and the stem part the poorest.

Then taking up some *tripa*, the *torcedor* puts it on the end of one of these pieces of *capa*, *torce* it—that is, rolls it in spiral form—and twists the end. This is done with admirable dexterity, and good workmen of this class are highly appreciated and well paid.

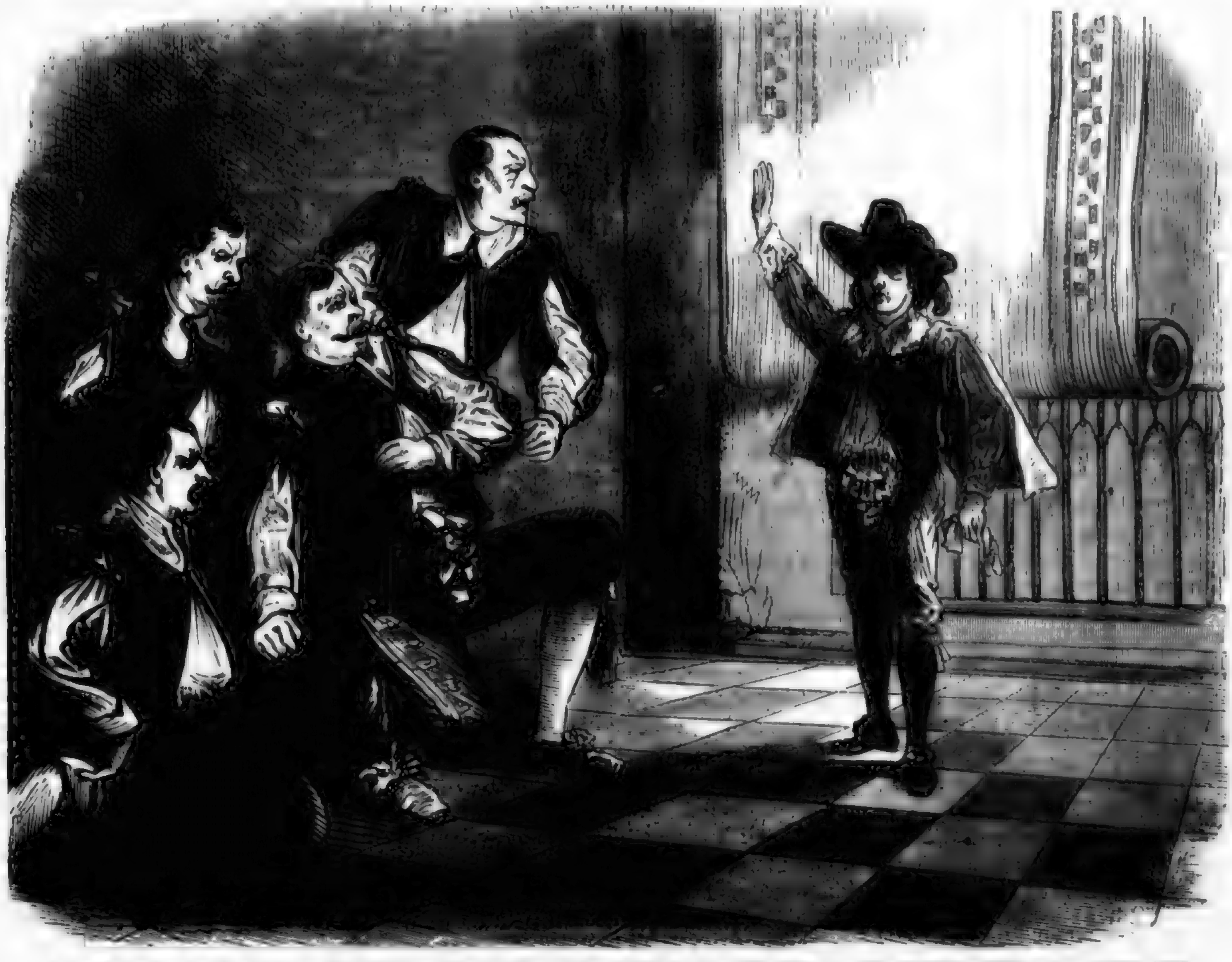


THE TACON THEATRE.

The best tobacco is obtained from a district called Vuelta Abajo. There are other districts, however, which produce esteemed tobacco, such as Yara, Mayari and Guisa.

The workmen are assembled in vast halls, where they are seated before small, low tables. They are generally negroes, and show themselves very adroit, intelligent, gay, and sometimes truly witty. They have a decided turn for music, and, as they roll the cigars, they whistle in chorus with surprising accuracy airs caught up in the public walks or at the theatre.

We have thus sketched rapidly our impressions of travel, gathered in and around Santiago de Cuba, and from Nuevitas to Havana. The island, now long desolated by civil war, will, we must hope, soon enter on a new and happier era, when the pen and pencil can make us familiar with much of its beautiful but unvisited scenery.



A PAGE FROM AN OLD STORY.—"SUDDENLY THE SLIGHT FORM OF THE PAGE APPEARED AT THE WINDOW, ERECT AS A YOUNG PINE TREE, WITH HIS RIGHT HAND OUTSTRETCHED. CLEARLY ENOUGH HIS VOICE RANG THROUGH THE ROOM: 'HOLD!'"

A PAGE FROM AN OLD STORY.

RENDERED FROM THE SPANISH OF LOAR.

DON IGNACIO SEBASTIANO ALFONSO BALTHAZAR Y AMAR DA CERRO GORDO left the Escurial by the doorway of the private staircase just as the vesper-bell of the Convent of St. Isabella ceased tolling. From neck to spurs his person was concealed by the folds of the wide cloak, a corner of which, after muffling his face, was thrown over his left shoulder. A broad-brimmed black velvet hat, heavily plumed with white ostrich feathers, further vailed his countenance, of which little remained visible to a cursory glance except his long, pointed mustaches, holding, as it appeared, a lighted cigarette between them, and his equally pointed imperial.

The Lieutenant in the King's Guards—for such was the post the young grandee held in the palace—had been but three days in Madrid, to which city he had been summoned by his uncle, the Duke of Itajuba, grand chamberlain to the king, who, in accordance with the praiseworthy Spanish precedent, called in less enlightened countries nepotism, which made it a duty for a minister to provide sinecures for his relatives, had selected Don Ignacio for the vacant lieutenancy, as being more qualified for it by his total ignorance of military matters, than the scores of war-worn veterans whose achievements had rendered the name of Spain formidably glorious throughout the world.

The king was a minor, and so jealously secluded under the guardianship of the old Marquis da Juent' Allegre, that the only visible sovereignty was that of the bigoted and haughty queen-mother.

Don Ignacio had not even seen the king, but received carefully inculcated admonition from his time-serving uncle to pay assiduous court to the king's mother.

A magnificent specimen of the Spanish hidalgo was the lieutenant in the royal guards—very like a painting by Murillo vivified; and his introduction at court proved a decided success, obtaining, as it did, the suffrages of those whose influence in a court is paramount—namely, the ladies.

Don Ignacio submitted to be petted by the pretty women with wonderful pliancy, and, short as his experience of the capital had been, was even then, on the night of which this story tells, about to comply with the invitation which had reached him in a perfumed *billet-doux*, artfully concealed in a bonbon.

The fair ones of the seventeenth century were to the full as wise and foolish as those of the nineteenth.

XUM

Being a stranger in Madrid, he found it necessary to ask his way to the quarter of the city he was in search of, and, having strolled along majestically (no one can stroll but a Spaniard) until, reaching the grand square of the Fountains, he stopped before an individual cloaked as closely as himself, and, with a low bow, began:

"Most excellent señor, I pray you direct me to the Calle San Martino."

To the horror and confusion of our lieutenant, the answer came in the tones of Don Henriquez da Silva, his commanding officer:

"The Calle San Martino, *caramba?* And pray what duty takes you from the palace, señor lieutenant? *I* have signed no leave for you."

"Señor captain," stammered Don Ignacio, "I pray you pardon my inexperience if I have transgressed my duty. Her Majesty having retired to the private apartments, I thought I might, without harm, pay a short visit to a relative of mine, whom I have not yet seen since my arrival in Madrid."

"*Her* Majesty, forsooth!" exclaimed Don Henriquez, an old veteran soldier and no courtier, who regarded Don Ignacio's appointment as an insult to his corps and old companions-in-arms. "You are a lieutenant in the *King's* Guards, it seems to me, Don Ignacio da Cerro Gordo; and permit me to inform you that if I fulfill *my* duty, and report you absent from your post without leave, *his* Majesty will order you to be cashiered. Return, sir, to the palace, and consider yourself under arrest, in your quarters, until noon to-morrow."

Don Ignacio retraced his steps to the Escurial, with very modified views of the importance of a lieutenant's brevet in the Royal Guards, and a less assured sentiment of the stability of his own possession of it; while his desire to keep the appointment in the Calle San Martino was greatly stimulated by the impossibility of indulging it.

His quarters afforded no variety of entertainment, splendid although they were, and at the advanced hour of his arrest, not one of his comrades remained in the ante-chamber to the private apartments, which was by day their ordinary lounge.

Etiquette forbade his chatting to the sergeant of the guard on duty, thus he found his time hang heavily, and as a last resource, repaired to the balcony of the ante-chamber, whence he could look down into the moonlit gardens of the palace.

Far and near lights were twinkling in the tall houses all over the city, and ever and again the glimmering of moving torches in the narrow streets showed where escorted sedans were borne, burdened with graceful forms and faces, as his imagination suggested, to masques or festivals. Ultimately he found occupation for his mind in recalling the lineaments of the beautiful Donna Gloria d'Almarez, the writer of the *billet-doux* which had earned him his arrest.

"But for that tyrannical old marplot I should now be listening to her soft voice," thought he; "have my arm round that deliciously flexible waist of hers; feel her warm red lips pressed to mine. Ah! may the devil and all his angels wait upon Da Silva!"

He struck his hand so angrily against the gilded ironwork of the balcony, in his ill-humor, that he hurt himself, and was fain to rub the injured member with the sound one.

While thus engaged, a light, nimble footstep made itself heard on the balcony which wound round the palace-front. Some one was running. Don Ignacio, at once on the alert, drew his sword-hilt round to a handy position. The shadow of a huge stone vase, wherein grew an orange-tree, concealed him perfectly, and from the shelter it afforded, he observed a crouching figure trip rapidly across the successive floods of light streaming through the windows that looked out upon the balcony. In a moment or two the individual reached the spot where he stood, and extending his hand, the lieutenant firmly grasped the intruder.

"How now? What business have you here?" said he, drawing the struggling form into the light of the ante-chamber casements. "Bah!" he continued, upon beholding the juvenile face and rich dress of a mere boy, "one of the pages. Your pardon, young sir. I——"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the page, earnestly, looking hard at his captor. "The marquis does not know I have played truant. Who are you, señor?"

"The Lieutenant of the Guard," replied Don Ignacio, smiling at the boy's perturbation. "And *you?*—one of the king's pages, or, perhaps, one of her majesty's, the queen-mother?"

"No, no—the king's," answered the boy, nodding his head. "It is so tiresome in *there!*" He jerked his elbow in the direction of the royal apartments. "What fun it would be to go down into the gardens!"

"The gardens? Umph!—not much fun there, my handsome page. Into the city, now, I agree with you."

"The city? What, Madrid?"

The page's tone conveyed so much astonishment and breathless awe, that Don Ignacio laughed out.

"Madrid, ay! Do you never go further than the gardens of the palace? Is the grand-comptroller such a dragon of the Hesperides?"

"A dragon—yes, just a dragon. Books and lectures from morning till night, with Mass for recreation. I should like to go into the city to-night. Are you going, señor?"

The lieutenant shook his head and sighed.

"I have my dragon as well as you, Master Page. I am under arrest now for *trying* to go to the city."

"Under arrest—*you?* Who can put you under arrest, except the king?"

The boy looked seriously at Don Ignacio.

"The king—God save his majesty! Ah, I wish we *had* a king! Do you ever see him?"

"Occasionally."

"I never have. What is he like?"

"Oh, he is *un bel muchacho* (a handsome boy), but so unhappy. I would rather be a page than King of all Spain and the Indies."

"Unhappy, *carajo!* What, with all the pretty faces at his court to choose from? *Hombre!* were I King of Spain, I would be happy enough." And Don Ignacio twirled his mustache.

"They would not let you, señor. Ah! you do not see all that I do," he sighed; "but about going into the city—how do you get there?"

"Nothing easier, my pretty boy. You go across the ante-chamber, down the private staircase into the court of Ferdinand, past the *corps de garde*, and out of the postern-gate; after that, all the city is before you."

"Señor;" the page hesitated and looked round him; then drawing nearer to his companion, added, "let us go."

"But I am under arrest, I tell you. Go? I would give a month of my life to go, for I have a most attractive appointment to-night; but, as I started to keep it at nine o'clock, the Foul Fiend sent Don Henriquez da Silva, the captain of the guards, to meet me, and, finding me absent without leave from the palace, he threatens to report me to his majesty, and get me cashiered, and I only three days a lieutenant."

"But the king would not cashier you for so trifling an offense, señor, I am sure."

"He would not be worthy of so faithful a servant as I if he did," returned Don Ignacio; "but *quien sabe?*" (Who knows?)

"Who will know whether you go to the city or not, valiant lieutenant?" suggested the page.

"By Bacchus, no one, I believe, if we went through the gardens, and"—he looked down over the balcony—"I could slide down this pillar in a moment."

"Could you?" the page in turn gazed down from the balcony; "but could you slide up again, señor?"

"Up again! Pshaw! easily; so."

He went through the pantomime of working up with hands and legs.

"Then let us go, and you shall help me up when we return."

"You? But what shall I do with you while I—am—ahem! keep my appointment?"

"I will keep it with you," said the page, eagerly.

"No; I rather think that would be inconvenient. You, a page in the palace, must be able to form some idea of the nature of an appointment a caballero keeps when the moon is awake, and fathers and husbands asleep."

The boy looked silently at Don Ignacio.

"What, do you not understand?" said the latter. "Have you never carried a *billet-doux* from a fair lady?"

The page shook his head meditatively.

"No? Well, your education has not begun yet."

"Oh, yes, it has," observed the boy, drearily. "And you are going to have a *billet-doux* from a lady, then, to-night?" he murmured.

The lieutenant laughed.

"No, sweet innocence; I wish to obey one."

"Oh, I understand, señor! Forgive my dullness. You are going to see your *bella donna?*"

"I was," said Don Ignacio, gloomily.

"And will," insinuated the page, slyly. "We will go, señor—you to your lady, and I will look at the city until you are ready to return."

The lieutenant stared hard at the page.

"Boy, I believe you are Lucifer come to-night to tempt me to my disgrace."

"Perhaps your good angel, to guide you to fortune, señor."

"Angel or fiend, I will go with you. Stay here till I see if all be quiet in my quarters."

Five minutes later the pair stood safely in the gardens, which were but at a moderate depth from the balcony, and, passing from terrace to terrace, soon reached the boundary-wall. Lifting the page in his arms, the tall lieutenant tossed him to the coping-stone, and promptly clambered up to where he sat, descended to the other side, picked up his cloak, which he had first thrown over the wall, and then assisted the boy down.

"Come, here we are, *amigo;* open your eyes and look, for the city is before you."

"Madrid!"

It was all the page said; but he stood in a sort of ecstasy, gazing at the darkened city.

"You should be better disguised, my pretty page, than you are, for an expedition of this sort," said Don Ignacio, glancing at the black velvet suit and satin-lined short cloak of his companion; "but see, when we reach the city, you must play the part of my page. I will give you my sword to carry; and, by-the-way, I have yet to find out the Calle San Martino."

"The Calle San Martino? Why, that is by the great church of San Martino. The Marquis d'Almarez, the Governor of Valladolid, lives there."

"Oh, you know the Marquis d'Almarez, do you?" observed Don Ignacio, doubtfully.

"Yes; he is a relation of my dragon."

"Is he? And no great friend then?"

The page shook his head.

"I have no friends."

"No friends? Well, I will be your friend."

"And so you shall, because you have shown me Madrid."

The lieutenant leaned his arm encouragingly on the page's shoulder, and they walked on in search of the church of San Martino. As they went, Don Ignacio enlightened his companion upon the fact that it was the Marquis d'Almarez's residence to which he was bound.

* * * * * * *

On a balcony, which the striped linen sun-awnings shrouded into discreet privacy, a lady reclined on a sofa-cushion, while at her side, kneeling on one knee, his arms encircling her, Don Ignacio whispered burning vows of adoration into her willing ear.

"*Mia querida*, bid me not leave you yet. Fate will be too jealous to allow me many such moments of paradise on earth as those which even now are flying all too fast. Ah! turn your sweet lips to me, Gloria!"

"*Oh, Ignacio mio!* I tremble! Hush! was not that some sound without?"

"Nay, love; it was but my page. Fear not, *this night* Fate is propitious to us."

He wound his arms yet more closely around the lovely girl, and drew her head upon his breast.

"Ignacio, your kisses burn me," murmured Donna Gloria, languorously. "Ah, will you *ever* love me, *mio querido?* My father would wed me to Don Guzman Guerra; but I love you only, Ignacio—*you* only."

"*Ever* love you, Gloria? Will that star *ever* shine? Here, my love, on your lips I swear——"

"Hush, Ignacio! Do you not hear that?"

"Move not, my Gloria," returned her lover, soothingly; "it is but my page. I left him at the end of the balcony. See, I will call him, to reassure you."

Rising to his feet, he protruded his head past the folds of the awning, and whistled gently. It was not by the page he was answered, but by the strong grasp of men, who bore him backward in an unexpected onslaught, thrusting aside the linen screen, and bursting, in hot eagerness of passion, upon the quiet scene of his rendezvous.

With a low, quivering shriek, Donna Gloria attempted to spring from her cushion, but her arm was strongly grasped, and she was drawn within her chamber.

"Adulteress!" whispered the aggressor, savagely.

Shudderingly she covered her face with her disengaged hand. Her father's stern eyes were riveted upon it, while his drawn dagger shimmered in his right hand.

Her brother and Don Guzman Guerra, to whom she was affianced, dragged in the struggling lieutenant, purple in the face from the twisting of the lace collar by which they held him. They, too, grasped bared daggers in their hands.

"*Jesu-Maria!* spare him! spare him!" cried Donna Gloria, in a strangled voice.

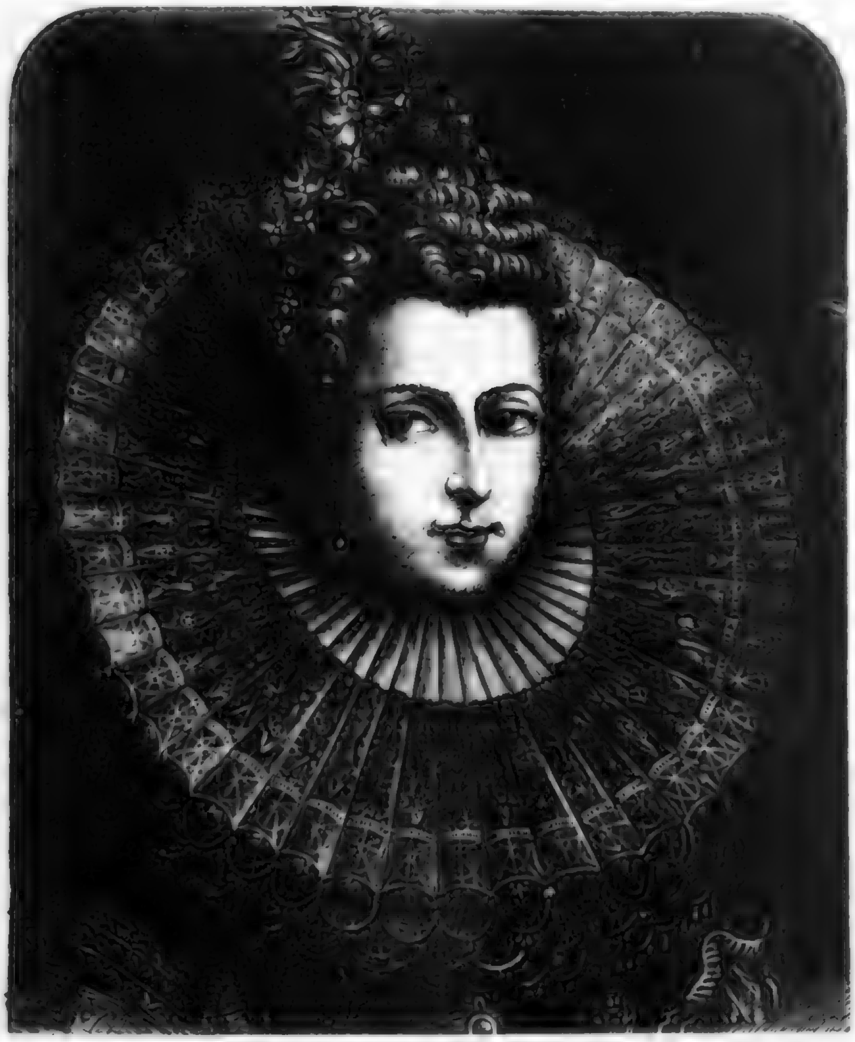
"Stab down to his vile heart!" cried the Marquis d'Almarez. "Carlo, let your dagger avenge the dishonor of our race! Stab, stab, I say! Guerra, stab deep!"

Already the keen weapons were raised, and the strokes ready to fall in swiftly repeated stabs, only delayed by the difficulty of striking decisively while the victim shielded his body with his arms. The marquis thrust his daughter from him, and threw himself, with his own dagger uplifted, upon Don Ignacio.

Suddenly the slight form of the page appeared at the window, erect as a young pine-tree, with his right hand outstretched, and a look of calm authority upon his boyish face. Clearly enough his voice rang through the room:

"Hold!"

For one second the gaze of every person in the chamber



ISABELLA CLARA EUGENIA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP II., ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA, GOVERNESS OF THE NETHERLANDS.

rested upon the utterer of that one word, "hold," then the three assailants lowered their daggers, and the marquis, with staring eyes and open mouth, staggered backward. Don Guzman and Don Carlos hastily uncovered their heads, while Donna Gloria rushed toward the page, and, dropping on her knees, held up her clasped hands.

"Your majesty—your most gracious majesty! Mercy and protection! Mercy for *him!*"

Sternly the boy's glance passed from face to face of the three men.

"Marquis d'Almarez," said he, slowly, "by the laws of Spain whoever draws his weapon in the presence of his king, unbidden, suffers death."

"The king!" gasped Don Ignacio, struggling to his knees, and passing his hand wildly over his eyes.

"Yes, Don Ignacio, the king; too little known to his people, it would seem, since the lieutenant of his guard knew him not." A smile softened his previously frowning face. "Marquis, there is no dishonor to your daughter, no wrong to you, in a meeting brought about and witnessed by your king. Rise up, Don Ignacio. In virtue of our sovereign right, we here bestow upon you the hand of the fair lady; and, señores, mark us well, who so would injure the lieutenant of our guard insults *us.*"

* * * * * * *

"All the same," said the king, on his way back to the Escurial with the abashed and confused lieutenant; "to-morrow there will be a terrible fuss when the dragon knows that while he slept you stole the golden fleece."

He who knows the world will not be too bashful. He who knows himself will not be impudent.

LACE AND ITS VARIETIES.

Lace is, undoubtedly, the most beautiful fabric which a woman wears; it is at once the most delicate and artistic. The knowledge of good lace, or what is known in common parlance as "real lace"—in other words, to be able to detect lace made by hand from that which is produced by machinery, is an intuitive gift among the fair sex. It is a curious fact, but women who have the misfortune to be short-sighted, who are unable to recognize an acquaintance close at hand, have been frequently known to distinguish an imitation from a genuine lace dress at a very great distance.

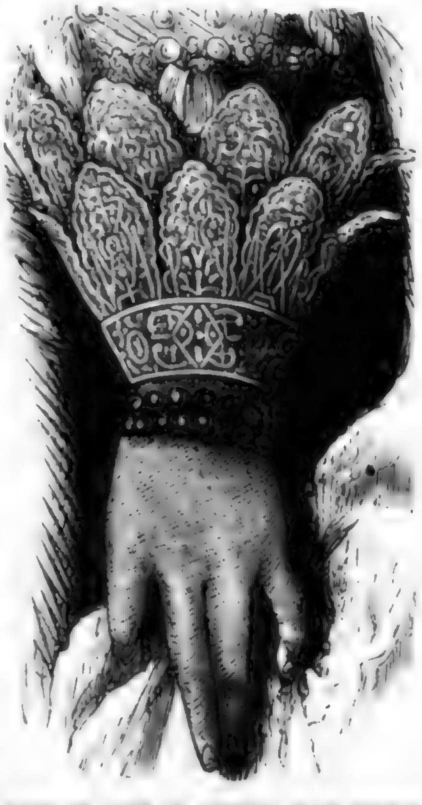
The productions of the needle and pillow have been valued and patronized from time immemorial, not only by all those whose means permitted such costly acquirements, but by the highest institutions of civilized lands—the Church and State.

Embroidery, doubtless, preceded lace-making; for, without taking into consideration Eve's primitive efforts throughout the Old Testament, we have frequent mention of embroidered curtains of fine twined linen, wrought with needlework, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, with cherubims of cunning work, of "rich tapestry," of "raiments of needlework," all showing that the Jews held the art in high estimation. The Greeks and Egyptians, and even nations far removed from civilization, were cunning in this handicraft.

From the open-work embroidery which was in such universal use in the sixteenth century we may derive the origin of lace.

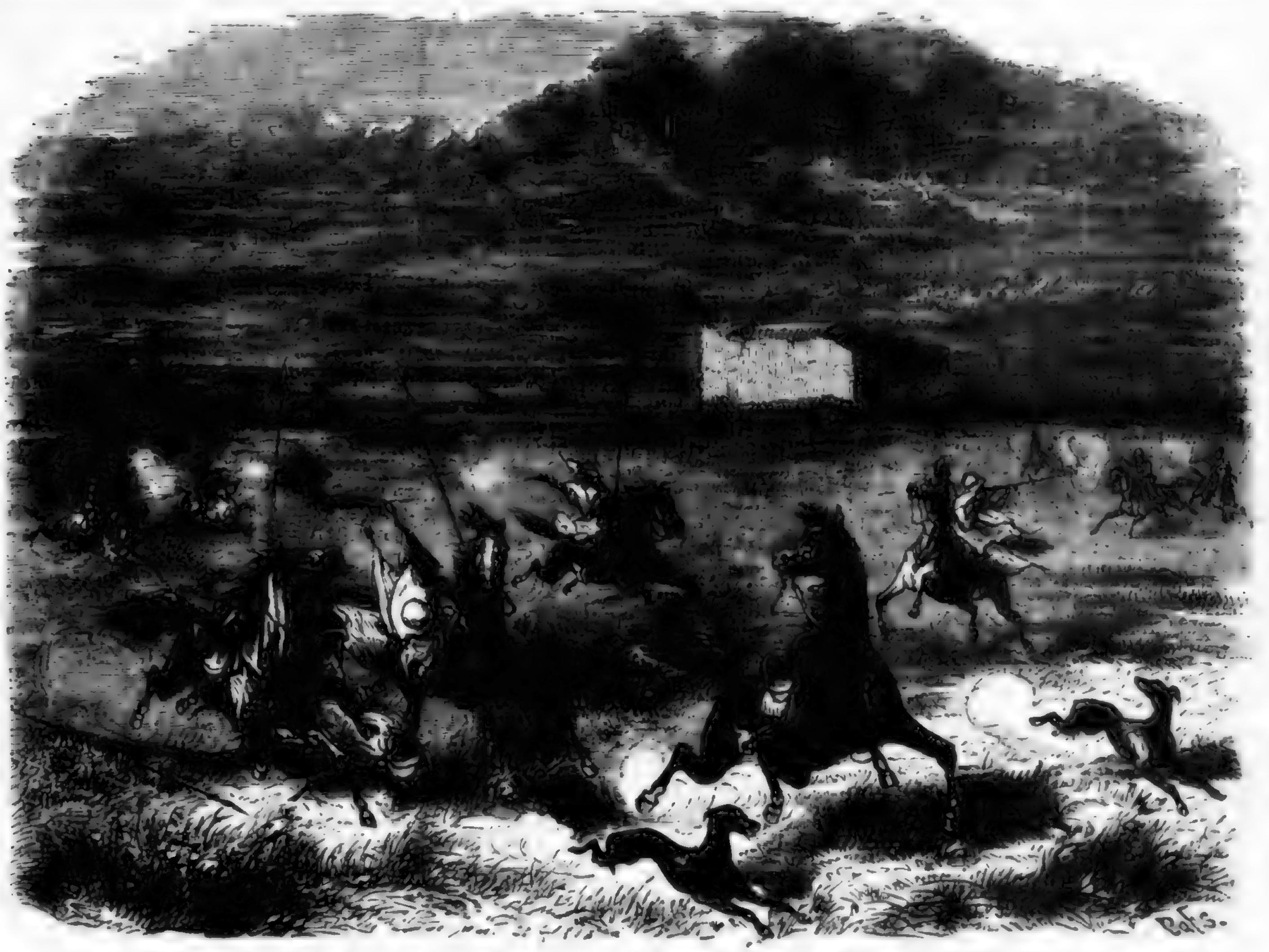
Lace, which was the last and highest step taken by the needle, derives its name from the Latin word *lacinia*, signifying the hem or fringe of a garment.

Lace is divided into point and pillow, and consists of two parts—the "ground," and the "flower" pattern, or "gimp." There are various "grounds," and various laces which are not worked upon "grounds" at all. Such are the points of Venice and Spain, and most of the guipures; and in these the flowers are connected by irregular threads, overcast, and sometimes worked over with pearl loops. The Venice points, which have been famous wherever lace was known, came into full use about 1626. The tradition relating the origin of that patternless, informal guipure called *point de Venise*, is romantic:



HAND OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA, WITH DOUBLE SCALLOPED LACED CUFF.

A sailor youth, bound for Southern Seas, brought home for his betrothed a



ENCOUNTER WITH BEDOUIN HIGHWAYMEN, NEAR THE RUINS OF CTESIPHON (LOWER MESOPOTAMIA).

bunch of that pretty coralline, known to the unlearned as mermaids' lace. The girl, a worker in points, struck by the graceful nature of the sea-weed, with its small white knots united, as it were, with "brides," imitated it with her needle, and after several unsuccessful trials, produced that delicate guipure which, before long, became the taste of all Europe. "Brides" is the French term for the uniting threads.

Genoa was also renowned for her "points." It is disputed whether Spain learnt the art from Italian or Moorish sources; but, be that as it may, Spanish point was much prized, and there was an immense consumption of it in its own country for ecclesiastical purposes.

That pillow-lace was first made in the Low Countries, there is the evidence of contemporary paintings to confirm, as, in an altar-piece painted by Quentin Matsys, 1495, a girl is represented making lace on a pillow, with a drawer similar to that now in use. France, Germany and England have all learned the art of lace-making from Flanders. It forms an abundant source of national wealth to Belgium, for we learn that 150,000 women are engaged in the manufacture.

Lace forms a part of female education in Belgium. Charles V. commanded it to be taught in the schools and convents. The granddaughter of Charles V., the Infanta Isabella, who brought the Low Countries as her dower, appears in her portrait resplendent in lace, and her ruff rivals in size those of Queen Bess.

The finest specimens of Brussels lace can only be made in the city itself. The thread used is of extraordinary fineness, and it is this very fineness which renders the real Brussels ground so costly. The finest quality is spun in dark underground rooms, for contact with the dry air causes the thread to break; so delicate is it as almost to escape the sight. The feel of the thread as it passes through the fingers is the surest guide. Every artificial help is given to the eye—a background of dark paper is placed to throw out the thread, and the room is so arranged as to admit a single ray of light upon the work.

The prodigality of expenditure on lace by both Frenchmen and women, and the profuseness with which they decorated their persons with it during the days of some of their prodigal kings, was unparalleled. The yards of lace required to trim top-boots worn by the courtiers of the Regency under Anne of Austria would make us contemplate the dress of the Napoleonic courtiers as simplicity itself. The luxurious Queen Regent shared this partiality for lace. Her beautiful hand is represented in her portraits encircled by a double scalloped cuff.

ENCOUNTER WITH BEDOUIN HIGHWAYMEN.

Shortly after the return of the great annual pilgrim-caravan from Mecca to Bagdad, in 1865, Asiatic cholera broke out among the population of the latter city with such virulence, that young and old, male and female, both native and foreign, whosoever could muster a tent, an awning, or a few yards of matting to improvise a tent therewith, hurriedly packed up a few indispensable requisites for a temporary encampment outside of the city walls, and betook themselves in hot haste to some suitable spot in the desert which surrounds the "City of the Caliphs," and where they encamped themselves, and remained until the dire epidemic had passed away in the city.

Those of Asiatic nationality pitched their tents mostly in and around the wretched little village of Carara, situated a few miles below Bagdad, on the left bank of the stately River Tigris; while the European residents (there are no Americans in Bagdad), about twenty in number, all told, selected the site of the famous defunct city of Ctesiphon, about twenty miles below Bagdad, and also located on the left bank of the Tigris, as their camping-ground.

Our little camp, composed of about twenty large and comfortable tents, presented quite a cheerful aspect, notwithstanding the monotonous scenery of the surroundings, with its lively European population, attended by numerous native servants, and possessed of over thirty splendid Arab horses, picketed in a line in the centre of the cozy camp, on which animals we made daily promenades and hunting excursions in the neighborhood.

Owing to the circumstance that the arid plains all around us were utterly uninhabited by man, we were compelled to get all our supplies, barring game or fish, from Bagdad or its suburbs.

A few days after pitching our tents at Seliman Bhag (Garden of Seliman, or Soliman), an utterly desolate locality now, but said to have formerly been a magnificent garden, the two Arab servants employed by us to purchase and convey the daily supplies above spoken of to our camp, returned several times, at irregular intervals, a few hours after their departure, without either the money given them to pay for the supplies they were sent to buy, or the goods, urging every time the plea that they had been waylaid, surprised, and robbed of the money with which they had been intrusted, by a gang of five marauding Bedouins on horseback, who, as they asserted, were continually prowling about Casseba, a locality situated about half-way between our camping-ground and the mouth of the Diyala, a river which joins the Tigris just half-way between the ruins of Ctesiphon and the city of Bagdad. Densely covered with bushes on both sides of the tortuous road, or, rather, footpath, and uninhabited by man, that district affords a capital hiding-place for highwaymen.

The men were never attacked when on their way back to the camp, but invariably on their way to town—namely, when they had the cash in their possession; and the robbers relieved them of the money only, as both donkeys, which accompanied the men for the purpose of carrying the goods, were branded on their haunches, and would, moreover, have only been an impediment to the robbers in case of pursuit. The animals were also old and almost valueless, though they constituted all the worldly riches of the two poor devils, whose scanty and tattered garments were not likely to incite the cupidity of the gang.

As both fellows were notorious in camp for telling lies, and the proverb, "There is but little difference between a liar and a thief," is also known in Mesopotamia, we suspected that the two fellows either pocketed the money themselves, or that they were in league with the highwaymen, allowing themselves to be robbed by the latter for the purpose of getting their share of the plunder afterward.

In less than a month more than one thousand Turkish piastres (about forty-five dollars) of our money disappeared in this way; but the loss of the specie was not as aggravating as our being obliged to dispense with groceries and vegetables, often for days, to the great discomfort of the ladies and children in camp, who preferred vegetable to animal diet (a characteristic of European life in Arabia and Mesopotamia).

It was therefore resolved that every day three of our young men, well mounted and armed, should escort the two Arab servants as far as the Diyala, beyond which river there was no danger of an attack.

Strange to say, the escort never saw or met with any suspicious characters on the road; but the first time the three young men staid at home, the Arabs returned with long faces, and minus our money, of course. This so exasperated everybody in camp, that we vowed vengeance, and resolved to "spot" the dastardly vagabonds.

As if sent by Providence to exculpate his two fellow-countrymen on whom our grave suspicions rested, an unknown Arab made his appearance in camp about sunset of that very day, nearly naked, and apparently greatly frightened and exhausted.

After having seized and kissed the hands (the customary way of introducing oneself, as well as of claiming protection, among the Arabs) of the first party he met on the outskirts of our camp, who happened to be Mr. R——, a young countryman of mine, speaking and writing the Arabic language as well as any native Arab, the stranger told him that he came from Bagdad, and was returning to Azizia—a small town on the left bank of the Tigris, about thirty-six miles below our camping-ground—but that he had been pounced upon in the bushes of Casseba by five ruffians, who relieved him of a young bay mare, saddled and bridled, a woolen blanket, a sword, two pistols, and a small amount of money; together with all of his wearing apparel excepting a pair of old trowsers, which the villains left him for decency's sake. He begged hard to be allowed to spend the night in camp, as he was hungry, thirsty, and exhausted; and, as he bore the looks of a man who spoke the truth, his request was granted, with the proviso, however, that he was not to leave our camp before daylight the next morning, which he promised to observe. Hereupon he was properly cared for by his fellow-countrymen in camp, and after refreshing himself a little, he proceeded to describe the five highwaymen who had robbed him, and his description of these worthies corresponded minutely with that given by our two donkey-drivers.

Though there was every appearance of truth in his story, there were men in camp who were too well acquainted with the character of the natives of the country in general, and Bedouin tricks in particular, to put much confidence in it; on the contrary, they suspected the stranger of being an accomplice of the highwaymen, sent into the camp as a spy, or for the purpose of robbery.

It was thought advisable, however, not to show any suspicion, and to treat him ostensibly as the victim of robbers; but in reality all his movements were to be closely watched by the shrewd "Aghels" (camp-watchmen), in whose tent he was to spend the night, and who had been made responsible for his safekeeping, receiving strict orders to shoot him if he attempted to leave the camp before sunrise.

Previous to our returning to rest, it was agreed that he should be provided with a donkey in the morning, and that he should proceed with one of our two donkey-drivers to Bagdad, for which journey we offered to pay him two hundred piastres (about nine dollars) in case of his being attacked again in the neighborhood of Casseba; to which he agreed.

After this arrangement was concluded, everybody in camp retired to rest except the "Aghels," who kept an unusually vigilant lookout that night; but the stranger slept soundly, and had to be awakened in the morning.

Soon after sunrise the two men mounted their donkeys, and proceeded toward Bagdad, provided with the regular amount of money, to buy provisions therewith.

Scarcely, however, were they out of sight of our camp, when a busy bustle suddenly pervaded the latter; horses were hastily saddled and bridled, rifles and revolvers examined and loaded, and ten minutes later, six horsemen stole out of camp toward Casseba, not on the Arabs' track, however, but by a circuitous route, and hidden from one by the long range of high mounds which constitute now all that is left of the ruins of Seliman Bhag and Ctesiphon; thus successfully evading detection on the part of our two Arabs, as well as of anybody else who might be on the other side of the plain intersected by the mounds.

On account of the wide circuit which we had to take, we were compelled to fall into a brisk pace, so that we might reach Casseba before the Arabs, who, the reader will readily perceive, were, unbeknown to themselves, to serve us as decoy ducks, to use a sporting term.

About two miles above "Taak Kesra" (Palace of Kesra, Khusru, or Kosroes I., a famous Persian king of the Sassanide dynasty, who is supposed to have built the magnificent palace, the gigantic ruins of which still tower high above the ruins of ancient Ctesiphon, about the year 550 A. D.), at a spot where the regular road or path to Bagdad passes through a sort of defile or cutting, in one of the enormous mud walls or mounds, we saw the two Arabs slowly disappear among the bushes which cover that portion of the plain closest to the river-bank.

No sooner had the two men, utterly unconscious of being followed by us, disappeared among the brushwood, than our little band divided into two detachments of three men each. One of the parties followed up the course of the river, cautiously stealing through the bushes along the bank, while the other continued to advance along the base of the mounds to the uttermost end thereof; and it was agreed that both parties should so proceed, until they should hear the report of firearms, when they were to dash out of their concealment, and endeavor to capture the highwaymen, or else shoot them.

Friend J—— and myself enlisted in the latter party, who reached the terminus of the mounds about half an hour after separating from our companions. Immediately after arriving at our place of destination, we dismounted, and climbed the mound for the purpose of reconnoitring, a large tuft of grass growing on the top of the mound affording a capital screen for our faces. The whole bushy portion of the plain lay like a mammoth chart at our feet, and every object thereon was distinctly visible from our elevated position; moreover, we had the advantage of having the sun behind us.

At first, we could see no human beings on the plains, except the two Arabs jogging slowly on, one behind the other, on account of the narrowness of the path in that locality, which wound like a serpent through the low bushes. They were at a distance of barely six hundred yards to the left of us, riding rather slowly, as if they neither knew of, nor cared for, the dangerous character of the locality.

Presently we saw them battering their lazy donkeys' sides with the heels of their bare feet, and even heard them yelling in the usual way of the natives of that region when urging a donkey to greater speed, an indiscretion which took us by surprise, as both of them must have been fully aware that it was quite against all rules of caution to make much noise in that neighborhood.

The sound of the human voice brought about a slight change in the tableau before our eyes, for, to our great excitement, we noticed a faint commotion in the dense tuft of bushes scarcely two hundred yards ahead of the two travelers, and about a hundred yards to the left of their path.

We distinctly saw the swarthy figure of a Bedouin, as his costume denoted him to be, mount a black horse, and, rising high in the stirrups, stretch his neck and scan the country all round over the tops of the bushes. After remaining about half a minute in this position, he nimbly dismounted, and, hurriedly leading his horse by the bridle, disappeared in the taller bushes about one hundred yards further on.

Almost simultaneously we had the unspeakable pleasure of spying the smooth, boyish face of our tall young friend W——, as well as the red "tarbush" or "fez" (Turkish skull-cap) of R——, the young man previously referred to as thoroughly conversant with the Arabic language, peeping cautiously over the bushes, not more than two hundred yards from the spot where the suspected individual had disappeared from our view. They appeared to be unaware of the whereabouts of our two Arabs, and quite unconscious of the presence of others.

Nearer and nearer to the fatal spot advanced the two travelers on donkeys' back. Gladly would we have stopped to see the vagabonds in the bush pounce upon the two unsuspecting poor fellows, but we had lingered too long already on the mound, and expected every minute to see the dance begin. We therefore hurried down, vaulted into the saddle, got ready for the charge, and waited impatiently for the signal.

Ten minutes at least elapsed before the tremendous report of two Arab pistols was heard. Like lightning we dashed round the corner, and headed straight toward a solitary cluster of date-trees of unusual height, growing on the banks near the mouth of the River Diyala, and visible at a distance of over twenty miles.

Scarcely had we made our appearance on the open plain, when five villainous-looking Bedouins, profusely armed and splendidly mounted, crashed at a breakneck pace through the bushes to our left, some three hundred yards ahead of us, hotly pursued by our three companions, who tried hard to make them prisoners, and did not fire a single shot at first.

The savage scoundrels uttered a yell of rage, as they spied us three dashing down upon them from the opposite side, and shook their long lances in defiance upon reaching the open desert before we could cut them off.

Although they were at least three hundred yards ahead of us, we did not give up the hope of catching some of them, and kept up the pursuit at a rattling pace for some time; but they were too well mounted, and too familiar with every inch of the ground over which they sped, to allow us to run them down so easily.

Noticing, however, to their consternation, that we nevertheless succeeded in almost overtaking them, they were just about trying their usual dodge of separating and dashing off in different directions, when we gave them a volley from our revolvers, which only had the effect of increasing the speed of their horses and that of their two lean grayhounds, which latter squeezed their tails between their legs and made off as if Lucifer was after them, while the bold horsemen, naturally expecting another volley, stooped down over the off-side of their steeds, thereby effectually getting out of our sight, leaving only one leg stretched across the saddle exposed to our view, thus making it almost appear as if the five horses sped over the ground without any riders at all. Never before did I witness such splendid horsemanship as displayed by these cowardly vagabonds.

But scarcely two minutes elapsed before we were gratuitously treated by them to a second feat of horsemanship, which far excelled the former, and filled us all with amazement.

As they had anticipated, we gave them another volley, but this time also with our rifles, as we thought them almost beyond pistol-range. This dose proved more effective than the first, for it brought down the foremost horse with a tremendous crash, together with its rider.

The poor animal rolled over and over in the dust, while its master, who had probably thought himself out of range of firearms, and had made a slight mistake by resuming his usual seat in the saddle, was thrown at least eight yards ahead of his horse upon the ground, and remained immovable, lying flat on his back.

Whether he was killed outright by the terrible fall, or only stunned, or whether he was ushered into the paradise of the Moslem by a well-aimed shot of his pursuers, will most likely for ever remain a mystery with the latter, for no sooner did two of his followers come up to where he lay, than, without slacking even for an instant the appalling speed of their horses, they suddenly bent, dashing up to the right and left-hand side of the prostrate man, deep over their saddles, and, with a simultaneous herculean grasp, raised the body of their companion entirely from the ground, deposited him safely into the lap of one of them, speeding along all the time this was being done as if nothing had happened.

The novelty and daring of the performance elicited an involuntary exclamation of astonishment, I might almost say admiration, from our lips. I must not forget to mention that the riderless horse, almost immediately after its fall, had regained its feet and galloped off, but soon showed signs of distress, and had, consequently, to be abandoned by the fugitives, as well as the pistol and spear of their unfortunate companion, as the two horsemen who brought up the rear were kept busy with firing into us; which they did, I believe, less for the sake of returning the compliment than for the purpose of endeavoring to keep us at bay, so as to facilitate the rescue of their companion in distress. They fired, however, too high, and their bullets whizzed harmlessly over our heads.

LILLY AND HER SNOWBALL.

As by this time our horses, which had had a considerably longer race than those of the Bedouins, began to show signs of distress, and as, moreover, the ground had become rougher and rougher the more we advanced, we gave up the chase, and directed our attention to the wounded horse, which was easily caught.

After halting about half an hour on the field of battle, in order to allow our horses to regain their breath, we returned with our trophies to camp, accompanied by the two Arab servants, who were quite dumbfounded at our unexpected protection and interference, at the very moment when the highwaymen had fired two pistol-shots over the heads of their victims, as they are wont to do, in order to frighten them out of their wits.

CURE FOR BARBAROUS HUSBANDS.

A WOMAN who had suffered barbarous beatings from her husband went to a noted wise man of the village to inquire how she might cure these paroxysms of violence.

The soothsayer heard her complaint; and, after pronouncing some hard words and using various gesticulations while he filled a phial with a mysterious mixture, desired her, whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor, and keep it in her mouth for five minutes. The woman, quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and escaped the usual chastisement.

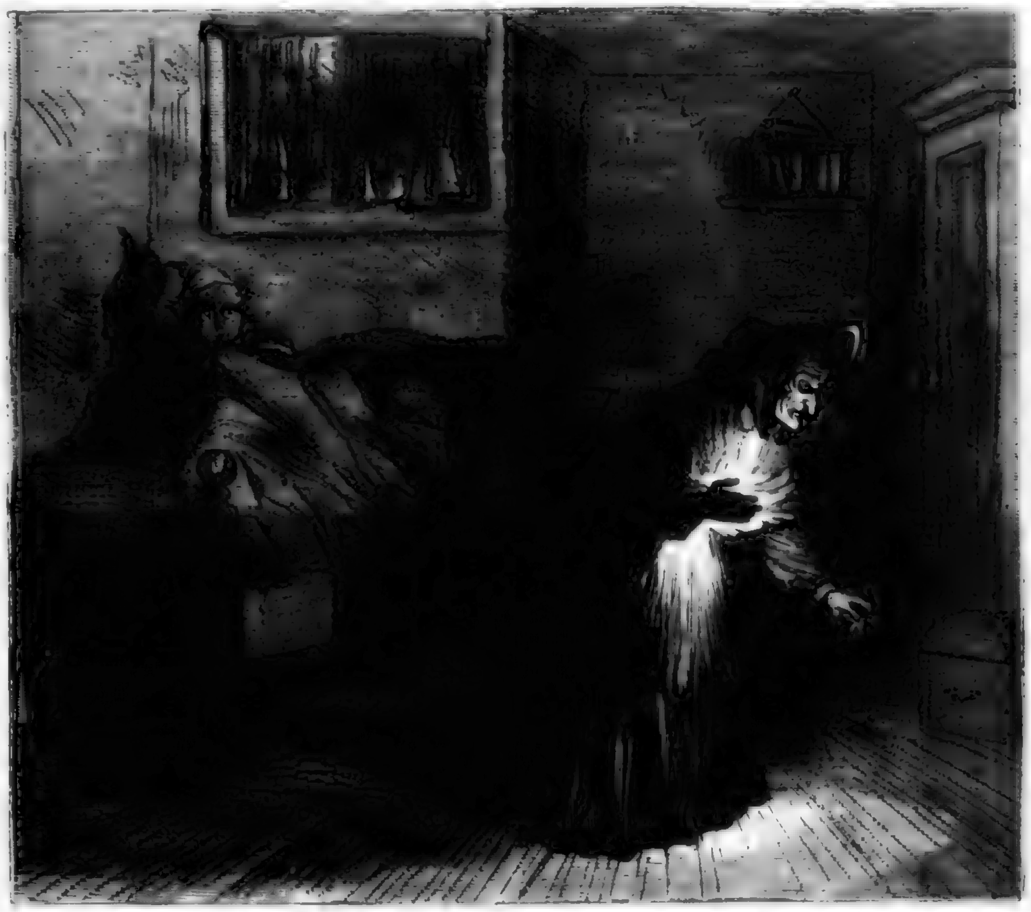
The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the wise man, and anxiously begged to have a fresh supply of the same liquid. "You foolish woman," said the soothsayer, "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband's in a passion, hold your tongue, and, my life for it, he will not lay a finger upon you."

THE man who will stab at another's reputation by insinuation and innuendo is far worse than a thief. Property may be replaced, but character, once lost, is all but irredeemable, and, as a great writer said, a word is enough to ruin a man.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Within the last eight years—the precise date I purposely omit—I was ordered by my physician, my health being in an unsatisfactory state, to change my residence to one upon the seacoast; and accordingly, I took a house for a year in a fashionable watering-place, at a moderate distance from the city in which I had previously resided, and connected with it by a railway.

Winter was setting in when my removal thither was decided upon; but there was nothing whatever dismal or depressing in the change. The house I had taken was to all appearance, and in point of convenience, too, quite a modern one. It formed one in a cheerful row, with small gardens in front, facing the sea, and commanding sea air and sea views in perfection. In the rear it had a coach-house and stable, and between them and the house a considerable grass-plot, with some flower-beds interposed.



AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.—THE GHOST OF THE OLD WOMAN.

Our family consisted of my wife and myself, and three children, the eldest about nine years old, she and the next in age being girls; and the youngest, between six and seven, a boy. To these were added six servants, whom, although for certain reasons I shall decline giving their real names, I shall indicate, for the sake of clearness, by arbitrary ones. There was a nurse, Mrs. Southerland; a nursery-maid, Ellen Page; the cook, Mrs. Greenwood; the housemaid, Ellen Faith; a butler, whom I shall call Smith; and his son, James, about two-and-twenty.

We came out to take possession about seven o'clock in the evening; everything was comfortable and cheery: good fires lighted, the rooms neat and airy, and a general air of preparation and comfort highly conducive to good spirits and pleasant anticipations.

The sitting-rooms were large and cheerful, and they and the bedroom more than ordinarily lofty; the kitchen and servants' room, on the same level, were well and comfortably furnished, and had, like the rest of the house, an air of recent painting and fitting-up, and a completely modern character, which imparted a very cheerful air of cleanliness and convenience.

There had been just enough of the fuss of settling agreeably to occupy us and to give a pleasant turn to our thoughts after we had retired to our rooms. Being an invalid, I had a small bed to myself—resigning the four-poster to my wife. The candle was extinguished, but a night-light was burning. I was coming up-stairs, and she, already in bed, had just dismissed her maid, when we were both startled by a wild scream from her room; I found her in a state of the extremest agitation and terror. She insisted that she had seen an unnaturally tall figure come beside her bed and stand there. The light was too faint to enable her to define anything respecting this apparition beyond the fact of her having most distinctly seen such a shape, colorless from the insufficiency of light to disclose more than its dark outline.

We both endeavored to reassure her. The room once more looked so cheerful in the candlelight, that we were quite uninfluenced by the contagion of her terrors. The movements and voices of the servants down-stairs, still getting things into their places and completing our comfortable arrangements, had also their effect in steeling us against any such influence, and we set the whole thing down as a dream, or an imperfectly seen outline of the bed-curtains. When, however, we were alone, my wife reiterated, still in great agitation, her clear assertion that she had most positively seen, being at the time as completely awake as ever she was, precisely what she had described to us. And in this conviction she continued perfectly firm, refusing to be laughed out of it. A day or two after this it came out that our servants were under an apprehension that, somehow or other, thieves had established a secret mode of access to the lower part of the house. The butler, Smith, had seen an ill-looking woman in his room on the first night of our arrival; and he and many other servants constantly saw, for many days subsequently, glimpses of a retreating figure which corresponded with that so seen by him, passing through a passage which led to a back area in which were some coal-vaults.

This figure was always seen in the act of retreating, its back turned, generally getting round the corner of the passage into the area, in a stealthy and hurried way, and when closely followed, imperfectly seen again entering one of the coal-vaults, and when pursued into it, nowhere to be found.

The idea of anything supernatural in the matter had, strange to say, not yet entered the mind of any one of the servants. They had heard some stories of smugglers having secret passages into houses, and using their means of access for purposes of pillage, or with a view to frighten superstitious people out of houses which they needed for their own objects, and the suspicion of similar practices here caused them extreme uneasiness. The apparent anxiety also manifested by the retreating figure to escape observation, and her always appearing to make her egress at the same point, favored this romantic hypothesis. The men, however, made a most careful examination of the back area and of the coal-vaults, with a view to discover some mode of egress, but entirely without success. On the contrary, the result was, so far as it went, subversive of the theory; solid masonry met them on every hand.

I called the man, Smith, up, to hear from his own lips the particulars of what he had seen; and certainly his report was very curious. I give it as literally as my memory enables me:

His son slept in the same room, and was sound asleep; but he lay awake, as men sometimes will on a change of bed, and having many things on their mind. He was lying with his face toward the wall, but observing a light and some little stir in the room, he turned round in his bed and saw the figure of a woman, squalid and ragged in dress; her figure rather low and broad. As well as he recollected, she had something—either a cloak or a shawl—on, and wore a bonnet. Her back was turned, and she appeared to be searching or rummaging for something on the floor, and, without appearing to observe him, she turned in doing so toward him. The light, which was more like the intense glow of a coal, as he described it, being of a deep-red color, proceeded from the hollow of her hand, which she held beside her head, and he saw her very distinctly. She appeared middle-aged, was deeply pitted with the smallpox, and blind of one eye. His phrase in describing her general appearance was, that she was "a miserable, poor-looking creature."

He was under the impression that she must be a woman who had been left by the proprietor in charge of the house, and who had that evening, after having given up the keys, remained for some time with the female servants. He, coughed, therefore, to apprise her of his presence, and turned again toward the wall. When he again looked round, she and the light were gone; and odd as was her method of lighting herself in her search, the circumstance excited neither uneasiness nor curiosity in his mind, until he discovered next morning that the woman in question had left the house long before he had gone to his bed.

I examined the man very closely as to the appearance of the person who had visited him, and the result was what I have described. It struck me as an odd thing, that even then, considering how prone to superstition persons in his rank of life usually are, he did not seem to suspect anything supernatural in the occurrence; and, on the contrary, was thoroughly persuaded that his visitant was a living person, who had got into the house by some hidden entrance.

On Sunday, on his return from his place of worship, he told me that, when the service was ended, and the congregation making their way slowly out, he saw the very woman in the crowd, and kept his eye upon her for several minutes; but such was the crush that all his efforts to reach her were unavailing, and when he got into the open street she was gone. He was quite positive as to his having distinctly seen her, however, for several minutes, and scouted the possibility of any mistake as to identity; and fully impressed with the substantial and living reality of his visitant, he was very much provoked at her having escaped him. He made inquiries also in the neighborhood, but could procure no information, nor hear of any other persons having seen any woman corresponding with his description.

The cook and housemaid occupied a room on the kitchen-floor. It had whitewashed walls, and they were actually terrified by the appearance of the shadow of a woman passing and repassing across the side-wall opposite to their beds. They suspected that this had been going on much longer than they were aware, for its presence was discovered by a sort of accident, its movements happening to take a direction in distinct contrariety to theirs.

This shadow always moved upon one particular wall, returning after short intervals, and causing them extreme terror. They placed the candle, as the most obvious specific, so close to the infested wall, that the flame all but touched it, and believed for some time that they had effectually got rid of this annoyance; but one night, notwithstanding this arrangement of the light, the shadow returned, passing and repassing, as heretofore, upon the same wall, although their only candle was burning within an inch of it, and it was obvious that no substance capable of casting such a shadow could have interposed; and, indeed, as they described it, the shadow seemed to have no sort of relation to the position of the light, and appeared, as I have said, in manifest defiance of the laws of optics.

I ought to mention that the housemaid was a particularly fearless sort of person, as well as a very honest one; and her companion, the cook, a scrupulously religious woman; and both agreed in every particular in their relation of what occurred.

Meanwhile, the nursery was not without its annoyances, though as yet of a comparatively trivial kind. Sometimes, at night, the handle of the door was turned hurriedly, as if by a person trying to come in, and at others a knocking was made at it. These sounds occurred after the children had settled to sleep, and while the nurse still remained awake. Whenever she called to know "who is there," the sounds ceased; but at several times, and particularly at first, she was under the impression that they were caused by her mistress, who had come to see the children, and thus impressed, she had got up and opened the door, expecting to see her, but discovering only darkness and receiving no answer to her inquiries.

With respect to this nurse, I must mention that I believe no more perfectly trustworthy servant was ever employed in her capacity; and, in addition to her integrity, she was remarkably gifted with sound common sense.

One morning, I think about three or four weeks after our arrival, I was sitting at the parlor window which looked to the front, when I saw the little iron door, which admitted into the small garden that lay between the window where I was sitting and the public road, pushed open by a woman who so exactly answered the description given by Smith of the woman who had visited his room on the night of his arrival, as instantaneously to impress me with the conviction that she must be the identical person. She was a square, short woman, dressed in soiled and tattered clothes, scarred and pitted with smallpox, and blind of an eye. She stepped hurriedly into the little inclosure, and peered for a distance of a few yards into the room where I was sitting. I felt that now was the moment to clear the matter up; but there was something stealthy in the manner and look of the woman which convinced me that I must not appear to notice her until her retreat was fairly cut off. Unfortunately, I was suffering from a lame foot, and could not reach the bell as quickly as I wished. I made all the haste I could, and rang violently to bring up the servant Smith. In the short interval that intervened, I observed the woman from the window, who, having in a leisurely way, and with a kind of scrutiny, looked along the front windows of the house, passed quickly out again, closing the gate after her, and followed a lady who was walking along the footpath at a quick pace, as if with the intention of begging from her.

The moment the man entered I told him, "The one-eyed woman you described to me has this instant followed a lady in that direction; try to overtake her."

He was, if possible, more eager than I in the chase, but returned in a short time after a vain pursuit, very hot and utterly disappointed. And thereafter we saw her face no more.

All this time, and up to the period of our leaving the house, which was not for two or three months later, there occurred at intervals the only phenomenon of the entire series having any resemblance to what we hear described of "Spiritualism." This was a knocking, like a soft hammering with a wooden mallet, as it seemed, in the timbers between the bedroom ceilings and the roof. It had this special peculiarity, that it was always rhythmical, and, I think, invariably, the emphasis upon the last stroke. It would sound rapidly, "one, two, three, FOUR—one, two, three, FOUR;" or, "one, two, THREE," and sometimes, "one, TWO—one, TWO," etc., and this, with intervals and resumptions, monotonously for hours at a time.

At first this caused my wife, who was a good deal confined to her bed, much annoyance; and we sent to our neighbors to inquire if any hammering or carpentering was going on in their houses, but were informed that nothing of the sort was taking place. I have myself heard it frequently, always in the same inaccessible part of the house, and with the same monotonous emphasis. One odd thing about it was, that on my wife's calling out, as she used to do when it became more than usually troublesome, "Stop that noise!" it was invariably arrested for a longer or shorter time.

Of course none of these occurrences were ever mentioned in hearing of the children. They would have been, no doubt, like most children, greatly terrified had they heard anything of the matter, and known that their elders were unable to account for what was passing; and their fears would have made them wretched and troublesome.

They used to play for some hours every day in the back garden—the house forming one end of this oblong inclosure, the stable and coach-house the other, and two parallel walls of considerable height the sides. Here, as it afforded a perfectly safe playground, they were frequently left quite to themselves; and in talking over their days' adventures, as children will, they happened to mention a woman, or rather the woman, for they had long grown familiar with her appearance, whom they used to see in the garden while they were at play. They assumed that she came in and went out at the stable-door, but they never actually saw her enter or depart. They merely saw a figure—that of a very poor woman, soiled and ragged—near the stable-wall, stooping over the ground, and apparently grubbing in the loose clay in search of something. She did not disturb or appear to observe them; and they left her in undisturbed possession of her nook of ground. When seen, she was always in the same spot and similarly occupied; and the description they gave of her general appearance—for they never saw her face—corresponded with that of the one-eyed woman whom Smith, and, subsequently as it seemed, I, had seen.

The other man, James, who looked after a mare which I had purchased for the purpose of riding exercise, had, like every one else in the house, his little trouble to report, though it was not much. The stall in which, as the most comfortable, it was decided to place her, she peremptorily declined to enter. Though a very docile and gentle little animal, there was no getting her into it. She would snort and rear, and, in fact, do or suffer anything rather than set her hoof in it. He was fain, therefore, to place her in another. And on several occasions he found her there, exhibiting all the equine symptoms of extreme fear. Like the rest of us, however, this man was not troubled in the particular case with any superstitious qualms. The mare had evidently been frightened, and he was puzzled to find out how, or by whom; for the stable was well-secured, and had, I am nearly certain, a lock-up yard outside.

One morning I was greeted with the intelligence that robbers had certainly got into the house in the night; and that one of them had actually been seen in the nursery. The witness, I found, was my eldest child, then, as I have said, about nine years of age. Having awoke in the night and lain awake for some time in her bed, she heard the handle of the door turn, and a person whom she distinctly saw—for it was a light night and the window-shutters unclosed—but whom she had never seen before, stepped in on tiptoe, and with an appearance of great caution. He was a rather small man, with a very red face; he wore an oddly cut frock-coat, the collar of which stood up, and trowsers, rough and wide, like those of a sailor, turned up at the ankles, and either short boots or clumsy shoes, covered with mud.

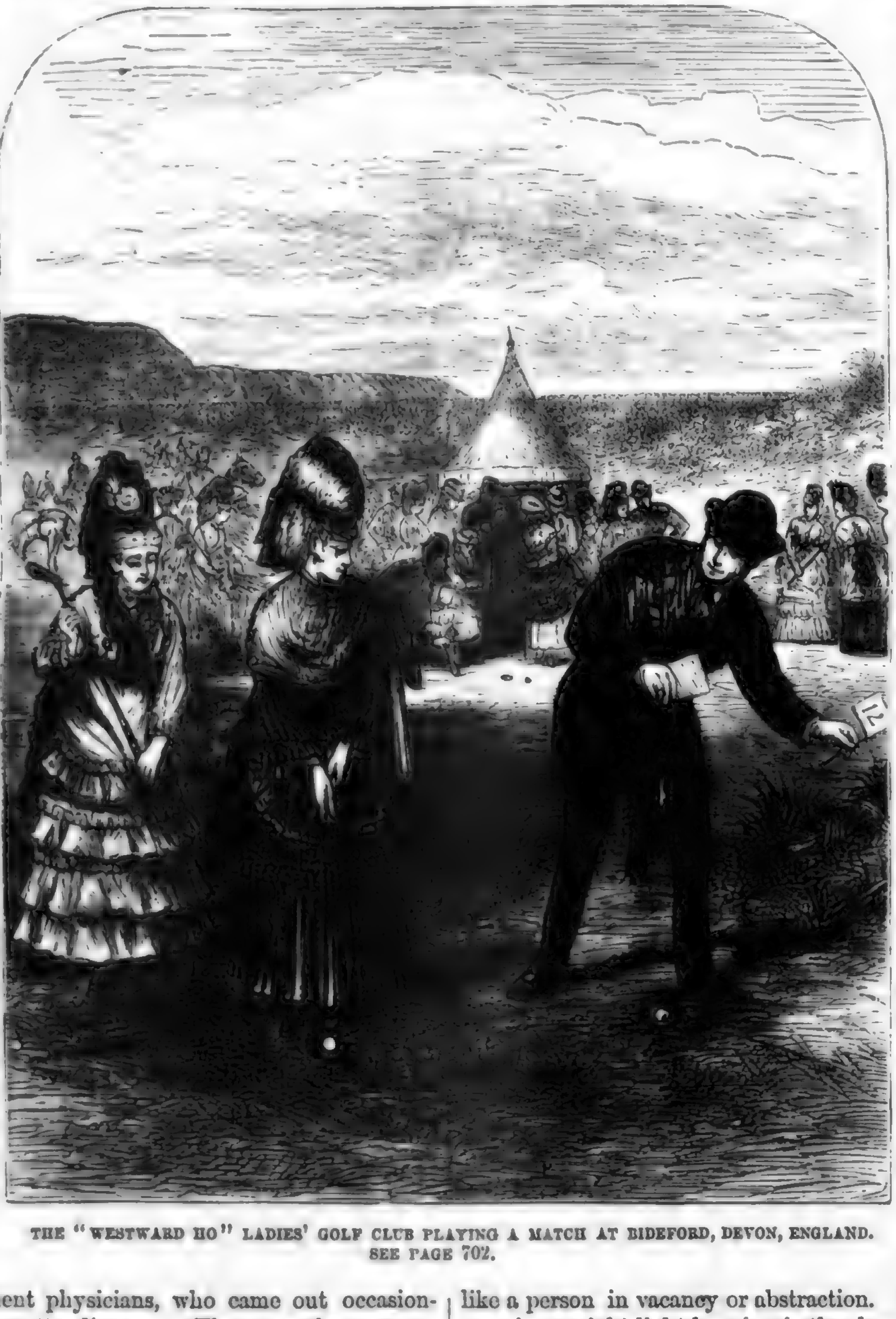
This man listened beside the nurse's bed, which stood next the door, as if to satisfy himself that she was sleeping soundly; and having done so for some seconds, he began to move cautiously, in a diagonal line, across the room to the chimneypiece, where he stood for a while, and so resumed his tiptoe walk, skirting the wall, until he reached a chest of drawers, some of which were open, and into which he looked, and began to rummage in a hurried way, as the child supposed, making search for something worth taking away. He then passed on to the window, where was a dressing-table, at which he also stopped, turning over the things upon it, and standing for some time at the window as if looking out, and then resuming his walk by the side-wall opposite to that by which he had moved up to the window, he returned in the same way to the nurse's bed so as to reach it at the foot. With its side to the end-wall, in which was the door, was placed the bed in which lay my eldest child, who watched his proceedings with the extremest terror. As he drew near she instinctively moved herself in the bed, with her head and shoulders to the wall, drawing up her feet; but he passed by without appearing to observe, or, at least, to care for her presence. Immediately after the nurse turned in her bed as if about to waken; and when the child, who had drawn the clothes about her head, again ventured to peep out, the man was gone.

The child had no idea of her having seen anything more formidable than a thief. With the prowling, cautious and noiseless manner of proceeding common to such marauders, the air and movements of the man whom she had seen entirely corresponded. And on hearing her perfectly distinct and consistent account, I could myself arrive at no other conclusion than that a stranger had actually got into the house. I had, therefore, in the first instance, a most careful examination made to discover any traces of an entrance having been made by any window into the house. The doors had been found barred and locked as usual; but no sign of anything of the sort was discernible. I then had the various articles—plate, wearing apparel, books, etc.—counted; and after having conned over and reckoned up everything, it became quite clear that nothing whatever had been removed from the house, nor was there the slightest indication of anything having been so much as disturbed there.

I must here state that this child was remarkably clear, intelligent and observant; and that her description of the man, and of all that had occurred, was most exact, and as detailed as the want of perfect light rendered possible.

I felt assured that an entrance had actually been effected into the house, though for what purpose was not easily to be conjectured. The man Smith was equally confident upon this point; and his theory was that the object was simply to frighten us out of the house by making us believe it haunted; and he was more than ever anxious and on the alert to discover the conspirators.

It often since appeared to me odd—every year, indeed, more odd, as this cumulative case of the marvelous becomes to my mind more and more inexplicable—that, underlying my sense of mystery and puzzle, was all along the quiet assumption that all these occurrences were one way or another referable to natural causes. I could not account for them, indeed, myself; but during the whole period I inhabited that house, I never once felt, though much alone, and often up late at night, any of those tremors and thrills which every one has at times experienced when situation and the hour are favorable. Except the cook and housemaid, who were plagued with the shadow I mentioned crossing and recrossing upon the bedroom wall, we all, without exception, experienced the same strange sense of security, and regarded these phenomena rather with a perplexed sort of interest and curiosity, than with any more unpleasant sensations.

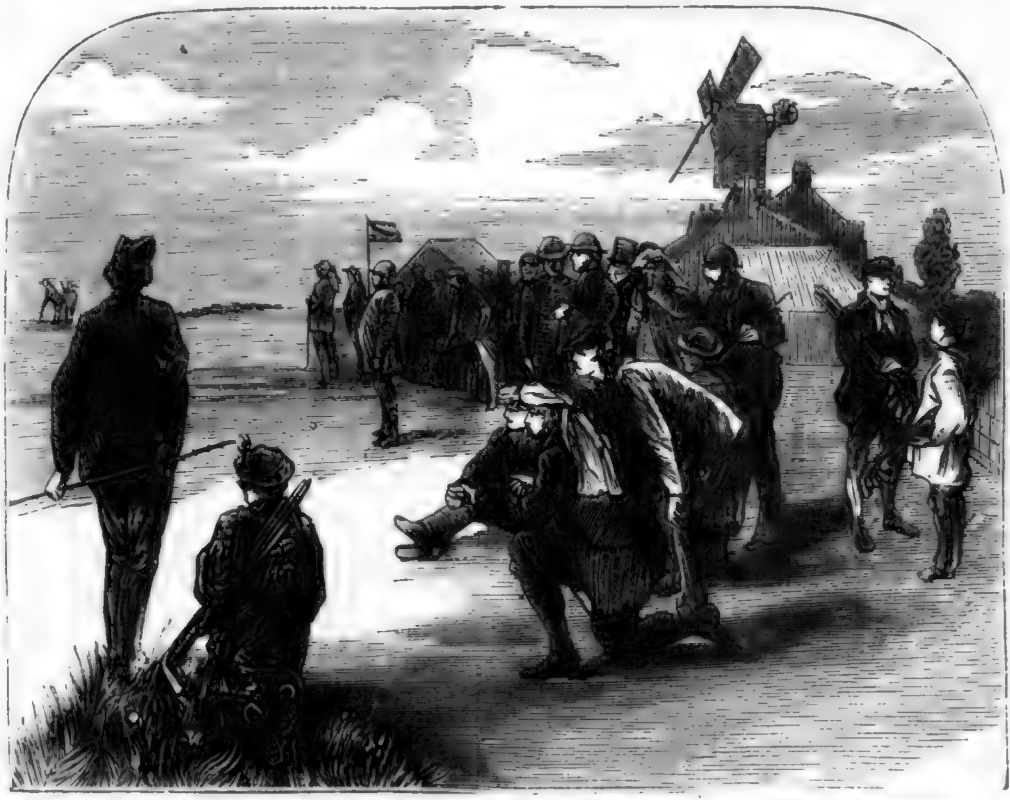

THE "WESTWARD HO" LADIES' GOLF CLUB PLAYING A MATCH AT BIDEFORD, DEVON, ENGLAND. SEE PAGE 702.

The knockings which I have mentioned at the nursery door, preceded generally by the sound of a step on the lobby, meanwhile continued. At that time (for my wife, like myself, was an invalid) two eminent physicians, who came out occasionally by rail, were attending us. These gentlemen were at first only amused, but ultimately interested, and very much puzzled by the occurrences which we described. One of them, at last, recommended that a candle should be kept burning upon the lobby. It was in fact a recurrence to an old woman's receipt against ghosts—of course it might be serviceable, too, against impostors; at all events, seeming, as I have said, very much interested and puzzled, he advised it, and it was tried. We fancied that it was successful; for there was an interval of quiet for, I think, three or four nights. But after that the noises—the footsteps on the lobby, the knocking at the door and the turning of the handle, recommenced in full force, notwithstanding the light upon the table outside; and these particular phenomena became only more perplexing than ever.

The alarm of robbers and smugglers gradually subsided after a week or two; but we were again to hear news from the nursery. Our second little girl, then between seven and eight years of age, saw in the night time—she alone being awake—a young woman, with black or very dark hair, which hung loose, and with a black cloak on, standing near the middle of the floor, opposite the hearth-stone, and fronting the foot of her bed. She appeared quite unobservant of the children and nurse sleeping in the room. She was very pale, and looked, the child said, both "sorry and frightened," and with something very peculiar and terrible about her eyes, which made the child conclude that she was dead. She was looking, not at, but in the direction of, the child's bed, and there was a dark streak across her throat, like a scar with blood upon it.

This figure was not motionless, but once or twice turned slowly, and without appearing to be conscious of the presence of the child, or the other occupants of the room, like a person in vacancy or abstraction. There was on this occasion a night-light burning in the chamber; and the child saw, or thought she saw, all these particulars with the most perfect distinctness. She got her head under the bedclothes; and although a good many years have passed since then, she cannot recall the spectacle without feelings of peculiar horror.

One day, when the children were playing in the back garden, I asked them to point out to me the spot where they were accustomed to see the woman who occasionally showed herself as I have described, near the stable wall. There was no division of opinion as to this precise point, which they indicated in the most distinct and confident way. I suggested that, perhaps, something might be hidden there in the ground; and advised them digging a hole there with their little spades, to try for it. Accordingly, to work they went, and by my return in the evening they had grubbed up a piece of jawbone, with several teeth in it. The bone was very much decayed, and ready to crumble to pieces, but the teeth were quite sound. I could not tell whether they were human grinders; but I showed the fossil to one of the physicians I have mentioned, who came out the next evening, and he pronounced them human teeth. The same conclusion was come to a day or two later by the other medical man.


A GOLF MATCH BETWEEN THE ROYAL BLACKHEATH AND LONDON-SCOTTISH CLUBS, AT WIMBLEDON, NEAR LONDON.

It appears to me now, on reviewing the whole matter, almost unaccountable that, with such evidence before me, I should not have got in a laborer, and had the spot effectually dug and searched. I can only say, that so it was. I was quite satisfied of the moral truth of every word that had been related to me, and which I have here set down with scrupulous accuracy. But I experienced an apathy, for which neither then nor afterward did I quite know how to account. I had a vague but immovable impression that the whole affair was referable to natural agencies.

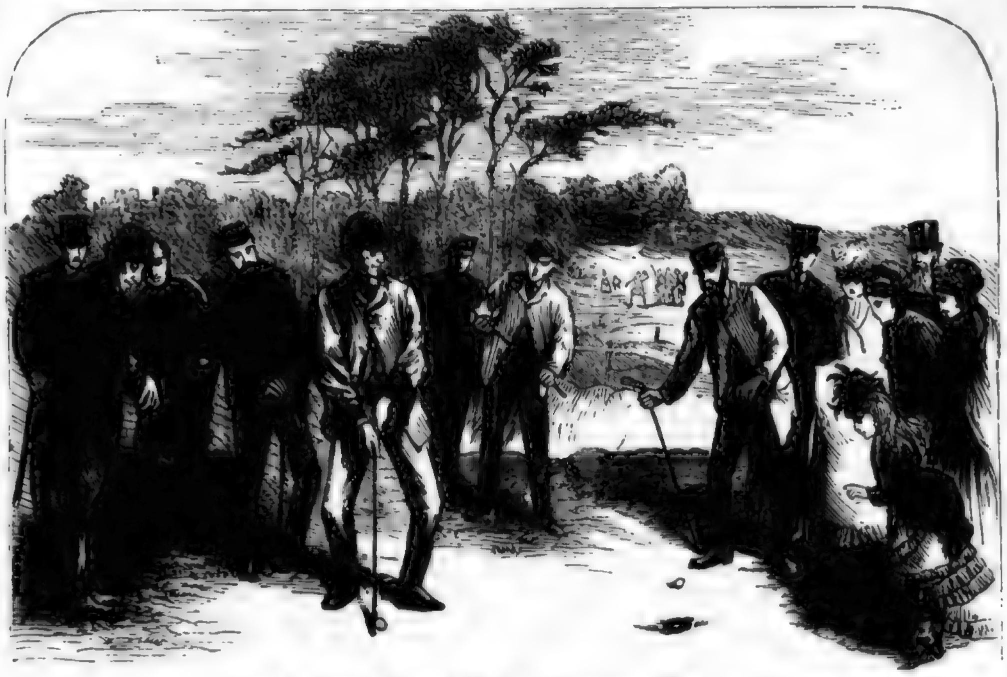
It was not until some time after we had left the house, which, by-the-by, we afterward found had had the reputation of being haunted before we had come to live in it, that on reconsideration I discovered the serious difficulty of accounting satisfactorily for all that had occurred upon ordinary principles. A great deal we might arbitrarily set down to imagination. But even in so doing there was, *in limine*, the oddity, not to say improbability, of so many different persons having nearly simultaneously suffered from different spectral and other illusions during the short period for which we had occupied that house, who never before, nor, so far as we learned, afterward were troubled by any fears or fancies of the sort. There were other things, too, not to be so accounted for. The odd knockings in the roof I frequently heard myself.

There were also, which I before forgot to mention, in the day time, rappings at the doors of the sitting-rooms, which constantly deceived us; and it was not till our "come in" was unanswered, and the hall or passage outside the door was discovered to be empty, that we learned that whatever else caused them, human hands did not.

All the persons who reported having seen the different persons or appearances here described by me were just as confident of having literally and distinctly seen them as I was of having seen the hard-featured woman with the blind eye so remarkably corresponding with Smith's description.

About a week after the discovery of the teeth, which were found, I think, about two feet under the ground, a friend, much advanced in years, and who remembered the town in which we had now taken up our abode for a very long time, happened to pay us a visit. He good-humoredly pooh-poohed the whole thing; but at the same time was evidently curious about it.

"We might construct a sort of story," said I (I am giving, of course, the substance and purport, not the exact words, of our dialogue), "and assign to each of the three figures who appeared their respective parts in some dreadful tragedy enacted in this house. The male figure represents the murderer; the ill-looking, one-eyed woman his accomplice, who, we will suppose, buried the body where she is


THE SCOTTISH GAME OF GOLF—"PUTTING" A BALL.

now so often seen grubbing in the earth, and where the human teeth and jawbone have so lately been disinterred; and the young woman with disheveled tresses and black cloak, and the bloody scar across her throat, their victim. A difficulty, however, which I cannot get over, exists in the cheerfulness, the great publicity, and the evident very recent date of the house."

"Why, as to that," said he, "the house is not modern; it and those beside it formed an old government store, altered and fitted up recently as you see. I remember it well in my young days, fifty years ago, before the town had grown out in this direction; and a more entirely lonely spot, or one more fitted for the commission of a secret crime, could not have been imagined."

I have nothing to add, for very soon after this my physician pronounced a longer stay unnecessary for my health, and we took our departure for another place of abode. I may add that, although I have resided for considerable periods in many other houses, I never experienced any annoyances of a similar kind elsewhere; neither have I made (stupid dog! you will say) any inquiries respecting either the antecedents or subsequent history of the house in which we made so disturbed a sojourn. I was content with what I knew, and have here related as clearly as I could, and I think it a very pretty puzzle as it stands.

THE GAME OF "GOLF."

A Favorite Out-door Sport in England and Scotland.

The game of Golf is of Scotch origin, and in the "land o' cakes" has long been a popular amusement, but it has now become fully naturalized in many parts of England; and wherever there is a suitable piece of common land in the neighborhood of a village, the game may be seen by the curious on almost any day, but especially on Saturday afternoons. In this country, a game much resembling "Golf," but bearing the less euphonious title of "Shinny," being a sort of debased copy of the original, is a common sport with schoolboys, and is played not only on the green turf, during eight or nine months of the year, but also on the ice, when the players drive the ringing steel over the smooth, glittering surface of our ice-bound lakes and streams.

In Canada, where all the old country sports and pastimes are kept up in exact imitation of the manner which prevails in the British Isles, Golf is played with due attention to the Scotch or English rules; but it has never found a foothold in the United States, save in the debased form of "shinny," previously alluded to, a fact to be regretted, for it is a fine, exciting, spirited game, yet withal one in which ladies may well take part—a quality which is not the least of its many recommendations.

It is played with a ball about an inch and a half in diameter, usually made now of india-rubber, though formerly of leather, stuffed with feathers, and painted white. The ball is driven along the ground or through the air by clubs or sticks of various shapes and constructions, to be severally employed according to the nature of the ground. Each player has his own ball and his own set of clubs, which latter is carried by an attendant, technically termed a "caddie." The game is played as follows:

A series of small holes, four inches in diameter, are cut in the turf at a distance of from one hundred to four hundred yards apart, according to the size of the ground, on the circumference of a great circle, and the rival players, starting from beside the first hole, work round the circle, each endeavoring to make his holes in a less number of strokes than his antagonist, and they count for game thus: Supposing A and B to be playing—A makes his first hole in five strokes, B in six—A counts one toward his game. The next hole B wins; they are now one and one. The next two perhaps they achieve in the same number of strokes. These count for neither, or, what comes to the same thing, they are "halved." If A then manages to make more holes than B, or to make the same holes in a less number of plays, he is declared winner by so many holes or strokes.

Space will not permit us to enter fully into the minutiæ of the game; a few hints as to the correct way of standing and hitting, with some general remarks, are all that can be compassed here. First, to hold and use the club. Grasp the handle with both hands firmly, but not too tightly; lift it slowly over the right shoulder, and bring it down sharply but steadily on the ball, letting the lower surface of the butt-end first skim the ground. The action should be more of a steady sweep than a blow, and the club must be allowed to follow on its swing after the ball, and not be brought up abruptly after the stroke. Accuracy and clean hitting are far more effective than hard hitting, and should be specially studied; if the ball be only taken properly, a comparatively slight muscular exertion will send it an amazing distance. But it is not only a true and correct style of hitting that will serve the purpose of the striker; it is indispensable that he should also *stand* correctly. A very slight error in this important item will entirely vitiate all the results of even the most scientific manipulation of the club. The feet should be set firmly on the ground, about eighteen inches apart, the toe of the left foot opposite the ball, and at a distance exactly proportioned to the length of the handle of the club employed. If the striker be too near, the ball is liable to be taken by the heel of the club—technically "heeled"—and will have a tendency to the right of the direct line. If too far from it, the club is apt to take the ball with its "toe," or extremity, thus "drawing" or "hooking" it to the left of the true line. But this correct driving of the ball is, after all, only the very alphabet of the game; the real triumph of skill is in accurate and judicious "putting" (pronounced like *cutting.*) When the ball has been driven up to within a few yards of a hole, the novice would suppose that the most important part of his work was over, whereas, on the contrary, the real struggle for the hole is only just going to begin. So many circumstances have to be taken into consideration in making a "put" (pronounced like *cut*)—the nature and "lay" of the ground; the strength required to traverse the exact distance and no further; the position of the player's ball, and very often the position of the adversary's, which may chance to be between it and the hole; and last, the general condition of the game, by which must be decided whether to play boldly or cautiously. With all these against him, it will not be surprising that, as a general thing, "putting" is the last thing in which a player acquires real proficiency.

As previously remarked, "Golf" is, especially in England, very much of a "lady's game"; there are many "Golf" clubs composed entirely of ladies, and one of our illustrations shows a game in progress between sides chosen from the "Westward Ho" Club, one of the most famous of these. Another illustration shows the opening of a match between two celebrated clubs, at Wimbledon, England, a favorite resort of "Golf" players, as it is of riflemen; while in the last picture a player is seen about to attempt a "put."

It would certainly be a welcome addition to our meagre list of outdoor sports if "Golf" could be introduced and acclimatized; and the opportunity it would offer to the fair sex to escape from the wearisome monotony of croquet would doubtless make it a favorite game, not only with "ladyes fair," but with their attendant knights and squires.

A PICTURE FROM EGYPT—THE FEAST OF KHALIG.

Every one has heard of the annual ceremony by which the Doge of Venice in olden times gracefully wedded the Adriatic with a ring. Egypt used annually to wed the Nile, more horribly, by throwing into its turbulent and turbid waters, when rushing with force into the Khalig Canal, a young and beautiful virgin. This poor girl of fourteen or fifteen, chosen for her perfection of grace and form, was decorated as a bride—richly, elaborately decorated—and at the moment when the rising waters of the Nile were let into the Khalig Canal, to give life and fertility to well-nigh half of the delta, this poor girl, torn from her friends and family for the purpose, was precipitated into the world of waters, boiling, foaming, rushing madly in miniature waves from the overflowing river into the dry bed of the canal. The Nile was her bridegroom, and his embrace was death. A hundred have heard of the Doge's throwing the ring into the Adriatic, for one who has heard of the barbarous wedding of Egypt and the Nile.

The Feast of Khalig, which now annually takes place, as it did in days of yore, when the waters of the overflowing river are let tumultuously into the dry bed of the Khalig Canal, usually in August, is the modern reproduction of the old horrible ceremony, in which the shrieking girl, in her bridal attire, was offered up as a sacrifice to conciliate old Father Nile. The difference is that an earthen image of a girl, the best that the artists of Egypt can construct, is now substituted for the living, shuddering, palpitating, shrieking victim that was formerly immolated, as I have described. And for this change from cruel barbarism to merciful symbolism, Egypt is indebted to her Mussulman conquerors. Christian Egypt is said to have continued the horrid custom that had descended from antiquity, until Amrow, the General of Caliph Omar, in the seventh century, put an end to it. The Nile did not rise as high as usual next year, and Amrow wrote in great anxiety to Omar, fearing a revolt if the old and horrid custom were not restored. Omar's reply ought to be remembered. He inclosed in his dispatch a solemn form of invocation to the one true God drawn out by his high priest, and he ordered Amrow to throw that invocation into the Nile instead of the girl, as of yore. Amrow did so, and the waters that year rose to the usual level. Gradually, however, the old feast was restored, all except the human sacrifice, for which the earthen figure was substituted, and this now constitutes the Feast of Khalig.

So much, then, for the past; and now for the Feast of Khalig, as it is in this year of grace, eighteen hundred and seventy-two.

The Khalig Canal gets its waters from the Nile in the immediate vicinity of Cairo, and spreads the fertilizing stream throughout the western delta, as far as Damietta.

The Nile, represented as a god in the old temples of Egypt, is a fine old man with a white beard, the statue usually of black marble, probably to indicate his Abyssinian origin, his head crowned with emblematical fertility. He was supported by a sphinx, and a crocodile and hippopotamus reposed at his feet. He was surrounded by sixteen sons, representing the sixteen cubits to which it was necessary the waters should rise in order to give its full share of fertility to Egypt. He is no longer worshiped as a god, but his waters are treasured as carefully as ever, and the annual inundation is watched and measured as anxiously as it was when the young girl, in her bridal attire, was thrown into it to propitiate old Father Nilus.

A barrier keeps the waters of the river from the bed of the canal until the stream has sufficiently risen to permit of its being divided, and the cutting of the bund, or barrier, with its attendant ceremonies, constitutes the Feast of Khalig. It is in itself a sufficiently important matter, for the irrigation and fertilization of nearly half the delta depends upon it, and it is therefore no wonder that it should be made a time of holiday-making and rejoicing. Said Pasha, the predecessor of the present Viceroy, always attended the feast of Khalig. Ismail Pasha has attended it, but is "to one thing constant never."

From the time of the approach of evening, an hour or two before sunset, the crowd begins to accumulate in the neighborhood of the bund, or dam. The assembled Arabs sing and play on musical instruments, and shout and dance. The poor come in crowds from Cairo on foot, and the rich in their comfortable boats, called dahabiers. The whole river is alive with boats of all kinds, and as the twilight deepens into night, thousands of lights illumine its waters, whilst fireworks are let off in Cairo, illuminations appear on the surrounding buildings, nay, even the very huts are lighted up. Musicians and singers and dancing girls swarm on the barrier itself, and the little extempore booths and pavilions are dotted all over the banks, as well of the river as of the canal. Shouts of laughter resound on the water as well as on the shore, and are heard every now and then, loud and dissonant, above the din of the music and the singing.

The torches, waving amongst the crowds on shore, and the lights in the booths, and the gleaming lamps on the river, the water of which reflects on its black bosom the twinkling dots of flame, and the laughter, and the singing, and the discordant music, and the shouting crowd in their holiday attire, all make up as strange and fantastical a scene as one could see anywhere. "It is like a ball on the Styx and its banks," said a brilliant Frenchwoman; and truly the wild Arab figures, and the black Nubians, and the extraordinary mass of varied humanity, intermingled with the lights, and the blackness of the water and the night, made the simile not so inappropriate. The feast continues all night. Bengal lights and rockets, and blue, red and green flames, and flashing fireworks, are let off at intervals in Cairo all the night; and at intervals, as they appear and die away again, the crowds shout and dance, and exhibit the wildest demonstrations of joy.

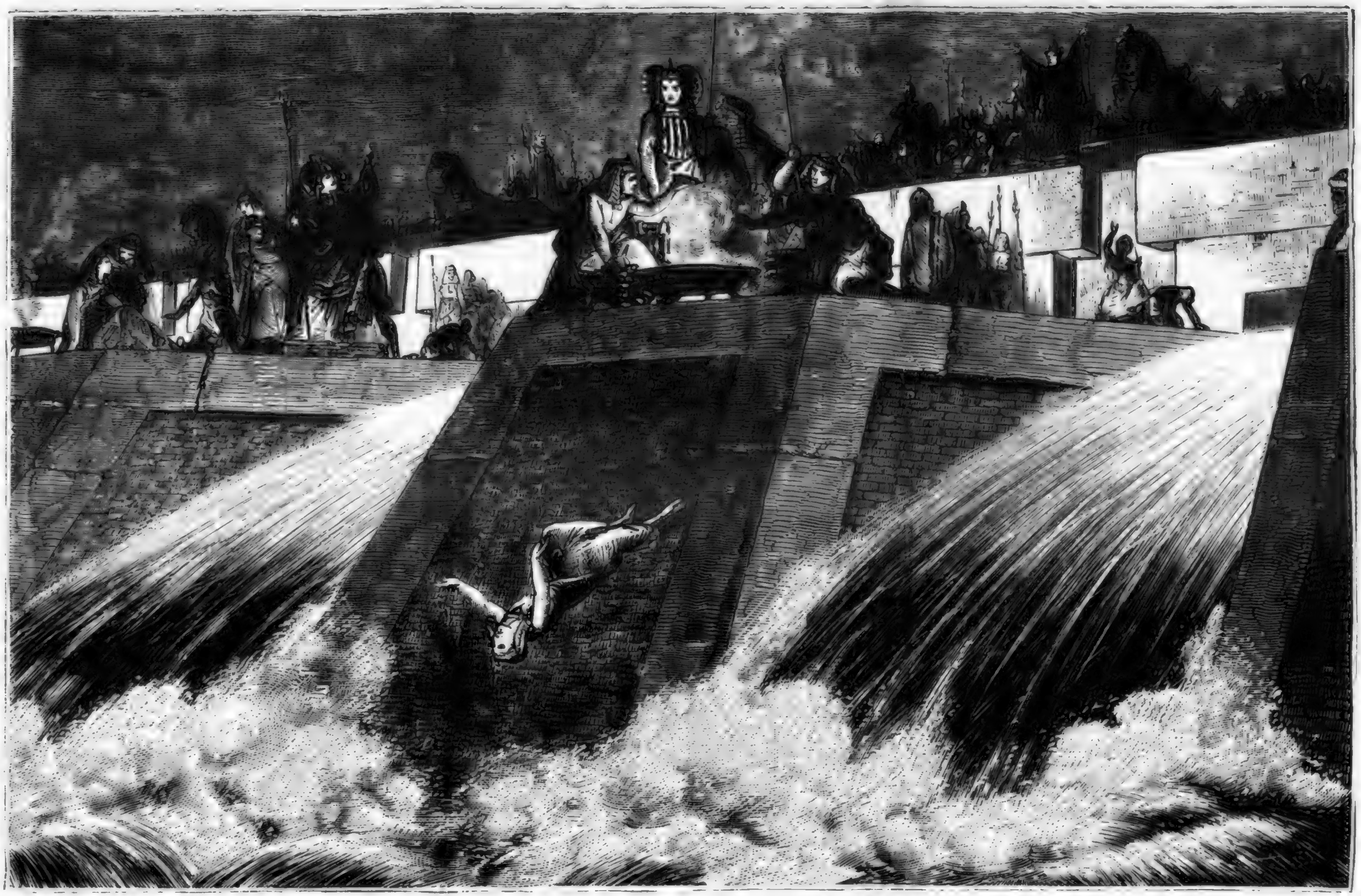
At length, at daydawn, the barrier is cleared, and the troops appear in military order, with the Viceroy himself, or his representative, at their head. The cannon are placed in position, and the earthen image of the bride of the Nile is elevated, and great is the excitement. All are waiting for the decisive moment. It comes at last! The signal is given, the cannon thunder forth, the image of the girl is hurled into the seething waters, the barrier is broken up, and large, and ever more large, is the volume of water that rushes and leaps and crashes and dances into the bed of the canal, as the last opposing remnants of the barrier are swept away by the impetuous tide.

And such is the Feast of Khalig, as it is now celebrated.

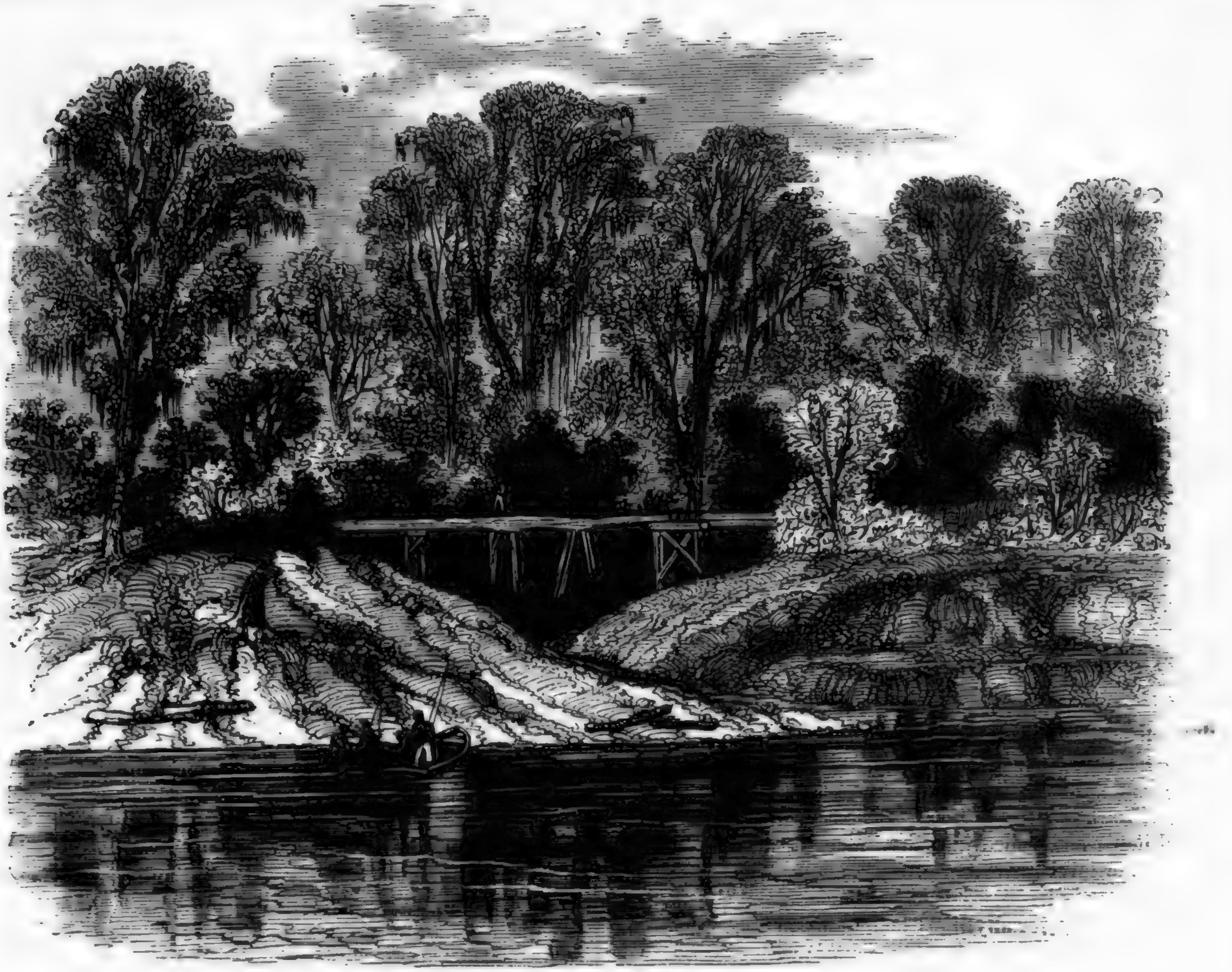
Good Advice.—If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practice kindness, even if it be but little each day. Learn something each day, even if it be but to spell one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face.

Never plead guilty to poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you might better admit that you are a villain.

XUM



A PICTURE FROM EGYPT.—THE FEAST OF KHALIG.—SEE PAGE 703.



HEADWATERS OF THE TECHE, LA.

WIFE IN NAME ONLY.

By the Author of "Dora Thorne," "On her Wedding-Morn," "Redeemed by Love," "A Woman's War," etc., etc.

Chapter XXIII.

More than once during the week that ensued after his proposal of marriage to Madaline, Lord Arleigh looked in wonder at the duchess. She seemed so unlike herself—absent, brooding, almost sullen. The smiles, the animation, the vivacity, the wit, the brilliant repartee that had distinguished her, had all vanished. More than once he asked her if she was ill; the answer was always "No." More than once he asked her if she was unhappy; the answer was always the same—"No."

"You are miserable because your husband is not here," he said to her one day, compassionately. "If you had known how much you would have missed him, you would not have let him go."

There was a depth of pain in the eyes raised to his.

"I wish he had not gone," she said; "from the very depths of my heart I wish that." Then she seemed to recover her natural gayety. "I do not know, though, why I should have detained him," she said, half laughingly.

"You must not lose all your spirits before his return, Philippa, or he will say we have been but sorry guardians."

"No one has ever found fault with my spirits before," said the duchess. "You are not complimentary, Norman."

"You give me such a strange impression," he observed. "I should think that you had something on your mind, some secret that was making you unhappy. It is an absurd idea, I know, yet it has taken possession of me."

"What imaginative power you have, Norman! You would make your fortune as a novelist. What can I have to be unhappy about? Could any one, do you think, be more happy than I?"

"No, perhaps not," he replied.

So the week passed, and at the end of it Lady Peters went with Madaline to St. Mildred's.

It might be a *mésalliance*, a bad match, but it was most decidedly a case of true love, of the truest love Lady Peters had ever witnessed; so that her dislike to the task before her melted away.

On the morning Madaline went away, the duchess sent for her to her room. She told her all that she intended doing as regarded the elaborate and magnificent *trousseau* preparing for her. Madaline was overwhelmed.

"You are too good to me," she said—"you spoil me, How am I to thank you?"

"Your wedding-dress—plain, simple, but rich, to suit the occasion—will be sent to St. Mildred's," said the duchess—"also a handsome traveling-costume; but all the rest can be sent to Beechgrove. You will need them only there."

"I shall never know how to thank you," she said.

"I think you will," returned the duchess. "I can imagine what blessings you will some day invoke on my name."

Then she withdrew her hand suddenly from the touch of the pure, sweet lips.

"Good-by, Madaline," she said; and it was long before the young girl saw the fair face of the duchess again.

Philippa then placed a packet in her hand, saying: "You will carefully observe the directions given in this?" and Madaline promised to do so.

The eventful day came—Lord Arleigh and Madaline were to be married at an early hour.

"Not," said Lord Arleigh, proudly, "that there is any need for concealment—why should there be?—but you see, Lady Peters, if it were known that it was my wedding-day, I have so many friends, so many relatives, that privacy would be impossible; therefore the world has not been enlightned."

"It is a strange marriage for an Arleigh," observed Lady Peters—"the first of its kind, I am sure. But I think you are right—your plan is wise."

All the outward show made at that wedding consisted in the rapid driving of a carriage from the hotel to the church—a carriage containing two ladies—one young, fair, charming as a Spring morning, the other older, and more sedate. The grand old words of the marriage-service were pronounced—they were promised to each other for better for worse, for weal for woe—never to part until death parted them—to be each the other's world.

Only one little *contretemps* happened at the wedding. Madaline smiled at it, Lord Arleigh was too happy even to notice it, but Lady Peters grew pale at the occurrence; for, according to her old-fashioned ideas, it augured ill.

Just as Lord Arleigh was putting the ring on the finger of his fair young bride, it slipped and fell to the ground. The church was an old-fashioned one, and there were graves and vaults all down the aisle. Away rolled the little golden ring, and when Lord Arleigh stooped down he could not see it. He was for some few minutes searching for it, and then he found it—it had rolled into the hollow of a large letter on one of the level gravestones.

Involuntarily he kissed it as he lifted it from the ground; it was too cruel for anything belonging to that fair young bride to have been brought into contact with death. Lady Peters noted the little incident with a shudder, Madaline merely smiled. Then the ceremony was over—Lord Arleigh and Madaline were man and wife. It seemed to him that the whole world around him was transformed.

They walked out of the church together, and when they stood in the sunlight he turned to her.

"My darling, my wife," he said, in an impassioned voice, "may Heaven send to us a life bright as this sunshine, love as pure—life and death together. I pray to Heaven that no deeper cloud may come over our lives than there is now in the sky above us."

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was the custom of the Arleighs to spend their honeymoon at home; the proper place, they considered, for a man to take his young wife to was home; the first Lord Arleigh had done so, and each lord had followed his sensible example. Norman, Lord Arleigh, had not dreamed of making any change.

As Lady Peters stood at the carriage-door, she took the young wife into her arms.

"Good-by, Madaline—good-by, and may Heaven bless you! I did not love you at first, my dear, and I thought my old friend was doing a foolish thing; but now I love you with all my heart; you are so fair and wise, so sweet and pure. That is my tribute to you, Madaline; and to it I add, may Heaven bless you and send you a happy life!"

Bride and bridegroom had one of the blithest, happiest journeys ever made.

"We will have a long drive through the park, Madaline," said Lord Arleigh. "You will like to see your new home."

So, instead of going direct to the mansion, they turned off from the main avenue to make a tour of the park.

"Now I understand why this place is called Beechgrove," said Madaline, suddenly. "I have never seen such trees in my life."

Presently, from between the trees, she saw the mansion itself. Lord Arleigh touched his young wife's arm gently.

"My darling," he said, "that is home."

Her eyes brightened, the sensitive lips quivered.

"Home!" she repeated. "How sweet the word sounds to me!" With a tremulous smile she raised her fair face to his. "Norman," she said, "do you know that I feel very much as Lady Burleigh, of Stamford-town, must have felt."

"But you, Madaline," he laughed, "are not quite the simple maiden he wooed and won. You have the high-bred grace of a lady—nothing could rob you of that."

"She must have been lovely and graceful to have won Lord Burleigh," she remarked.

"Perhaps so; but not like you, Madaline—there has never been any one quite like you. I shall feel tempted to call you 'Lady Burleigh.' Here we are at home; and, oh, my wife, my darling, how sweet the coming home is!"

The carriage stopped at the grand entrance. As Lord Arleigh had not dispatched the news of his marriage home, no one at Beechgrove expected to see Lady Arleigh. He sent at once for the housekeeper, a tall, stately dame, who came, looking in unutterable amazement at the beautiful young face.

"Mrs. Chatterton," he said, "I wish to introduce you to my wife, Lady Arleigh."

"Welcome home, my lady," she said, deferentially. "If I had known that your ladyship was expected, I would have made more befitting preparations."

"Nothing could be better—you have everything in admirable order," responded Lady Arleigh, kindly.

Then the housekeeper turned with a bow to her master.

"I did not know you were married, my lord," she said.

"No, Mrs. Chatterton; for reasons of my own, I hurried on my marriage. No one shall lose by the hurry, though"—which she knew meant a handsome bounty.

Presently she went with Lady Arleigh to her room.

"His lordship wrote to tell me to have all the rooms in the western wing ready," said Mrs. Chatterton; "but he did not tell me why. They are splendid rooms, my lady—large, bright, and cheerful. They look over the beautiful beeches in the park, from which the place takes its name. Of course you will have what is called Lady Arleigh's suite?"

As she spoke Mrs. Chatterton threw open the door, and Lady Arleigh saw the most magnificent rooms she had ever beheld in her life—a boudoir all blue silk and white lace, a spacious sleeping-chamber daintily hung with pink satin, a dressing-room that was a marvel of elegance, and a small library, all fitted with the greatest luxury.

"This is the finest suite in the house," said the housekeeper; "they are always kept for the mistress of Beechgrove. Has your ladyship brought your maid?"

"No," replied Lady Arleigh; "the fact is, I have not chosen one. The Duchess of Hazlewood promised to find one for me."

That illustrious name awed the housekeeper.

When Lady Arleigh had changed her traveling-dress for the evening, she went down-stairs. Her young husband looked up in a rapture of delight.

"Oh, Madaline," he said, "how long have you been away from me? It seems like a hundred hours, yet I do not suppose that it has been one. And how fair you look, my love! That cloudy white robe suits your golden hair and your sweet face, which has the same soft, shy expression as when I saw you first. No dress could be more coquettish or prettier. I am proud of my wife. I know that no fairer Lady Arleigh has ever been at Beechgrove. When we have dined, Madaline, I will take you to the picture-gallery, and introduce you to my ancestors and ancestresses."

A *récherché* little dinner had been hastily prepared, and was served in the grand dining-room. Madaline's eyes ached with the dazzle of silver plate, the ornaments, and magnificence of the room.

"Shall I ever grow accustomed to all this?" she asked herself, wonderingly. "Shall I ever learn to look upon it as my own? I am indeed bewildered."

Yet her husband admired her perfect grace and self-possession. She might have been mistress of Beechgrove all her life, for any evidence she gave to the contrary. His pride in her increased every moment.

"I have never really known what 'home' meant before, Madaline," he said. "Imagine sitting opposite to a beautiful vision, knowing all the time that it is your wife. My own wife—there is magic in the words."

When dinner was ended, he asked her if she was tired.

"No," she answered, laughingly; "I have never felt less fatigue."

"Then I should like to show you over the house," he said, "my dear old home. I am so proud of it, Madaline; you understand what I mean—proud of its beauty, its antiquity—proud that no shadow of disgrace has ever rested on it. People may sneer if they will, but to me there seems nothing so sacred as love of race—jealousy for a stainless name."

"I can understand and sympathize with you," she said, "although the feeling is strange to me."

"Not quite strange, Madaline. Now come with me, and I will introduce you to the long line of Ladies Arleigh."

Chapter XXV.

THE picture-gallery was one of the chief attractions of Beechgrove; like the grand old trees, it had been the work of generations. Between the crimson velvet hangings white marble statues gleamed, copies of the world's great masterpieces; there were also more modern works of art. The floor was of the most exquisite parquetry; the seats and lounges were soft and luxurious; in the great windows east and west there stood a small fountain. One portion was devoted entirely to family portraits—a wonderful collection, one of the most characteristic in England.

"I thought the gallery at Verdun Royal the finest in the world," she said; "it is nothing compared to this."

"And this," he returned, "is small compared with the great European galleries."

"They belong to nations; this belongs to an individual," she said; "there is a difference."

Holding her hand in his, he led her to the long line of fair-faced women. As the light from the setting sun fell on her fair face and golden hair, he said to himself that no picture in his gallery was one-half so exquisite.

"Now let me introduce you to the ladies of my race," he said, as he proceeded to narrate their various histories.

"Oh, Norman," she said, "do you mean that my portrait too will hang here?"

"I hope so, my darling, very soon."

"But how can I have place amongst all these fair and noble women," she asked, with sad humility—"I, whose ancestors have done nothing to deserve merit or praise? Why, Norman, in the long years to come, when some Lord Arleigh brings home his wife as you have brought me, and they stand together before my picture as I stand before these, the young wife will ask, 'Who was this?' and the answer will be, 'Lady Madaline Arleigh.' She will ask again, 'Who was she?' And what will the answer be?"

"That Lord Arleigh will be able to answer: 'She was the flower of the race; she was famed for her pure, gentle life and the good example she gave to all around her; she was beloved by rich and poor.' That is what will be said of you, my Madaline."

"Heaven make me worthy!" she said, humbly. And then they came to a picture that seemed to strike her.

"Norman," she said, "that face is like the Duchess of Hazlewood's."

"Do you think so, darling? Well, there is perhaps a faint resemblance."

"It lies in the brow and in the chin," she said. "How beautiful the duchess is!" she continued. "Do you know one thing that I have thought so strange?"

"No; I have not been trusted with many of your thoughts yet," he returned.

"I have wondered so often why you never fell in love with the duchess."

"Fate had something better in store for me," he said, laughing.

"Norman," she said, a sudden gleam of memory brightening her face, "I had almost forgotten—the duchess gave me this for you; I was to be sure to give it to you before the sun set on our wedding-day."

She held out a white packet sealed securely, and he took it wonderingly. He tore off the outer cover, and saw written on the envelope:

"A wedding-present from Philippa, Duchess of Hazlewood, to Lord Arleigh. To be read alone on his wedding-day."

What could it mean? Philippa at times took strange caprices into her head. This seemed to be one of the strangest.

"Madaline, my darling," he said, sinking on to an ottoman, "you have taken no tea. You would like some. Leave me here alone for half an hour. I want to think."

She went up to him, and clasped her arms round his neck. She bent her blushing face over his, and the caress surprised as much as it delighted him.

"What are you going to think about, Norman? Will it be of me?"

"Of whom else should I think on my wedding-day, if not of my wife?" he asked.

"I should be jealous if your thoughts went anywhere else," replied Madaline. "This is a daring speech, Norman. I never thought I should make such a one."

"Your daring is very delightful, Madaline; let me hear more of it."

She laughed a low, happy, contented laugh, that sounded like sweetest music in his ears.

"I will dare to say something else, Norman, if you promise not to think it uncalled for. I am very happy, my darling husband—I love you very much, and I thank you for your love."

"Still better," he said, kissing the beautiful, blushing face. "Now go, Madaline. I understand the feminine liking for a cup of tea.

"Shall I send one to you?" she asked.

"No," he replied, laughingly. "You may teach me to care about tea in time. I do not yet."

The faint perfume of the letter was like a message from Philippa, reminding him that the missive was still unread.

"I shall not be long," said Madaline.

He watched the long folds of Madaline's white dress as she passed along the gallery, and then the hangings fell, and he was alone.

He broke the seal; the envelope contained a closely written epistle. It began as follows:

"A wedding-present from Philippa, Duchess of Hazlewood, to Norman, Lord Arleigh. You will ask what it is? My answer is, My revenge—well planned, patiently awaited. Fire, fury, and hatred rage now in my heart as I write this to you. You have scorned me—this is my revenge.

"As a child, I loved you better than anything else in the wide world—better than my mother, my home, my friends; and my love grew with my growth. I thought of no future but with you, no life but with you, no love but for you; I had no dreams apart from you. I was proud when they talked of my beauty: that you should have a fair wife delighted me.

"When you returned home, I quite expected that you were coming to claim me as your wife—I thought that was what brought you to England. I remember the day you came. The first tones of your voice, the first clasp of your hand, the first look of your eyes, chilled me with sorrow and disappointment. Yet I hoped against hope. I tried to win you—I tried all that love, patience, gentleness and consideration could do. It was all in vain.

"Then came for me the fatal day when I heard you tell the Duchess of Aytoun that you had never seen the woman you would care to make your wife. I heard the confession, yet I would not give in. At last came the night out on the balcony, when I resolved to risk all, to ask you for your love—do you remember it? You were advocating the cause of another; I asked you why you did not speak for yourself. You must have known that my woman's heart was on fire; yet you told me in cold, well-chosen words, that you had only a brother's affection for me. On that night the better part of me died; my love—the love of my life—died; my hopes—life-long hopes —died; the best, truest, noblest part of me died.

"When I was left alone, I swore to be revenged. I vowed vengeance against you, no matter what it might cost.

"Years ago we had a maid whom my mother liked very much. She was gentle, well-mannered, and well-bred. She left us, and married badly—a handsome, reckless, ne'er-do-well, who led her a most wretched life.

"Very shortly after my marriage, she called to ask my aid. She had been compelled to come to London with her husband and child. While she was talking to me the duke came in. I think her patient face interested him. He listened to her story, and promised to do something for her husband.

"The man came; and the result of that visit was, that Dornham, seeing a quantity of plate about, resolved upon helping himself to a portion of it. He was caught, after having broken into the house and filled his pockets with some of my most valuable jewels. There was no help for it but to prosecute him, and his sentence was ten years' penal servitude.

"Afterward I went to see Margaret, and found her in desperate circumstances; yet she had one ornament in her house—a beautiful young girl, her daughter, so fair of face that at first she dazzled me. The moment I saw her I thought of your description of your ideal—eyes like blue hyacinths and hair of gold. Forthwith a plan entered my mind which I have most successfully carried out.

"I asked for the girl's name, and was told that it was Madaline—an uncommon name for one of her class—but the mother had lived amongst well-to-do people, and had caught some of their ideas. I looked at the girl—her face was fair, sweet, pure. Her hands were white and shapely as my own, her figure was slender and graceful. I found her well-educated, refined, intelligent.

For many years Madaline had been what is called a governess-pupil in a most excellent school. 'Let me die when I may,' said the poor, proud mother; 'her education will always be a fortune to her.'

"I asked her one day if she would let me take Madaline home with me for a few hours; she seemed delighted, and consented at once. I took the girl home, and with my own hands dressed her in one of my most becoming toilets. Her beauty was something marvelous. She seemed to gain both grace and dignity in her new attire. Shortly afterward, with her mother's permission, I sent her for six months to one of the most fashionable schools in Paris. The change wrought in her was magical; she learned as much in that time as some girls would have learned in a couple of years. Every little grace of manner seemed to come naturally to her; she acquired a tone that twenty years spent in the best of society does not give to some. Then I persuaded Vere, my husband, to take me to Paris for a few days, telling him I wanted to see the daughter of an old friend, who was at school there. When I told him my whim was to bring Madaline home and make a companion of her, he allowed me to do just as I pleased, asking no questions.

"I have my revenge. You have married not only a low-born girl, but the daughter of a felon—a felon's daughter is mistress of proud Beechgrove! You, who scorned Philippa L'Estrange—you, who looked for your ideal in the clouds, have found it near a prison-cell! Could I have planned, prayed for, hoped for, longed for a sweeter revenge?

"I am indifferent as to what you may do in return. I have lived for my revenge, and now that I have tasted it, life is indifferent to me. You will, of course, write to complain to the duke, and he, with his honest indignation justly aroused, will perhaps refuse to see me again. I care not; my interest in life ended when my love died.

"Madaline herself has been deceived. I told her that you knew all her history, and that you loved her in spite of it; but that she was never to mention it to you."

He read the letter with a burning flush on his face, which afterward grew white as with the pallor of death; a red mist was before his eyes, the sound of surging waters in his ears, his heart beat loud and fast. Could it be true—oh, merciful Heaven, could it be true? At first he had a wild hope that it was a cruel jest. It could not be true—his whole soul rose in rebellion against it.

The daughter of a felon—and he had brought her to Beechgrove as successor to a roll of noble women, each one of whom had been a heroine, each one of whom had been of noble birth! For the first time the glory of Beechgrove was tarnished. They must part. The girl he loved with all the passionate love of his heart—the fair, young wife whom he worshiped, must go, and he must see her no more. She must be his wife in name only.

His head fell forward on his breast, and as bitter a sob as ever left man's lips died on his. His wife in name only! The sweet face, the tender lips, were not for him—yet he loved her with the whole passion and force of his soul. Then he raised his head—for he heard a sound, and knew that she was returning.

She came up to him, and stood before him in all the grace of her delicate loveliness, in all the pride of her beauty. She was looking at the gorgeous Titian near him.

"Norman," she said, "the sun has turned those rubies into drops of blood—they look almost terrible on the white throat. What a strange picture! What a tragical face!"

Suddenly, with outstretched arms, she fell on her knees at his side.

"Oh, my darling! what has happened? What is the matter?"

She had been away from him only half an hour, yet it seemed to him ages since he had watched her leave the gallery with a smile on her lips.

"What is it, my darling?" she cried again. "Dear

Norman, you look as though the shadow of death had passed over you. What is it?"

She flung herself on his breast, and was kissing his changed face as she had never done before.

"Norman, my darling husband, you are ill," she said—"and will not tell me. That is why you sent me away."

He tried to unclasp her arms, but she clung the more closely to him.

"You shall not send me away. You wish to suffer in silence! Oh, my darling, my husband, do you forget that I am your wife, for better for worse, in sickness and in health? You shall not suffer without my knowledge."

"I am not ill, Madaline," he said, with a low moan. "It is not that."

He unclasped her arms from his neck—their caress was a torture to him.

"My poor darling—my poor wife!"

She looked round in quick alarm; and then something strange in his face attracted her attention. She looked at him.

"Norman," she said, slowly, "is it—is it—something about me?"

How was he to tell her? He felt that it would be easier to take her out into the glorious light of the sunset and slay her than kill her with the cruel words that he must speak.

"It is—I am quite sure," she declared, slowly—"something about me. Oh, Norman, what is it? I have not been away from you long, yet no change from fairest day to darkest night could be so great as the change in you since I left you. You will not tell me what it is—you have taken my arms from your neck—you do not love me!"

"Do not torture me, Madaline," he said. "I am almost mad!"

"But what is it? What have I done? I, whom you send from you now, am the same Madaline whom you married this morning—whom you kissed half an hour since. Norman, I begin to think that I am in a terrible dream."

"I would to Heaven it were a dream. Oh, Madaline, how can I tell you!"

His agitation calmed her; she took his hand in hers.

"Do not think of me," she said; "think of yourself. I can bear what you can bear. Let me share your trouble, whatever it may be, my husband."

He looked at the sweet, pleading face. How could he dash the light and the brightness from it? How could he slay her with the cruel story he had to tell? Then, in a low, hoarse voice, he said:

"You must know all, and I cannot say it. Read this letter, Madaline, and then you will understand."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SLOWLY, wonderingly, Lady Arleigh took the duchess's letter and opened it.

"Is it from the duchess?" she asked.

"Yes; it is from the duchess," replied her husband.

He saw her sink slowly down upon a lounge.

Slowly, and as though it was with difficulty that she understood, Lady Arleigh read the letter through, and then—she did not scream or cry out—she raised her eyes to his face. He saw in them a depth of human sorrow and human woe which words were powerless to express.

So they looked at each other in passionate anguish. No words passed—of what avail were they? Each read the heart of the other. They knew that they must part. Then the closely written pages fell to the ground, and Madaline's hands clasped each other in helpless anguish. The golden head fell forward on her breast. He noticed that in her agitation and sorrow she did not cling to him as she had clung before—that she did not even touch him. She seemed by instinct to understand that she was his wife now in name only.

So for some minutes they sat, while the sunset glowed in the west. He was the first to speak.

"My dear Madaline," he said, "my poor wife, I would rather have died than have given you this pain."

"I know it—I am sure of it," she said; "but, oh, Norman, how can I release you?"

"There is, happily, no question about that," he answered.

He saw her rise from her feet and stretch out her arms.

"What have I done," she cried, "that I must suffer so cruelly? What have I done?"

"Madaline," said Lord Arleigh, "I do not think that so cruel a fate has ever befallen any one as has befallen us. I do not believe that any one has ever had to suffer so cruelly, my darling. If death had parted us, the trial would have been easier to bear."

"It is very cruel," she said, with a shudder. "I did not think that the duchess could be so cruel."

"It is more than that—it is infamous!" he cried. "It is vengeance worthier of a fiend than of a woman."

"And I loved her so!" said the young girl, mournfully. "Husband, I will not reproach you—your love was chivalrous and noble; but why did you not let me speak freely to you? The duchess told me that you knew the whole history of my father's crime, that you were familiar with every detail of it, but that you wished me never to mention it—never even ever so remotely to allude to it. I thought it strange, Norman, that one in your position should be willing to overlook so terrible a blot; but she told me your love for me was so great that you could not live without me. She told me even more—that I must try to make my own life so perfect that the truest nobility of all, the nobility of virtue, might be mine."

"Did she really tell you that?" asked Lord Arleigh, wonderingly.

"Yes; and, Norman, she said that you would discuss the question with me once, and once only—that would be on my wedding-day. On that day you would ask for, and I should tell, the whole story of my father's crime; and after that it was to be as a dead letter, never to be named."

"And you believed her?' he said.

"Yes, as I believe you. I told her with tears in my eyes that I thought you would repent; more than once I was on the point of running away. But she would not let me go."

"I wish you had told me this," he said, slowly.

She raised her eyes to his.

"You would not let me speak, Norman. I tried so often, dear, but you would not let me."

"I remember," he acknowledged; "but, oh, my darling, how little I knew what you had to say! I never thought that anything stood between us except your poverty."

They remained silent for some few minutes—such sorrow as theirs needed no words. Lord Arleigh was again the first to speak.

"Madaline," he said, "will you tell me all you remember of your life?"

"First, I can remember being a child in some far-off woodland house. My father used to come in with his gun slung across his shoulders—he was a very handsome man, Norman, but not kind to either my mother or me. My mother was patient, kind, gentle, long-suffering." She continued as though recalling her thoughts with difficulty. "I can remember some one else. I do not know who or what he was, except that he was, I think, a doctor. He used to amuse me. Then there came a dark day. After that I never saw my friend again."

"And you remember no more than that about him, Madaline?"

"No," she replied. "Then came a time," she went on, "when it seemed to me that my mother spent all her days and nights in weeping. I have no recollection of the journey, but I can remember my sorrow at leaving the bright green woods for a dull, gloomy city lodging. After we came to London my mother insisted that I should have a good education; she toiled, saved, suffered for me. 'My darling must be a lady,' she used to say. She would not let me work, though I entreated her with tears in my eyes. After a great deal of trouble and expense, she contrived to get me an engagement as governess-pupil in a ladies' school; and there I received a good education. My mother always fancied that people watched me. 'Has any one spoken to you, darling?' she would ask. 'Has any stranger seen you?' I used to laugh, thinking it was parental anxiety; but it has struck me since as strange. While I was at the ladies' school my father committed the crime for which I—alas! am suffering now."

"Will you tell me what the crime was?"

"I will tell you all about it," she said—"would to Heaven that I had done so before! My mother was in the service of Lady L'Estrange. Miss L'Estrange married the Duke of Hazlewood, and, when my mother was in great difficulties, some time since, she went to the duchess to ask her for employment. The duchess was always kind," continued Madaline, "and she grew interested in my mother. She interested the duke in her case, and he promised to find employment for my unfortunate father, who went to his house to see him. What he saw in the duke's mansion tempted him. He joined some burglars, and they robbed the house. My unfortunate father was found with his pockets filled with valuable jewelry."

"None of this is your fault, my poor darling," he said. "Go on."

"Then," she continued, "the duchess was kinder than ever to my mother. She furnished her with the means of gaining her livelihood; she offered to finish my education and adopt me. So I was sent to a school in Paris. When I had been there some time, the duke and duchess came to see me. They arranged that I was to go home with them and live as the duchess's companion. Again she warned me never upon any account to mention who I was, or anything about me. From the first, Norman, she talked so much about you; you were the model of everything chivalrous and noble. I had learned to love you long before I saw you. I can see it all now. She laid the plot—we were the victims. Oh, Norman, you and I were both blind! Oh, if I could but die here at your feet, and save you from myself!"

Even as she spoke she sank sobbing at his feet.

"Madaline," he said, as he raised her in his arms, "do not make my task harder. That which I have to do is indeed bitter to me—do not make it harder."

This touched her. For his sake she must try to be strong.

The strong man trembled with agitation; his lips quivered, his face was pale as death. He bent over his weeping wife.

"Madaline," he said, gently, "I do not understand the ways of destiny. Why you and I have to suffer this torture I cannot say. I can see nothing in our lives that deserves such punishment. Heaven knows best. There is only one thing plain to me, and it is that we must part."

He never forgot how she sprang from him, her colorless face raised to his.

"Part, Norman!" she cried. "We cannot part now; I am your wife!"

"I know it. But we must part."

"Part!" repeated the girl. "We cannot; the tie that binds us cannot be sundered so easily"

"My poor Madaline, it must be."

She caught his hand in hers.

"You are jesting, Norman. We cannot be separated—we are one. Do you forget the words—'for better for worse, 'till death does us part'? You frighten me!"

And she shrank from him with a terrible shudder.

"It must be as I have said," declared the unhappy man. "I have been deceived—so have you. We have to suffer now for another's sin."

"We may suffer," she said, "but we cannot part. You cannot send me away from you."

"I must," he persisted. "Darling, I speak with the deepest love and pity, yet with unwavering firmness. You cannot think that, with that terrible stain resting on you, you can take your place here."

"But I am your wife!" she cried, in wild terror.

"You are my wife," he returned, with quivering lips; "but you must remain so in name only. My wife," he muttered, "in name only."

"But I love you, Norman—you must not send me away! I love you—I shall die if I have to leave you!"

"My darling," he said, gently, "it is even harder for me than for you."

"No, no!" she cried, "for I love you so dearly, Norman—better than life! Darling, my whole heart went out to you long ago—you cannot give it back to me."

"If it kills you and myself too, I must send you away."

"Send me away! Oh, no, Norman! Let me stay, husband, darling. We were married only this morning. My place is here by your side. I cannot go!"

Looking away from her, with those passionate accents still ringing in his ears, his only answer was:

"Family honor demands it."

"Norman," she implored, "listen to me, dear! Do not send me away. I will be so good, so devoted. I will fulfill my duties so well. I will bear myself so worthily that no one shall remember anything against me; they shall forget my unhappy birth, and think only that you have chosen well. Oh, Norman, be merciful! Leaving you would be a living death!"

"You cannot suffer more than I do," he said—"and I would give my life to save you pain; but, my darling, I cannot be so false to the honor of my house as to ask you to stay here. I could not ask you to remain here and treat you as my wife, even to save my life!"

"I have done no wrong, Norman; why should you punish me so cruelly?"

"No, my darling, you have done no wrong—and the punishment is more mine than yours. I lose the wife whom I love most dearly—I lose my all."

"And what do I lose?" she moaned.

"Not so much as I do, because you are the fairest and sweetest of women. You shall live in all honor, Madaline. You shall never suffer social degradation, darling—the whole world shall know that I hold you blameless; but you can be my wife only in name."

She was silent for a few minutes; then held out her arms to him.

"Oh, my love, relent!" she cried. "Do not be so hard on me—indeed I have done no wrong. Be merciful! I am your wife; your name is so mighty, so noble, it will overshadow me. Who notices the weed that grows under the shadow of the kingly oak? Oh, husband, let me stay! I love you so dearly—let me stay!"

The trial was so cruel that great drops fell from his brow, and his limbs trembled.

"My darling, it is utterly impossible. We have been deceived. The consequences of that deceit must be met. Do not urge me further."

"Norman," she said, in a trembling voice, "you are doing wrong in sending me away. It is Heaven's law that husband and wife should cleave together. You cannot break it."

"I have no wish to break it. I shall love you until I die, but you must be my wife in name only."

"Norman," she said, "let me make one last appeal. I know the stigma is terrible—almost more than you can bear; but, my darling, since you say you love me so dearly, can you not bear this trial for my sake, if in everything else I please you—if I ever prove myself a loving, trustful, truthful wife—if I prove a worthy mistress of your household?"

"I cannot," he replied, hoarsely; but something in his face gave her hope, for she went on, with a ring of passionate love in her voice.

"If, after we had been married, I had found out that you had concealed something from me, do you think that I should have loved you less?"

"I do not think you would, Madaline; but the present case is different—entirely different; it is not for my own sake, but for the honor of my race."

"But, Norman—this is a weak argument, I know—a woman's argument—still, listen to it, love—who would know my secret if it were well kept?"

"It would hang over my head like a drawn sword, and some day the sword would fall. In the height of some social or political struggle, when man often repeats against his fellow-man all that he knows of the vilest and the worst, there might be thrown into the faces of our children the fact that they were descended from a felon!"

She drew up her slender figure to its full height, her lovely face glowed with a light he did not understand.

"You may be quite right," she said. "I cannot dispute what you say. Your honor may be a sufficient reason for throwing aside the wife of less than twelve hours, but my heart tells me you are wrong."

"Would to Heaven that I thought the same!" he rejoined, quickly.

She turned away with a low, dreary sigh, and the light died from her face.

"Madaline," said Lord Arleigh, quietly, "do not think, my darling, that you suffer most—indeed it is not so. Think how I love you—think how precious you are to me—and then ask yourself if it is no pain to give you up."

"I know it is painful," she returned, sadly; "but, Norman, if the decision and choice rested with me as they do with you, I should act differently."

"I would, Heaven knows, if I could," he said, slowly.

"Such conduct is not just to me," she continued, her face flushing with the eagerness of her words. "I have done no wrong, yet I am to be driven from your house and home—divorced in all but name. I say it is not fair, Norman—not just. Do you think I have no sense of honor? Could you do me a greater wrong, do you think, than to put me away, not twelve hours after our marriage, like one utterly unworthy?"

He made no answer. She went on in her low, passionate, musical voice.

"I can say no more," she moaned, wringing her hands. "My own heart, my woman's instinct, tells me you are wrong. I cannot argue; nor can I urge anything more."

She turned from him. He would have given much to take her into his arms and, kissing her, bid her stay.

Lord Arleigh raised his head from his breast. His wife was kneeling, sobbing at his feet.

"Norman," she said, in a broken voice, "I yield, I submit. You know best, dear. In truth, I am not worthy to be your wife. I urge no claim on you; but, my darling, must I leave you? Could I not remain here as your servant, the lowliest in your house—somewhere near, where I may hear the tones of your voice, the sound of your footsteps. Oh, Norman, be merciful, and grant me that at least!"

"My darling, do not tempt me. If you were near me, I might remember only my love."

"No one should know," she whispered, "that I was your wife. No one should know, love. Oh, darling, let it be so!"

She saw great drops of agony on his brow; she saw a world of pain in his eyes which alarmed her.

"It cannot be," he replied, hoarsely. "You must urge me no more—you are torturing me."

Then she rose, humbly enough, and turned away.

"While I have been sitting here," he went on, "I have been thinking it all over, and I have come to a decision as to what will be best for you and for me. You are Lady Arleigh of Beechgrove—you are my wife; you shall have all the honor and respect due to your position."

She shuddered, as though the words were a most cruel mockery.

"On our estate there is a little house called the Dower House—a house where the dowagers of the family have generally resided. It is near Winiston. A housekeeper and two servants live in the house now, and keep it in order. You will be happy there, my darling, I am sure, as far as is possible. I will see that you have everything which you need or require. You have no objection to raise, have you, Madaline?"

"No," she replied; "it matters little where I live; I can only pray that my life may be short."

"Hush, my darling! You pain me."

"It is eight o'clock," he said; "we shall have time to drive to Winiston to-night."

There was a world of sorrowful reproach in the blue eyes raised to his.

"I understand," she said, quietly; "you do not wish that the daughter of a felon should sleep, even for one night, under your roof."

"You pain me, and you pain yourself; but, if you will hear the truth, it is, my poor Madaline, just as you say. Even for these ancient walls I have such reverence."

"Since my presence dishonors them," she said, quietly, "I will go. Heaven will judge between us, Norman. I say that you are doing wrong. I will go to my room and prepare for the journey."

She lingered before him, beautiful, graceful, sorrowful.

"I dare not," he muttered, hoarsely; "I cannot trust myself."

He watched her as with slow, graceful steps she passed down the long gallery. When she had reached the end, he saw her draw aside the hangings and stand for a minute looking at the pictured faces of the Arleighs; then she disappeared.

He buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

Lady Arleigh went to her room. Hastily taking off her white dress and removing the jewels from her neck and the flowers from her hair, Madaline placed them aside, and then, having attired herself for the journey, she went down-stairs.

Not a word was spoken by husband and wife as Lady Arleigh took her seat in the carriage. Never a word did she speak as the carriage drove slowly through the park.

Once her husband turned to her and tried to take her hand in his, but she drew back.

"It will be better not to talk, Norman," she said. "I can bear it best in silence."

They reached Winiston House before eleven. The housekeeper looked somewhat dubiously at Lord Arleigh and then at his companion. Madaline never opened her lips. Lord Arleigh was strangely pale and confused.

"Mrs. Burton," he said, "this is my wife—Lady Arleigh. I am not going to remain here myself," he added.

"Lady Arleigh will live at Winiston House altogether; and, as you have always served the family faithfully and well, I should like you to remain in her service."

The woman looked up at him in such utter bewilderment.

"Family matters that concern no one but ourselves compel me to make this arrangement. Lady Arleigh will be mistress now of Winiston House. She will have a staff of servants here. You can remain as housekeeper or not—just as you like."

"Of course, my lord, I shall be only too thankful to remain; but it seems so very strange that——"

Lord Arleigh held up his hand.

"Hush!" he said. "A well-trained servant finds nothing strange."

The woman took the hint and retired.

Lord Arleigh turned to say farewell to his wife. He found her standing, white and tearless, by the window.

"Oh, my darling," he cried, "we now must part! Yet how can I leave you—so sad, so silent, so despairing? Speak to me, my own love—one word—just one word."

Her woman's heart, so quick to pity, was touched by his prayer. She smiled as sad, as sweet a smile as ever was seen on woman's lips.

"I shall be better in time, Norman," she said, "and shall not always be sad."

"There are some business arrangements which must be made," he continued, hurriedly—"but it will be better for us not to meet again just yet, Madaline—I could not bear it. I will see that all is arranged for your comfort. You must have every luxury and ——"

"Luxury!" she repeated, mockingly. "Why, I would rather be the sorriest beggar that ever breathed than be myself! Luxury! You mock me, Lord Arleigh."

"You will be less bitter in time, my darling," he said. "You shall have all this world can give you——"

"Except love and happiness," she interposed.

"Love you have, sweet; you have mine—the fervent, true, honest, deep love of my heart and soul. I will take care that the whole world knows that this separation arises from no fault of yours. Promise me, my darling wife—promise me, when the first smart of the pain is over, that you will try to be happy."

She bent her head, but spoke no word.

"Promise me, too, Madaline, that if sickness or sorrow should come to you, you will send for me at once."

"I promise," she said.

"A few words more and I have done. Tell me what course you wish me to pursue toward the duchess."

"I have no wish in the matter," she replied, directly. "She was kind to me once; for the sake of that kindness I forgive her. She forgot all that I must suffer, in her wish to punish you. I shall leave her to Heaven."

"And I," he said, "will do the same; voluntarily, I will never see her or speak to her again."

There remained for him only to say farewell. He took her little, white hand; it was cold as death.

"Farewell, my love," he said—"farewell!"

He kissed her face with slow, sweet reverence, as he would have kissed the face of a dead woman whom he loved; and then he was gone.

She heard the wheels of the carriage rolling away. She stretched out her hands with a faint cry.

"Norman—my husband—my love!" she called; but from the deep silence of the night there came no response.

All night Madaline watched the stars, and that night the best part of her died—youth, love, hope, happiness.

Once out of the house, Lord Arleigh, with a gesture of despair, threw himself back in the carriage. The footman came to him.

"Where to, my lord—to Beechgrove?"

"No," replied Lord Arleigh, "to the railway station. I want to catch the night mail for London."

Lord Arleigh was just in time for the train. The footman caught a glimpse of his master's face as the train went off—it was white and rigid.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THREE days after Lord Arleigh's marriage, the Duchess of Hazlewood sat alone. Those three days had changed her terribly.

Presently Lady Peters entered, with an open newspaper.

"Philippa, my dear," she said, "I am very uncomfortable. Should you think this paragraph refers to Lord Arleigh? It seems to do so—yet I cannot believe it."

Lady Peters held the paper out to her.

"I cannot read it," she said, wearily. "Read it to me."

And then Lady Peters said:

> "SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.—Some strange revelations are shortly expected in aristocratic circles. A few days since a noble lord, bearing one of the most ancient titles in England, was married. The marriage took place under circumstances of great mystery; and the mystery has been increased by the separation of bride and bridegroom on their wedding-day. What has led to this separation is at present a secret, but it is expected that in a few days all particulars will be known."

A fashionable paper which indulged largely in personalities, also had a telling article on Lord Arleigh's marriage. This, also, Lady Peters read, and the duchess listened with white, trembling lips.

"It must refer to Lord Arleigh," said Lady Peters.

"It cannot," was the rejoinder. "He was far too deeply in love with his bride to leave her."

The next day a letter was handed to her. She recognized the handwriting—it was Lord Arleigh's. She laid the note down, not daring to read it before Lady Peters.

When she was alone she opened it.

> "You will be pleased to hear, duchess, that your scheme has entirely succeeded. You have made two innocent people who have never harmed you as wretched as it is possible for human beings to be. In no respect has your vengeance failed. I—your old friend, playmate, brother, the son of your mother's dearest friend—have been made miserable for life. Your revenge was well chosen. I must say this, however: All friendship and acquaintance between us is at an end. You will be to me henceforward an entire stranger. I could retaliate. I could write and tell your husband, who is a man of honor, of the unworthy deed you have done; but I shall not do that—it would be unmanly. Before my dear wife and I parted, we agreed that the punishment of your sin should be left to Heaven. So I leave it. ARLEIGH."

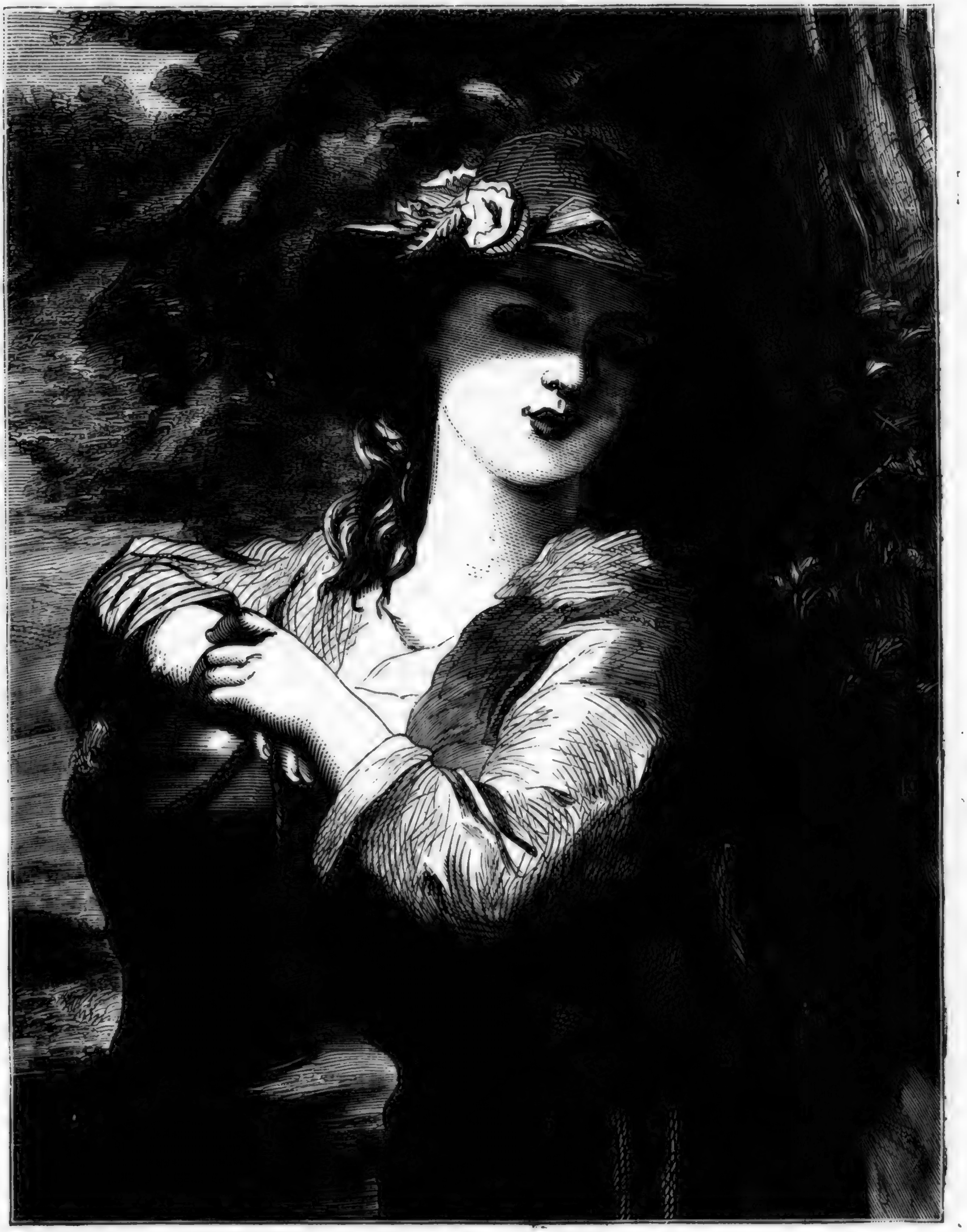
She could have borne with his letter if it had been filled with the wildest invectives—if he had reproached her, even cursed her; his dignified forbearance she could not tolerate.

She laid down the letter. It was all over now. She had had her revenge; she smiled bitterly to herself as she thought of that. She had punished him. And no one ever associated the Duchess of Hazlewood with Lord Arleigh's strange marriage. Even some questions of her husband's she skillfully parried.

"I am tired, Vere," she said, "quite tired of the subject. Lord Arleigh and I quarreled because of his marriage, so you may imagine it is not a very attractive subject to me."

"Well, I will say no more about it, but I am sincerely sorry, Philippa. Of all our friends, I liked Lord Arleigh best; and I shall decidedly refuse to quarrel with him. His marriage is his own affair, not mine."

Lord Arleigh saw that his wife had everything needful for



THE DAY-DREAM.

her; he settled a large income on her; he sent from London horses, carriages, everything that her heart could desire; he saw that she had a proper household formed. Whatever else the world might say, it could not say that he showed her any want of respect or any want of attention. Lord Arleigh did not live with his wife, never visited her, never spoke of her; but it was quite clear that his motive lay deeper than the world knew.

Then, after a time, all the sensation and wonder died away; society accepted the fact that Lord Arleigh was unhappily married, and had separated from his wife.

He went abroad, and then he returned home, sojourning at quiet watering-places where he thought his story and himself would be unknown.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A YEAR and a half had passed, and Lord Arleigh decided to go to Tintagel, in wild, romantic Cornwall; at least, there would be boating, fishing, and the glorious scenery to draw his mind from its gloomy reflections

"I must go somewhere," he said to himself—"I must do something."

The young nobleman strolled sadly along the seashore, thinking of the sunniest May he had known since then, the May before his marriage.

He sat down on the sloping beach. With a deep moan, he bent his head as he thought of the fair young wife, the beautiful, loving girl who had clung to him so earnestly.

"Madaline, Madaline!" he cried aloud; and the waves seemed to repeat "Madaline" as they broke on the shore. "Madaline," the mild wind whispered. It was like the realization of a dream, when he heard his name murmured, and, turning, saw his lost wife.

The next moment he had sprung to his feet, uncertain at first whether it was some vision.

"Madaline," he cried, "is it really you?"

"Yes; you must not be angry with me, Norman. There is no one to see me, no one to reveal that we have met."

She trembled; her face—more beautiful than ever—was raised to his with a look of unutterable appeal.

"You are not angry, Norman?"

"Angry—and with you, Madaline—always my best beloved—how could that be?"

"I knew that you were here," she said. "I saw in a newspaper that you were going to Tintagel for the Summer. I had been longing to see you again—to see you, while unseen myself; so I came hither."

"My dear Madaline, to what purpose?" he asked, sadly.

"I felt that if I did not look upon your face I should die—that I could live no longer without seeing you. Such a terrible fever seemed to be burning my very life away. My heart yearned for the touch of your hand. So I came. You are not angry that I came?"

"No, not angry; but it will be the harder for us to part."

"I have been here in Tintagel for two whole days," she continued. "I have seen you, but this is the first time you have gone where I could follow. Now speak to me, Norman. Say something to me that will make me stronger to bear my desolate life—braver to live without you. You are wiser, better, braver than I. Teach me to bear my fate?"

He looked with dumb, passionate sorrow into her fair, loving face.

"You must not think it unwomanly of me to come," she said. "I am your wife—there is no harm in my coming."

Her face was suffused with a crimson blush.

"Norman," she said, gently, "sit down here by my side, and I will tell you why I have come."

They sat down side by side on the beach. There was only the wide, blue sky above—no human being to watch the tragedy of love and pride played out by the sea-waves.

"I have come," she said, "to make one more appeal to you, Norman—to ask you to change this stern determination which is ruining your life and mine—to ask you to take me back to your home and your heart. Norman, when you made me your wife, did you not promise to love and to cherish, to protect me and make me happy, until I died?"

"Yes," he replied, briefly.

"Then how are you keeping that promise made in the sight of Heaven?"

Lord Arleigh looked down at the fair, pure face, a strange light glowing on his own.

"My dear Madaline," he said, "you must not overlook what the honor of my race demands. I have my own ideas of what is due to my ancestors; and in the eyes of Heaven, my wife, I cannot think I am wronging you."

"Then," she said, humbly, "my coming here, my pleading, is in vain."

"Not in vain, my darling. Even the sight of you for a few minutes has been like a glimpse of Elysium."

"And I must return," she said, "as I came—with my love thrown back, my prayers unanswered, my sorrow redoubled."

She hid her face in her hands and wept aloud. Presently she bent forward.

"Norman," she said, in a low whisper, "my darling, I appeal to you for my own sake. I love you so dearly that I cannot live away from you—it is a living death. You cannot realize it. You can live without love, I cannot. Oh, Norman, for my sake, for my love's sake, for my happiness sake, take me back, dear—take me back!"

The golden head drooped forward and fell on to his breast, her hands clung to him with almost despairing pain.

"I will be so humble, darling. I can keep away from all observation. It is only to be with you that I wish—only to be near you. You cannot be hard—you cannot send me away; you will not, for I love you!"

Her hands clung more closely to him.

"Why not take me home, Norman?"

"I cannot," he replied, in a tone of determination. "You must not torture me, Madaline, with further pleading. I cannot."

He rose and walked with rapid steps down to the shore. How hard it was—bitter, almost, as the anguish of death!

She was by his side again, walking in silence. He would have given the world if he could have taken her into his arms and have kissed back the color into her sad face.

"Norman," said a low voice full of bitterest pain, "I am come to say good-by. I am sorry I came. I have done harm—not good. Forgive me, and say good-by."

"It has made our lot a thousand times harder, Madaline."

"I am sorry that I have acted against your wishes," she said, "and broken the long silence. I will never do it again, Norman."

"Never, unless you are ill and need me," he supplemented. "Then you have promised to send for me."

"I will do so," she said. "You will remember, dear husband, that my last words to you were 'Good-by, and Heaven bless you!'"

She went back to Winiston House and took up the dreary round of life again. She might have made her lot more endurable and happier, she might have traveled, have sought society and amusement; but she had no heart for any of these things. She had spent the year and a half of her lonely married life in profound study, thinking to herself that if he should claim her he would be pleased to find her yet more accomplished and educated. Now that she was going back without this mainspring of hope, her old studies and pursuits wearied her.

After a while she fell ill; and then she lay longing for death.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was September. Lord Arleigh hired a shooting-lodge in Scotland, called Glaburn.

One day, as he wandered east and west, knowing little, and caring less, whither he went, a violent storm overtook him. He wandered on for hours, wet through, weary, cold, yet rather rejoicing than otherwise in his fatigue.

At last he grew alarmed; life did not hold much for him, it was true, but he had no desire to die on those lonely wilds, without a human being near him.

He grew exhausted at last; for some hours he had struggled on in the face of the tempest.

"I shall have to lie down like a dog by the roadside, and die," he thought to himself.

As the hot tears blinded his eyes—tears for Madaline, not for himself—a light suddenly flashed into them, and he found himself quite close to the window of a house. With a deep-drawn, bitter sob, he whispered to himself that he was saved. He had just strength enough to knock at the door; and when it was opened he fell across the threshold.

When he recovered, he found several gentlemen around him, one of them holding a flask to his lips.

"That was a narrow escape," said a cheery, musical voice. "How long have you been on foot?"

"Since eight this morning," he replied.

"And now it is nearly eight at night! Well, you may thank Heaven for preserving your life."

Lord Arleigh turned away with a sigh. How little could any one guess what life meant for him—life spent without love—without Madaline!

He looked around. Over him leaned a tall, handsome man, whose hair was slightly tinged with gray.

"I think," he said, "you are my neighbor, Lord Arleigh? I have often seen you on the moors."

"I do not remember you," Lord Arleigh returned; "nor do I know where I am."

"Then let me introduce myself as the Earl of Mountdean," said the gentleman. "You are at Rosorton, a shooting-lodge belonging to me, and I beg that you will make yourself at home."

The kind, sympathetic voice pleased Lord Arleigh.

Every attention was paid to him. He was placed in a warm bed, and left to rest.

"The Earl of Mountdean." Then this was the tall figure he had seen striding over the hills—this was the neighbor he had shunned and avoided, preferring solitude. How kind he was, and how his voice affected him. He fell asleep, thinking of this, and dreamed of Madaline all night long.

In the morning the earl himself came to his room to make inquiries; and then Lord Arleigh liked him better than ever. He would not allow his guest to rise.

"Remember," he said, "prevention is better than cure. After the terrible risk you have run, it will not do for you to be rash. You must rest."

So Lord Arleigh took the good advice, but on the second day he rose, declaring that he could stand no further confinement.

"I am compelled to be despotic," said Lord Mountdean. "You have only men-servants—and they cannot make you comfortable. Stay here for a few days, until you are well."

So Lord Arleigh said, with a smile, that he had come to Glaburn purposely for solitude.

"It was for the same thing that I came here," said the earl. "I have had a great sorrow, and I like to be alone."

The two men looked at each other, but they liked each other all the better for such open confession.

When a few days had passed, Lord Arleigh felt unwilling to leave his companion. He had never felt more at home than he did with Lord Mountdean. He had met no one so manly, so simple, so intelligent, and at the same time such a good fellow. There were little peculiarities in the earl, too, that struck him very forcibly; they seemed to recall some faint, vague memory, a something that he could never grasp, that was always eluding him, yet that was perfectly clear; and he was completely puzzled.

"Have we ever met before?" he once asked the earl.

"I do not think so. I have no remembrance of ever having seen you."

"Your voice and face are familiar to me," the younger man continued. "One or two of your gestures are as well known to me as though I had lived with you for years."

"Remembrances of that kind sometimes strike me," said the earl—"a mannerism, a something that one cannot explain."

"I shall never be quite so much in love with solitude again," said Lord Arleigh; "you have taught me that there is something better."

"I have learned the same lesson from you," responded the earl, with a smile.

So it was agreed that they should be strangers no longer—that they should visit and exchange neighborly courtesies and civilities.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE Earl of Mountdean and Lord Arleigh were walking up a steep hill one day together, when they both sat down amongst the heather to rest. The earl broke silence by saying:

"By-the-way, you have never told me, Arleigh, what it is that makes you so fond of solitude."

"I have had a great trouble," he replied, briefly.

"A trouble? But one suffers a great deal before losing all interest in life. You are too young to have suffered much."

"I know no other life so utterly hopeless as my own."

The earl looked at him thoughtfully.

"I should like to know what your trouble is," he said, gently.

"I can tell you only one-half of it," was the reply. "I fell in love with one of the sweetest, fairest, purest of girls. How I loved her is known only to myself. My whole heart went out to this girl—with my whole soul I loved her! She was below me in the one matter of worldly wealth and position—above me in all others. When I first asked her to marry me, she refused. Having won her consent, we were married privately and quietly. On that same day—my wedding-day—I discovered something—it was no fault of hers, I swear—that parted us. Loving her blindly, madly, with my whole heart and soul, I was still compelled to leave her. She is my wife in name only, and can never be more to me, yet, you understand, without any fault of hers."

"What a strange story!" said the earl, thoughtfully. "But this barrier, this obstacle—can it never be removed?"

"No," answered Lord Arleigh, "never!"

"I assure you of my deepest sympathy," said the earl. "It is a strange history."

"Yes, and a sad fate," sighed Lord Arleigh. "We were both cruelly deceived, it does not matter how. She is condemned to a loveless, joyless life; so am I. It is a sad fate."

"It is, indeed," agreed the earl. "Are you quite sure that nothing can be done to remedy it?"

"Quite sure," was the hopeless reply.

"Is it a case of insanity?"

"No," replied Lord Arleigh; "nothing of that."

"Then your story is a marvel; I do not, I cannot understand it. Still I must say that, unless there is something far deeper and more terrible than I can imagine, you have done wrong to part from your wife."

"I wish I could think so. But no matter how long I live, or she lives, it can never be altered."

"My story is," observed Lord Mountdean, "not so sad as yours. I married—married against my father's wish—the daughter of a clergyman, a lady of striking beauty, good education and manner. Some time after our marriage, I received a telegram stating that my father was dying in Italy and wished to see me. At that very time we were expecting the birth of a son and heir. But I was anxious that my father should see and bless my wife before he died. A few hours of the journey passed happily enough, and then my poor wife was taken ill. We stopped at a little town called Castledine, and I drove to the doctor's. He took us into his house—my child was born and my wife died there. It was not a son, but a little daughter, fair as her mother. I left my child, under the doctor's care, at nurse, intending, when I returned to England, to take her home to Wood Lynton as my heiress. My father, contrary to the verdict of the physicians, lingered for about three years. Then he died, and I became Earl of Mountdean. The first thing I did was to hurry to Castledine. Can you imagine my horror when I found that all trace of my child was lost? The poor doctor had met with some terrible death, and the woman who had charge of my little one had left the neighborhood. Since then my life has been spent in one unceasing effort to find my daughter."

"How strange!" said Lord Arleigh. "Did you not know the name of the nurse?"

"Yes, she lived at Ashwood; I advertised for her, I offered large rewards, but I have never gleaned the least news of her. Her husband, it appeared, had been guilty of crime. I have been engaged to my cousin, Lady Lilly Gordon, for four years, but I cannot make up my mind to marry until I hear something certain about my daughter."

Chapter XXXI.

The desolate, dreary life began to prey upon Lady Arleigh at last. Slowly but surely she began to fade and droop. At first it was but a failure in strength; then the exquisite bloom faded from the lovely face, a weary languor shone in the dark-blue eyes, the crimson lips lost their color.

Madaline had never sent for her mother, not knowing whether Lord Arleigh would like it; but she had constantly written to her, and had forwarded money to her. She had sent her more than Margaret Dornham was willing to accept. Through Madaline's bounty, Margaret was able to remove from her close lodgings in town to a pretty cottage in the country.

After a time her heart yearned to see the daughter of her adoption, and she wrote to that effect.

"I will come to you," wrote Madaline, in reply; and, plainly dressed, she went to see her mother. It was sweet, after those long, weary months of humiliation and despair, to lay her head on that faithful breast, and hear whispered words of love and affection. When their first greeting was over, Margaret was amazed at the change in her child.

"How changed you are, my darling!" said Margaret, as she looked at her. "Who would have thought that my little girl would grow into a tall, stately, beautiful lady, dainty and exquisite? What did Lord Arleigh say to your coming, my darling?"

"Lord Arleigh is abroad," said Madaline, gently. "I do not expect that he will return to England just yet."

"Abroad!" repeated Margaret, in amazement. "Then, my darling, how is it that you are not with him?"

"I could not go," she replied, evasively.

"And you love your husband, Madaline, do you not?" inquired Margaret.

"Yes, I love him with all my heart and soul," was the earnest reply.

"Thank Heaven that my darling is happy!" said Margaret. "I shall find everything easier to bear, now that I know that."

Chapter XXXII.

Margaret Dornham was neither clever nor far-seeing; had she been either, she would have known that in taking little Madaline from Castledine she was destroying her last chance of ever being claimed by her parents; she would have understood that she was committing a most cruel act. But she thought only of how she loved her. Yet, undiscerning as she was, she was puzzled about her daughter. If she was really so happy, why did she spend long hours in reverie—why sit with folded hands, looking with such sad eyes at the passing clouds? That did not look like happiness. Why those heavy sighs, and the color that went and came like light and shade? It was strange happiness. After a time she noticed that Madaline never spoke voluntarily of her husband.

"It seems to me, my darling, that you lead a very quiet life," she said one day; and Madaline's only answer was that such was really the case.

"You do not write many letters to your husband, Madaline. I could imagine a young wife like you writing every day;" and her daughter made no reply.

On another occasion Mrs. Dornham said:

"You are quite sure, Madaline, that you love your husband?"

"Love him!" echoed the girl, her face lighting up—"love him, mother? I think no one in the wide world has ever loved another better!"

"Such being the case, my darling," said Margaret, anxiously, "let me ask if you are quite sure that he loves you?"

No shadow came into the blue eyes as she raised them to her mother's face.

"I am as sure of it," she replied, "as I am of my own existence."

"Then," thought Margaret to herself, "I am mistaken; all is well between them."

Madaline did not intend to remain very long with her mother, but it was soothing to the wounded, aching heart to be loved so dearly. Margaret startled her one day by saying: "Madaline, now that you are a great lady, do you not think you could do something for your father?"

"Something for my father?" repeated the girl, with a shudder. "What can I do for him?"

A new idea suddenly occurred to Mrs. Dornham. She looked into Lady Arleigh's pale, beautiful face.

"Madaline," she said, earnestly, "tell me the whole truth. Is your father's misfortune any drawback to you? Is it known? Does it cause people to look down upon you? Tell me the truth. I have a reason for asking you. Tell me, dear," continued Margaret, earnestly; "you do not know how important it is for me to understand."

"My dear mother," said Lady Arleigh, gently clasping her arms round her mother's neck, "do not let that idea make you uneasy. All minor lights cease to shine, you know, in the presence of greater ones. The world bows down to Lord Arleigh; very few, I think, know what his wife's name was. Be quite happy about me, mother. I am sure that no one who has seen me since my marriage knows anything about my father."

"I shall be quite happy now that I know that," Margaret observed.

More than once during that visit Margaret debated within herself whether she should tell Lady Arleigh her story or not; but the same weak fear that had caused her to run away with the child lest she should lose her, now made her refrain from speaking lest Madaline, on knowing the truth, should be angry with her and forsake her.

Lady Arleigh returned home, taking her silent sorrow with her.

Madaline happened to see in one of the daily papers that Lord Arleigh was staying at Meurice's Hotel, in Paris. She wrote and told him that she was very dull, and had a great longing to have her mother with her. She told him that she had desired this for a long time, but that she had refrained from expressing the wish lest it should displease him.

"Do not scruple to refuse me," she said, "if you do not approve. I would not ask the favor but that my health and strength are failing fast."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LONG and anxiously did Lord Arleigh muse over his wife's letter. What was he to do? If her mother was like the generality of her class, then he was quite sure that the secret he had kept would be a secret no longer. Yet, lonely and sorrowful as Madaline declared herself to be, how could he refuse her?

He wrote to Madaline—how that letter was received and cherished no one but herself knew—and told her he would be in England in a day or two, and would then give her a decided answer. The letter was kind and affectionate; it came to her hungry heart like dew to a thirsty flower.

A sudden idea occurred to Lord Arleigh. He would go to England and find out all about the unfortunate man Dornham. If only the man could be proved innocent of crime, then he might go to his sweet, innocent wife, and, clasping her in his arms, take her to his heart.

The idea seemed to haunt him—it seemed to have a fatal attraction for him. He resolved to go to London at once and see if anything could be done in the matter. He went first to Scotland Yard.

To the inquiry as to whether the man had been sent out of England the answer was, "No; he is at Chatham."

To Chatham Lord Arleigh resolved to go. For one in his position there would not be much difficulty in obtaining an interview with the convict. And before long Lord Arleigh, one of the proudest men in England, and Henry Dornham, poacher and thief, stood face to face.

The two looked steadily at each other; the poacher did not seem in the least to stand in awe of his visitor. Lord Arleigh tried to read the man's guilt or innocence in his face. Henry Dornham returned his gaze fearlessly.

"What do you want with me?" he asked. "You are what we call a swell, I know, by the look of you. What do you want with me?"

"I want you to answer me a few questions," said Lord Arleigh. "To begin, tell me, were you innocent or guilty of the crime for which you are suffering?"

"It is too late in the day for me to talk over these matters," said the convict. "When I roamed in the woods as a free man, I had my own ideas; prison has not improved them. So, if you have any thought of reclaiming me, rid your mind of it at once."

"It will be best to do so, I perceive," observed Lord Arleigh. "I had some little hope when I came in—I have none now, and yet I would give much to clear you."

"Then you must indeed have a strong motive. It is not for my own sake, I suppose?" A new idea seemed to occur to him—a sudden smile curled his lip. "I have it!" he said. "You are in love with my—with pretty Madaline, and you want to marry her! If you could make me out innocent, you would marry her. Am I right?"

"No," replied Lord Arleigh, "you are not right. There is no need for me to offer any explanation, and, as I have failed in my object, I will go."

"You might just as well tell me if you are in love with my little Madaline. I might make it worth your while to let me know."

It was with great difficulty that Lord Arleigh controlled his indignation; but he replied, calmly:

"I have nothing to tell you."

A look of disappointment came over Dornham's face.

"You can keep your secrets," he said—"so can I. But I might have made it worth your while to trust me."

"I have nothing to confide," returned Lord Arleigh; "all I can say to you on leaving is, that I hope you will repent of your past wickedness."

"So you will not offer me anything for my secret?" said Henry Dornham.

"No secret of yours could interest me," rejoined Lord Arleigh, abruptly, as he went away.

He left Chatham sick at heart. There was no help for him—his fate was sealed.

He wrote to Madaline, and told her that he hoped she would be happy with her mother, adding that he trusted she would bind her mother to silence.

Madaline assured him that her mother was to be implicitly trusted. She told him also how entirely she had kept the secret of his separation from her.

He was deeply moved. What a noble girl she was, bearing her troubles so patiently and confiding them to no human soul!

He had been some time at Beechgrove, when he received one morning a letter from the Earl of Mountdean, saying that he was in the neighborhood, and would like to call. Lord Arleigh was pleased at the prospect. There was deep and real cordiality between the two men—they thoroughly understood and liked each other.

One morning they rode through the woods, when, from between the trees, they saw the square turrets of the Dower House. Lord Mountdean stopped to admire the view.

"What is that pretty place?" he asked.

Lord Arleigh's face flushed hotly.

"That," he replied, "is the Dower House, where my wife lives."

"It is very pretty," he said, "but it must be dull for a young girl. You said she was young, did you not?"

"Yes; she is years younger than I am," replied Lord Arleigh.

"Poor girl!" said the earl, pityingly; "so young and beautiful, yet condemned all her life to live alone. Tell me, Arleigh, did you take advice before you separated from her?"

"No," replied Lord Arleigh; "the matter appeared plain enough to me."

"I should not like you to think me curious," pursued the earl. "We are true friends now, and we can trust each other. Arleigh, tell me the reason of your separation from the wife you love."

"What good can it possibly do?" he said. "I never thought that it would pass my lips; but I do trust you, and, if you can see any way to help me, I shall thank Heaven for the day I first met you. You must hold my wife blameless, Lord Mountdean. She never deceived me, but on our wedding-day I discovered that her father was a convict."

Lord Mountdean looked as he felt, shocked.

"But how," he asked, eagerly, "could you be so deceived?"

"That I can never tell you; it was an act of fiendish revenge. I cannot reveal the perpetrator. My wife did not deceive me, did not even know that I had been deceived; she thought, poor child, that I was acquainted with the whole of her father's story. And now, Lord Mountdean, tell me, do you think I did wrong?"

"No," he replied, "I cannot say that you have. It was a cruel deception—one that it is impossible to understand. She herself must be quite as unhappy as yourself."

"If it be possible, she is more so," returned Lord Arleigh; "but tell me, if I had appealed to you in the dilemma—if I had asked your advice—what would you have said to me?"

"I should have had no resource but to tell you to act as you have done," replied the earl; "no matter what pain and sorrow it entailed, you could not have done otherwise."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MEANWHILE, a sudden resolve came to Mrs. Dornham—she would go to Beechgrove and see Lord Arleigh herself. If he were angry, and sent her away from Winiston House, it would not matter—she would have told him the truth—that the separation from him was slowly but surely killing his wife.

Margaret Dornham was walking through the woods on her way to Lord Arleigh's, when suddenly her face grew deadly pale, and her whole frame trembled. She raised her hands as one who would fain ward off a blow, for, just before her, looking down on her with stern, indignant eyes, was the stranger who had intrusted his child to her.

"Woman," he cried, "where is my child?"

She made him no answer, but covered her face with her hands.

"I am not the most patient of men, Margaret Dornham," he said, "and you are trying me terribly. In the name of Heaven, I ask you what you have done with my child. Is she living or dead?"

"She is living," replied the weeping woman.

"Thank Heaven!" he said, devoutly, and then added, turning to the woman, "Living and well?"

"No, not well; but she will be in time. Oh, sir, forgive me! I did wrong, but I was acting for the best."

"My daughter is living, but not well? Where is she?"

"I will take you to her, sir," was the reply—"at once, if you will go."

"I will not lose a minute," said the earl, hastily. "It is time, Mrs. Dornham, that you knew my name and my daughter's also. I am the Earl of Mountdean, and she is Lady Madaline Charlwood."

On hearing this, Margaret Dornham was more frightened than ever. She rose from her knees and stood before him.

"If I have done wrong, my lord," she said, "I beg of you to pardon me; it was all, as I thought, for the best. So the child whom I have loved and cherished so well was a grand lady, after all?"

"Do not let us lose a moment," he said. "Where is my daughter?"

"She lives not far from here; but we cannot walk—the distance is too great," replied Margaret.

"Well, we are near to the town of Lynton—it is not twenty minutes' walk; we will get a carriage. I—I can hardly endure the suspense."

He did not think to ask where his daughter lived, if she was married or single, what she was doing, or anything else; his one thought was that he had found her—found her never to lose her again. A carriage was procured, and she directed the driver.

The earl sat with his face shaded by his hand during the whole of the drive, thanking Heaven that he had found his child. Presently he found himself in a large hall, gay with flowers and covered with Indian matting, and Margaret Dornham was trembling before him.

"My lord," she said, "your daughter is ill, and I am afraid the agitation may prove too much for her. Tell me, what shall I do?"

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that she has been kept in complete ignorance of her history all these years?"

"She has been brought up in the belief that she is my daughter," said Margaret—"she knows nothing else."

"It was wickedly unjust," he said—"cruelly unjust. Let me go to her at once."

Pale, trembling and frightened, Margaret led the way. Very soon he found himself looking on a fair face framed in golden hair, with dark blue eyes full of passion, poetry, and sorrow; a face so lovely that its pure, saintlike expression almost frightened him.

"Madaline," he said, gently; and she looked at him in wonder. "Madaline," he repeated.

"I—I—do not know you," she replied, surprised.

She was lying on a little couch drawn close to the window, the sunlight, which fell full upon her, lighting up the golden hair and refined face with unearthly beauty. When he uttered her name, she stood up, and so like her mother did she appear, that it was with difficulty he could refrain from clasping her in his arms. But he must not startle her, he reflected—he saw how fragile she was.

"You call me Madaline," she said again—"but I do not know you."

Before answering her, Lord Mountdean turned to Margaret: "Will you leave us alone?" but Lady Arleigh stretched out her hand.

"That is my mother," she said—"she must not be sent away from me."

"I will not be long away, Madaline. You must listen to this gentleman—my dear."

"You call me Madaline," she said, "and you send my mother from me. What can you have to say? Has Lord Arleigh sent you?"

"Lord Arleigh!" he repeated, in wonder. "No, he has nothing to do with what I have to say. Sit down—you do not look strong—and I will tell you why I am here." Madaline—dear Heaven, how strange it seems to utter that name again! You have always believed that good woman who has just quitted the room to be your mother?"

"Yes, always," she repeated, wonderingly.

"And that wretched man, the convict, you have always believed to be your father?"

"Always," she repeated.

"Will it pain or startle you very much to hear that they are not even distantly related to you?"

"I cannot believe it!" she cried, trembling violently. "Who are you who tell me this?"

"I am Hubert, Earl of Mountdean," he replied; "and, if you will allow me, I will tell you what else I am."

"Tell me," she said, gently.

"I am your father, Madaline—and the best part of my life has been spent in looking for you."

"My father," she said, faintly. "Then I am not the daughter of a convict—my father is an earl?"

"I am your father," he repeated, "and you, child, have your mother's face."

"And she—she who has just left us—is nothing to me?"

"Nothing. Do not tremble, my dear child. Listen—try to be brave. Let me hold your hands in mine while I tell you a true story."

He held her trembling hands while he told her of his life, of his marriage, of the fatal journey and her mother's death—told it in words that left no shadow of doubt.

On looking at her, he saw that the color had left her face, that the white eyelids had fallen over the blue eyes, that the white lips were parted and cold—she had fainted.

He knelt by her side and called to her with passionate cries, he kissed the white face and tried to recall the wandering senses.

To his infinite joy, Madaline presently opened her dark blue eyes, and looked up at him. She stretched out her hands to him.

"My father," she said—"you are really my father?"

He kissed her face.

"Madaline," he replied, "my heart is too full for words. I have spent seventeen years in looking for you, and have found you at last. My dear child, we have seventeen years of love and happiness to make up."

"It seems like an exquisite dream," she said. "Can it be true?"

He saw her lovely face grow crimson, and, bending her fair, shapely head, she whispered:

"Papa, does Lord Arleigh know?"

"Lord Arleigh!" he repeated. "My dear child, this is the second time you have mentioned him. What has he to do with you?"

"Do you not know?" she asked. "Have they not told you I am Lord Arleigh's wife?"

* * * * * * *

Lord Arleigh had gone out early that morning, saying that he would have a long ramble in the woods.

On returning he found a groom, who had evidently been riding fast, waiting in the hall.

"My lord," he said, "I was directed to give you this at once, and beg of you not to lose a moment's time."

Lord Arleigh opened the note and read:

"My dear Lord Arleigh.—Something too wonderful for me to set down in words has happened. I am at the Dower House, Winston. Come at once, and lose no time. Mountdean."

"At the Dower House?" mused Lord Arleigh. "What can it mean?"

"Did the Earl of Mountdean send this himself?"

"Yes, my lord. He bade me ride as though for life, and ask your lordship to hurry in the same way."

"Is he hurt? Has there been any accident?"

"I have heard of no accident, my lord; but, when the earl came to give me the note, he looked quite wild and unsettled."

Lord Arleigh gave orders that his fleetest hunter should be saddled at once, and then he rode away.

Chapter XXXV.

On reaching Dower House, Lord Arleigh was shown into the dining-room, and stood there impatiently awaiting the earl. He came in at last, but the master of Beechgrove barely recognized him. His face was radiant with a great, glad light.

"What has happened?" asked Lord Arleigh, in surprise.

"Follow me," said the earl.

They came to the pretty, shaded room, and the earl, entering first, said: "Now, my darling, the hour has come which will repay you for the sorrow of years."

Wondering at such words, Lord Arleigh followed his friend.

Madaline rose with a glad cry at his entrance, but Lord Mountdean laid a restraining hand on her shoulder.

"Lord Arleigh," said the earl, "tell me who this is."

"My wife, Lady Arleigh," he replied.

"You looked upon her as the only woman you ever could love; you made her your wife; yet, believing her to be the daughter of a felon, you separated from her, preferring a lifetime of misery to the dishonor of your name."

"Yes," he replied, "it is indeed so."

"Then now learn the truth. This lady, your wife, is not the daughter of a convict. In her behold my daughter, Lady Madaline Charlwood!"

Lord Arleigh listened like one in a dream. His dark, handsome face grew pale, his lips quivered. He was about to speak, when Madaline suddenly sprang forward and clasped her arms around his neck.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it is true—quite true! You need not be afraid to kiss me and to love me now—you need not be afraid to call me your wife! Oh, my love, my love, I was dying, but this will make me well!" Her golden head drooped on to his breast, the clinging arms tightened their hold of him.

"I think," continued the earl, "that this is the happiest day of my life. I must say this to you, Norman—that, if I had chosen from all the world, I could not have chosen a son whom I should care for more than for you, and that, if I had had a son of my own, I should have wished him to be like you. And now we will talk about our future—I am so proud to have two children to arrange for instead of one—our future, that is to have no clouds."

Lord Mountdean insisted on the fullest publicity being given to Madaline's abduction.

"There is one thing," he said, "I cannot understand, and that is, how you came to misunderstand each other. Why did Madaline believe that you knew all about her story when you knew nothing of it? That secret, I suppose, you will keep to yourselves?"

"Yes," replied Lord Arleigh. "The truth is, we were both cruelly deceived—it matters little by whom and how."

"That part of the story, then, will never be understood," said Lord Mountdean. "The rest must be made public, no matter at what cost to our feelings."

"Certainly; I think your proposal is wise."

"Another thing, Norman—I do not wish my daughter to go home to Beechgrove until her story has been made known. Then I will see that all honor is paid to her."

So it was agreed; and great was the sensation that ensued. "The Arleigh Romance," as it was called, was carried from one end of the kingdom to the other. Every newspaper was filled with it. Leading journals curtailed political articles to give the Arleigh romance.

A year later, Lord Arleigh was told that a lady wished to see him. There entered a tall, stately lady whose face was closely vailed; but the imperial figure, the stately grace, were quite familiar.

"Philippa!" he cried, in astonishment.

Then she raised her vail, and once again he saw the grandly beautiful face of the woman who had loved him with such passionate love.

"Yes," said the duchess, calmly. "I am here to implore your pardon—to tell you that neither by night nor by day, since I planned and carried out my revenge, have I known peace. I shall neither live nor die in peace unless you forgive me, Norman. Remember that it was love for you which bereft me of my reason and drove me mad."

Leaving her standing there, Lord Arleigh drew aside the velvet hangings and disappeared. In a few moments he returned, leading his wife by the hand.

"Philippa," he said, gravely, "tell my wife your errand; hear what she says. We will abide by her decision."

At first the duchess drew back with a haughty gesture.

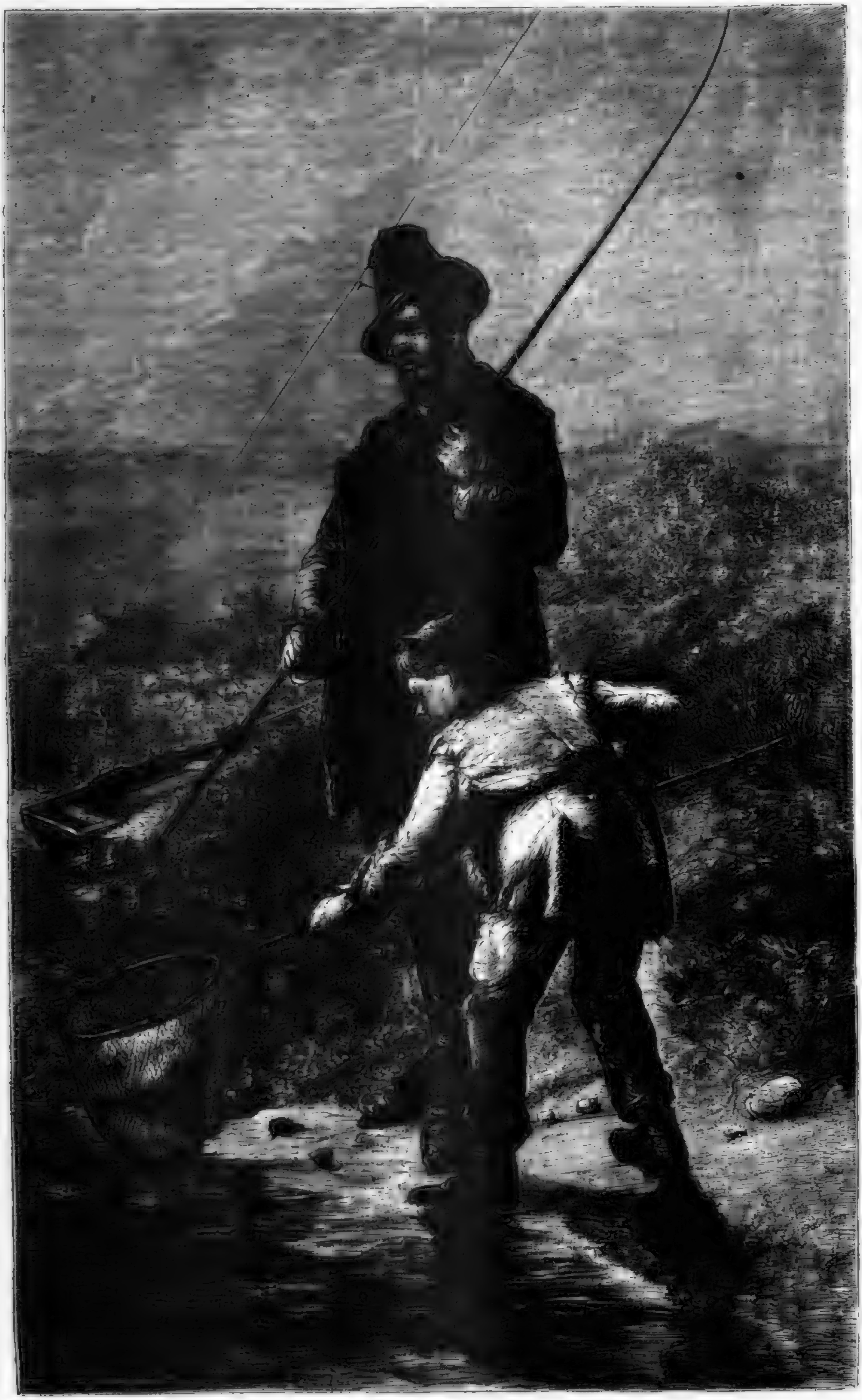
"It was you I came to see," she said to Lord Arleigh; and then the sweet face touched her and her better self prevailed.

"Madaline," she said, quietly, "you have suffered much through me—will you pardon me?"

The next moment Lady Arleigh's arms were clasped round her neck, and the pure, sweet lips touched her own.

"It was because you loved him," she whispered, "and I forgive you."

The End.



CAUGHT.

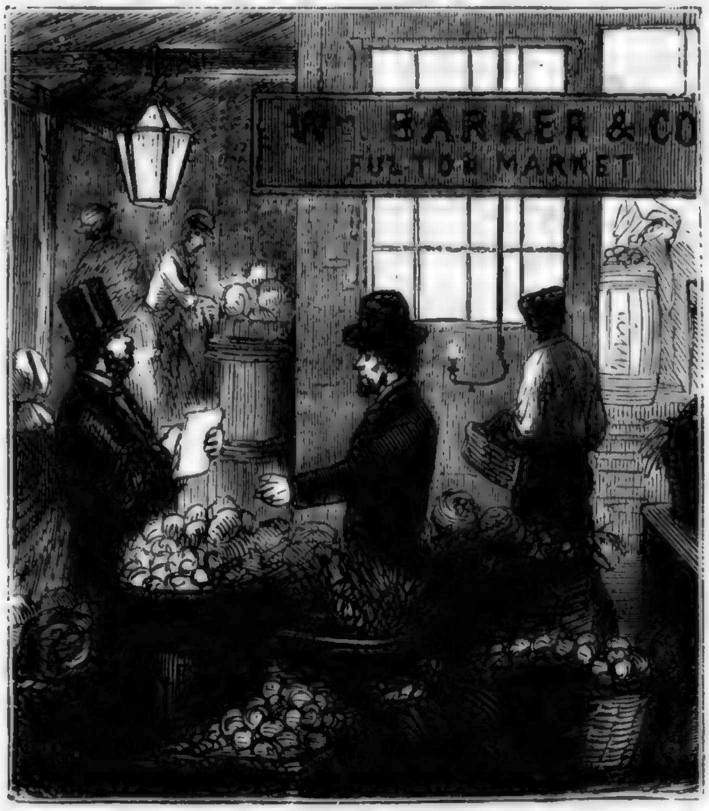
HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.

Hotel-keeping, in the actual sense of that term, means the rooming, feeding, and in every way "accommodating" hundreds of highly-civilized and therefore luxurious, captious, and hard-to-please human beings of both sexes under one roof at one time. It is, therefore, not merely a business—its difficulty, its delicacy, and its diversity elevate it into a profession—almost into a fine art.

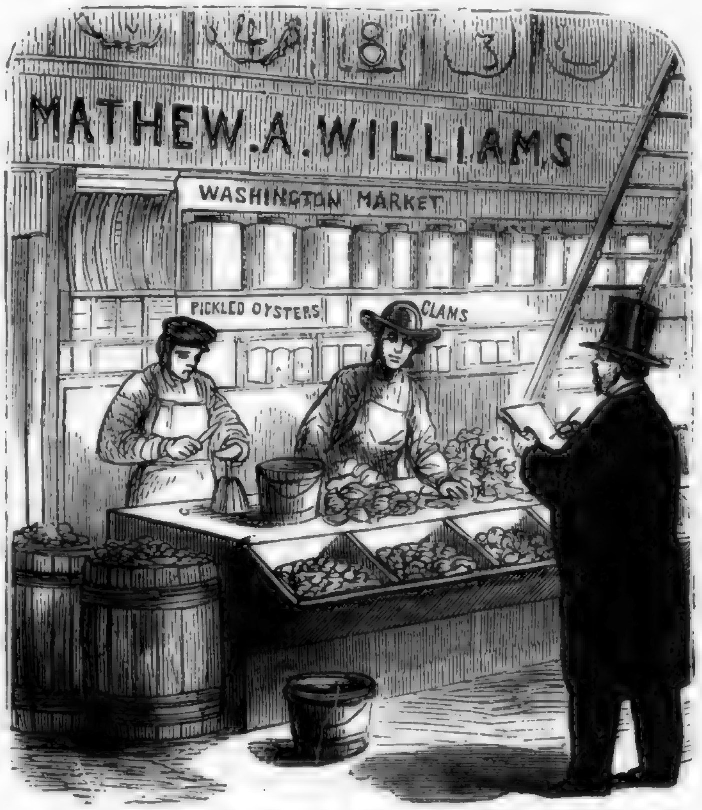
It is a profession extensively followed, and, all the civilized world over, there are to be found first-class hotels. But it is conceded that our American hotels take the palm—and such literally "palatial homes" as the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, the Palmer House, Chicago, "The Lindell," St. Louis, the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, the Revere and Parker Houses, Boston, and the Windsor Hotel and Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, with their rivals, have no equals, taken all in all, as hotels, upon the face of the earth.

But, although the above facts are as familiar as they are undisputed, few, very few persons have any idea, even the faintest, of the time, labor, technical skill, money, thought, ingenuity, and general knowledge required to manage a first-class hotel at the present time. Like most subjects concerning which everybody knows something, scarcely anybody really knows much. And yet, there are few subjects of more popular interest than the details of hotel-keeping, which details we herewith attempt to present to the world.

The four problems in hotel-keeping are those which are inseparable from the accommodation of guests—*i. e.*: The furnishing them with —1, rooms; 2, food; 3, conveniences; and 4, attendance. Each of these four problems must be solved to the satisfaction of the guests in any and every successful hotel, and each of these four is, to a considerable extent, independent of the others. Mere rooms will not propitiate the hotel patron, unless his cuisine be unexceptionable; nor will rooms and cuisine combined suffice if his "attendance" be unsatisfactory; and even when the rooms are elegant, and the cooking is superb, and the servants are attentive, your modern hotel guest insists on having a score of minor conveniences directly at his command. So the hotel-proprietor must yield to the situation and supply all things that can be supplied at all by mortal care and capital.



HOTEL MARKETER PURCHASING VEGETABLES.



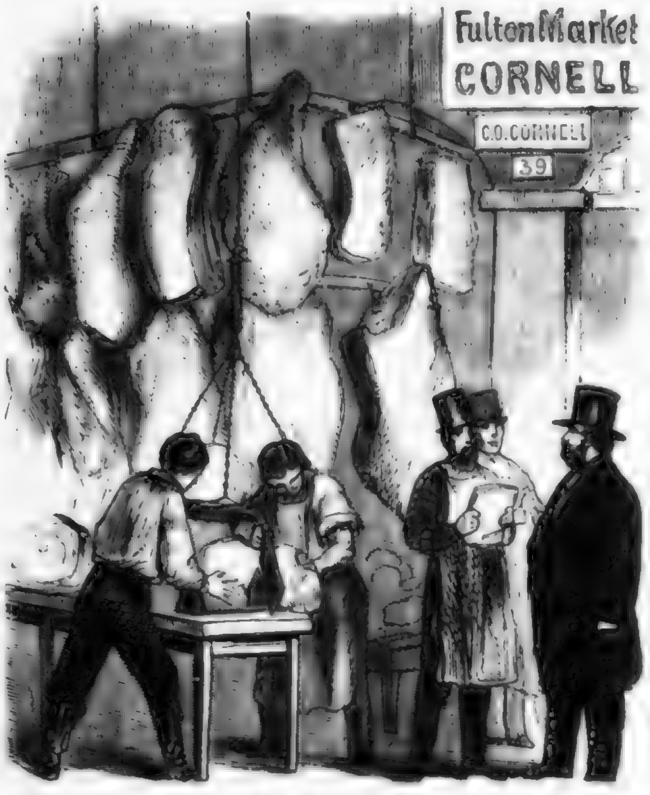
PURCHASING OYSTERS FOR A LARGE HOTEL.

Of late there has been a marked increase in the popular demand for servants. Thirty years ago most people waited on themselves; now everybody who professes to be anybody must have somebody provided to wait on him or her. Twenty years ago, one servant to every six guests was regarded as a fair hotel average of proportion. Then about five years later, the hotel public required about one servant to every four guests. Ten years ago the proportion was raised to three guests to every servant. But the taste for attendance grew with indulgence, and for the last five years the leading hotels have been forced to employ about two servants for every three of their guests. It is thought by those who have studied this branch of the subject closely, that the time will come when there will have to be as many hotel servants as there are hotel guests. These servants are, to a certain extent, hotel guests themselves; they have to be lodged and fed, only they do not pay, and, on the contrary, are to be paid. It can readily be conceived, therefore, what a tax "the item of attendance" is at a large hotel,

Take the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, for example. Its pay-roll for servants, attendants and clerks exceeds $10,000 per month. Some of the servants receive a compensation which is enormous. The head-cook is paid $3,000 a year in addition to his board, lodging and washing—equivalent, all told, to $5,000 per annum; and the head-waiter receives $2,000 a year. There are 154 servants' rooms in this hotel, and the servants and attendants constantly employed range from 375 to 400.

The managing of such large bodies of serving-men and women is a very important matter, and requires the utmost system and the strictest discipline. Housewives and foremen of factories can appreciate this point.

The servants' quarters at a large hotel form in themselves hotels. The larger portion of the basement of the "Fifth Avenue," for example, is devoted to servants and attendants and resident mechanics. Here are located the upholstery shop and the cabinet and carpenter's shops, the plumbers', painters', and masons' quarters, and the boiler and engine



AT THE BUTCHER'S.

rooms, where, day and night, the engineers are on duty supplying the hot water, the steam heat, and the steam power.

The expenses entailed upon the proprietors of this hotel, by the attendance they are obliged to supply, reached last year the enormous sum of $200,000—an average cost of $600 a day for servants alone.

The officials actively employed in a first-class establishment, independent of the mere waiters, cooks, chambermaids, etc., are numerous and necessarily intelligent—to use an expressive Americanism, "particularily wide-awake." Hotel clerks, as a class, are notoriously quick and observing. Their sphere of operations is limited, but in that sphere it may be doubted whether any living men surpass them in insight, knowledge of human nature, retentive memory, and promptitude. Mr. Stiner, a popular hotel clerk, never forgets a face once seen or a name once registered. Heavy wagers have been laid on his wonderful memory in these respects, and have been won invariably. Attempts have been made to puzzle him by similarity of name or appearance, but in vain. He has been known to recognize a man and address him by his proper title after an absence of years, and although he had seen the man the first time for only a minute, and had looked at his name on the hotel register but once and carelessly.

Mr. Marsh, formerly the room-clerk of the Lelands, at the Metropolitan and the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, now of the Union Square Hotel, New York, has an equally remarkable recollection of rooms and their numbers. As soon as Marsh "rooms" a guest, the latter ceases in Marsh's mind to be a man, and becomes a number—a living, breathing number—No. 3, or 86, or 1028, it matters not. This number never, by any possibility in Marsh's mind, gets confounded with any other numeral, but is for ever a fixed fact, till he re-rooms the guest, or the guest departs. Mr. Marsh also knows the precise locality and relations of each room—on what floor it is, on what end of what floor, on which side of which entry, how near or how far it is to or from any other room, how many windows it has, how many doors, how many beds there are in it, and what special points it possesses. Though he may have 800 rooms and numbers under his care, he cares not; he keeps their numbers in his head, and bears his responsibilities without a mistake, and without a murmur.

It may be here remarked that the facility for memorizing one's particular department is often strikingly illustrated even in the minor attachés of an hotel. A colored man at the Metropolitan Hotel, under the Lelands, had charge of the hat-rack at the entrance to the dining-room, and although ten or fifteen hats might be deposited in his charge within say, two minutes, he knew, and would know, for the rest of the time, the hat which belonged to each wearer, and would recognize beyond a peradventure the rightful owner of each hat.

McBride, for fifteen years the head-waiter at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, invariably recognized at first glance any face he had before seen. And he would always recollect at what particular table in the dining-room, and in what particular seat, he had placed any particular guest. He also remembered perfectly every guest's table-habits and tastes.

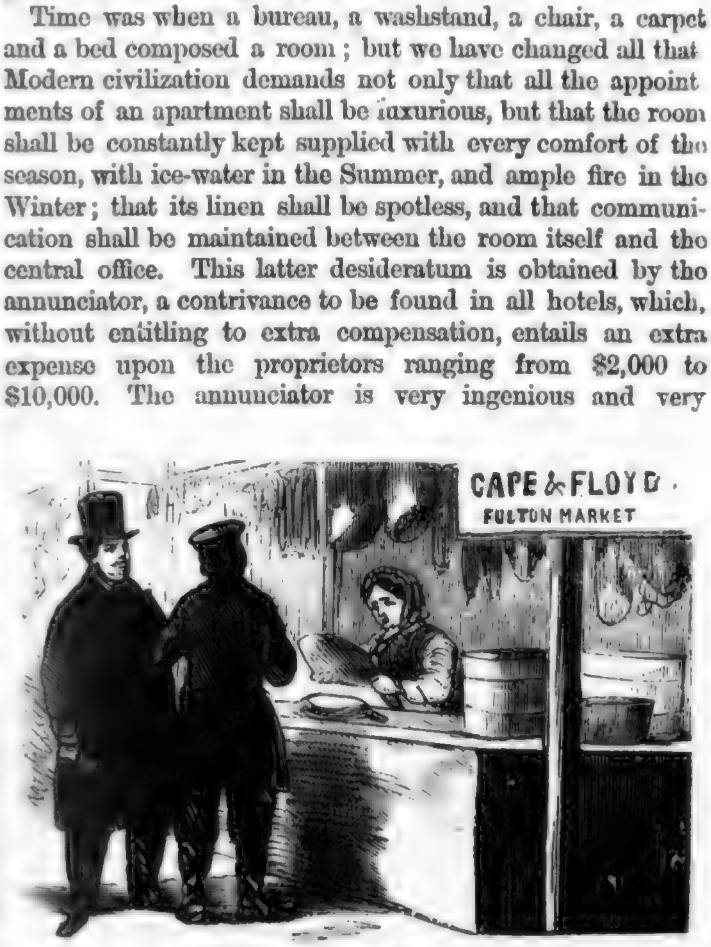
The office-clerk of a first-class hotel is compelled to be an encyclopedia of general information, and he fulfills the necessities of his post with an ability which can be but wondered at, while the tax upon alike his politeness, his patience, and his physique is something that can only be understood by those who have to endure it.

As for the proprietors of a leading hotel, they must be "leading" men—must be—or their establishment would fail. No man can "run a first-class house" in this country unless he be "a first-class man"—not necessarily in purely intellectual respects (though even in these he must excel the average), but in all matters pertaining alike to inside business and the outside world.

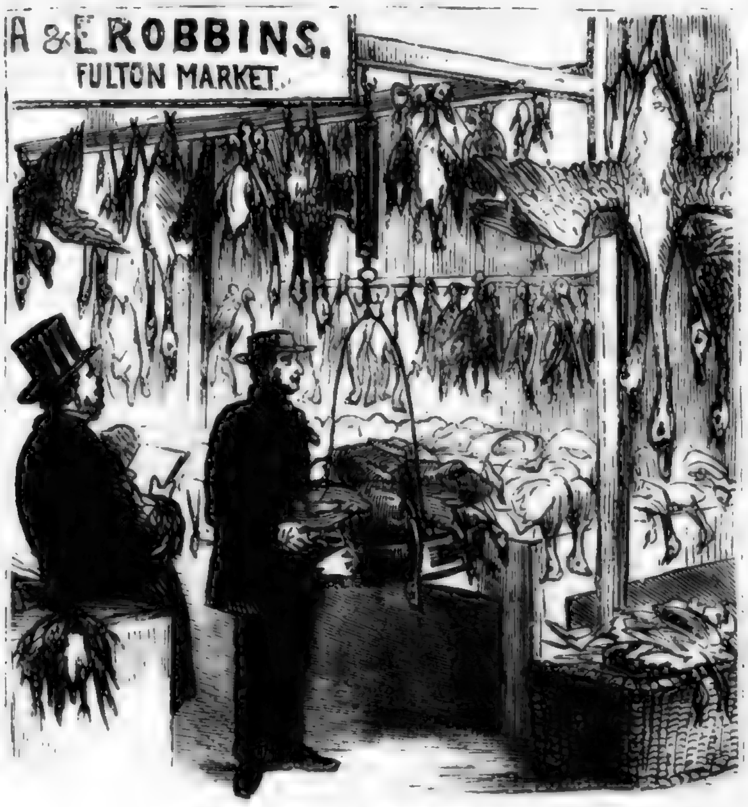
As a class, "hotel men" are of more than ordinary capacity; and although the hotel clerk has been made the butt of caricaturists and paragraphists, he really represents more than the average industry and intelligence.

Having illustrated the problem of hotel attendance and management, let us look at another department of the puzzle—the rooming of guests.

Time was when a bureau, a washstand, a chair, a carpet and a bed composed a room; but we have changed all that. Modern civilization demands not only that all the appointments of an apartment shall be luxurious, but that the room shall be constantly kept supplied with every comfort of the season, with ice-water in the Summer, and ample fire in the Winter; that its linen shall be spotless, and that communication shall be maintained between the room itself and the central office. This latter desideratum is obtained by the annunciator, a contrivance to be found in all hotels, which, without entitling to extra compensation, entails an extra expense upon the proprietors ranging from $2,000 to $10,000. The annunciator is very ingenious and very



LAYING IN HAMS.


A & E ROBBINS.
FULTON MARKET.

AT THE POULTRY AND GAME STALLS.

complex, and may be of half a dozen varieties. As for the room linen, this must be plentiful and fine—two simple requisites which involve in a large hotel an enormous outlay of money and an endless amount of labor, neither of which can be directly charged for.

The wash-list of one leading hotel included recently the following items: 2,400 sheets, 2,000 pillow-cases, 4,000 towels and 950 bed-spreads, in addition to 4,000 napkins, 200 tablecloths, 575 waiters' aprons and 1,000 tidies.

The laundry of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is an institution well worth seeing, in its way. There the work is done both by steam and by hand. There are washing cylinders driven by machinery, and a curious drying machine. This latter is a wire cylinder, revolving rapidly within another close cylinder, throwing the water out of the clothes by centrifugal force, and drying them in a few minutes. The linen is then ironed and mangled, and finally heated by steam.

Incidental to the rooming of guests in a large hotel are the services of a small army of chambermaids, a brigade of firemen, and a troop of bell-boys.

The furniture required in the bedrooms and private and public parlors of a great hotel is a fearfully expensive item. Many of our leading hotels are furnished literally like palaces. Paneled doors of mahogany, oak and rosewood, bronze knobs, $1,000 pier-glasses, curtains $200 a pair, carpets from $6 to $15 a square yard, $35 reception-chairs, $85 ottomans: elements like these, subjected to such daily wear and tear that they have to be renewed on an average every five or six years, constitute a sum total that taxes even the capitalist.

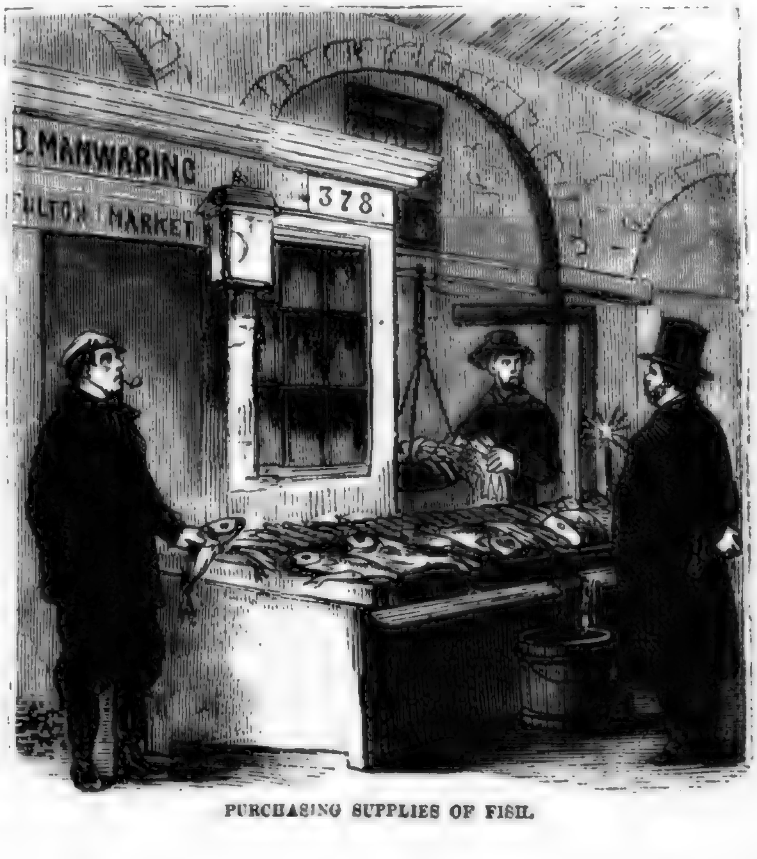
The Fifth Avenue Hotel contains 425 rooms and suites for guests, seven parlors and reception-rooms, three dining-rooms, two grand halls, three public rooms, three committee-rooms, and two offices. Many of these rooms are elaborately frescoed, in addition to being furnished in the prevailing fashion.

Having supplied rooms and attendance, the modern hotel-keeper has still a third thing to do—he must furnish his patrons with an abundance of well-cooked and elegantly served food, with wines. He must not only lodge his guests—he must board them, either on the European, or the American *table d'hôte*, five meals a day plan.

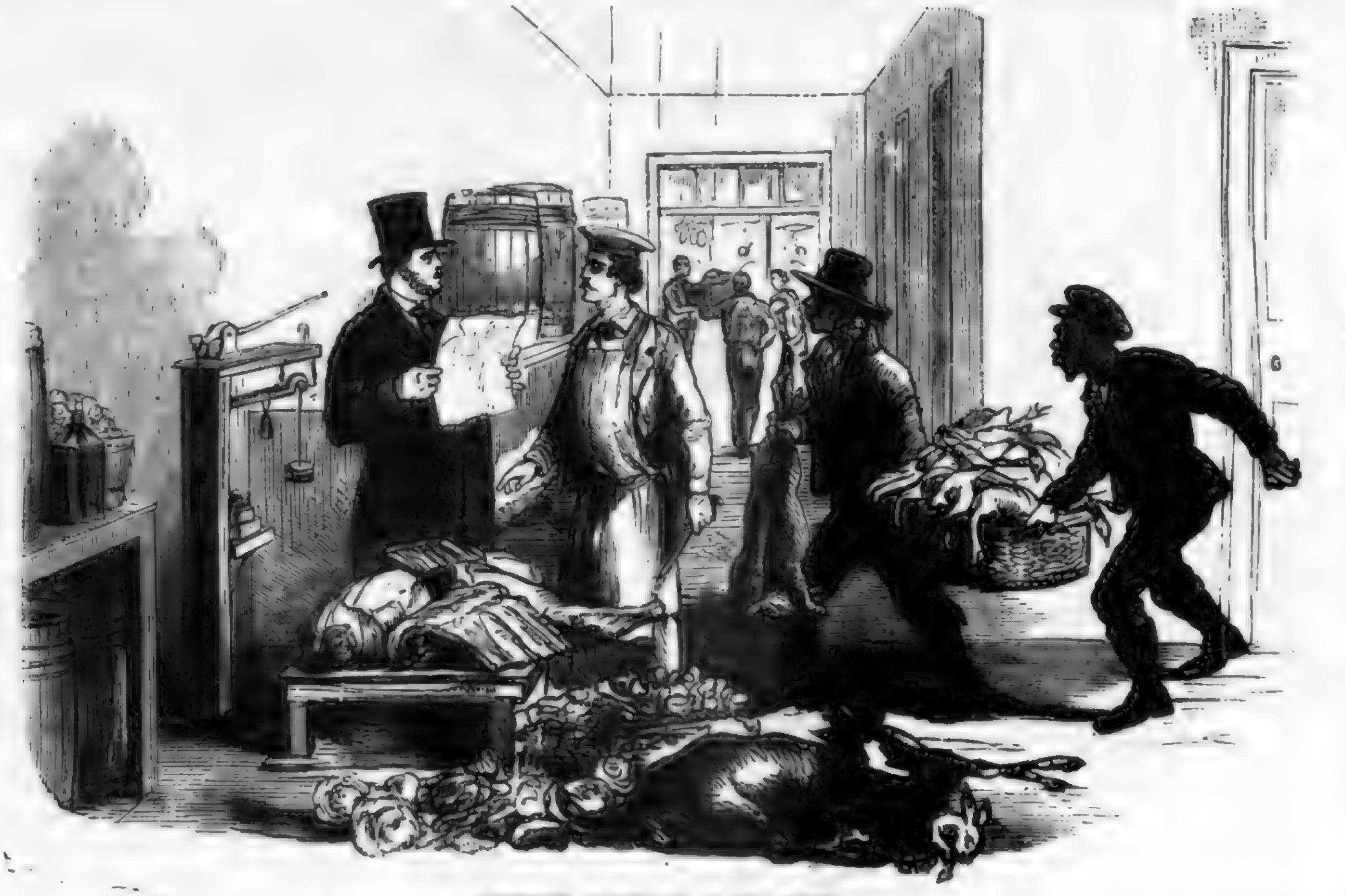
This is probably the most difficult of all the four great problems of the hotel man. What food to buy, and in what quantities; how to preserve it, how to prepare it, and how to prevent wastage—these are questions which he must ask and answer every day.

"The victualing department is *the* department," said Mr. Darling, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to the writer of this sketch, "and I show my faith that this is so by attending to this branch of the business in person. The famous Lelands have made their world-wide reputation by attention to this fact.

At a very early hour in the morning the hotel man wends his way to Washington and Fulton Markets. There he buys his meat, poultry, vegetables, fish, and other fresh provisions for the day. This seems very simple, but just consider for a moment what it really means. The following items illustrate one day's purchases of one of our leading hotels. Ponder over its details for a while. Here are the figures: 591 lbs. of beef loins and ribs; 154 lbs. of corned beef, 10 beef kidneys, 40 ox-tails, 144 lbs. of capon, 372 lbs. of turkey, 38 lbs. of tame ducks, 24 pair of canvas-back ducks, 22 dozen quails, 20 dozen small birds, 107 lbs. of venison, 205 lbs. of mutton, 9 saddles of mutton, 42 pounds of breast of mutton, 20 sweetbreads, 7 calves' livers, 8 calves' heads and feet, 3 quarters veal, 30 hams, 30 beef tongues, 10 pieces smoked bacon, 7 pieces dried beef—so much for the meat. As for fish, look at this list: 30 lbs. of salt mackerel, 60 lbs. of cod, 38 lbs. of smoked salmon, 35 lbs. of smelts, 34 lbs. of striped bass, 36 lbs. of salmon trout, 200 lbs. of crabs, 60 lbs. of lobsters and 213 of green turtle; also 3,000 stewing oysters, 1,600 frying oysters, 400 pickled oysters and 2,000 soft clams. Here are the vegetables to match: 8 barrels of peach-blow potatoes, 4 barrels of sweet potatoes, 2 barrels of Russian turnips, 2 barrels of white onions, 12 dozen of celery, 11 bunches of parsley and 28 cabbages. Now, it requires not only money to buy all this, but it takes time and judgment, as every head of a family knows full well,



PURCHASING SUPPLIES OF FISH.



RECEIVING PROVISIONS AT THE HOTEL.

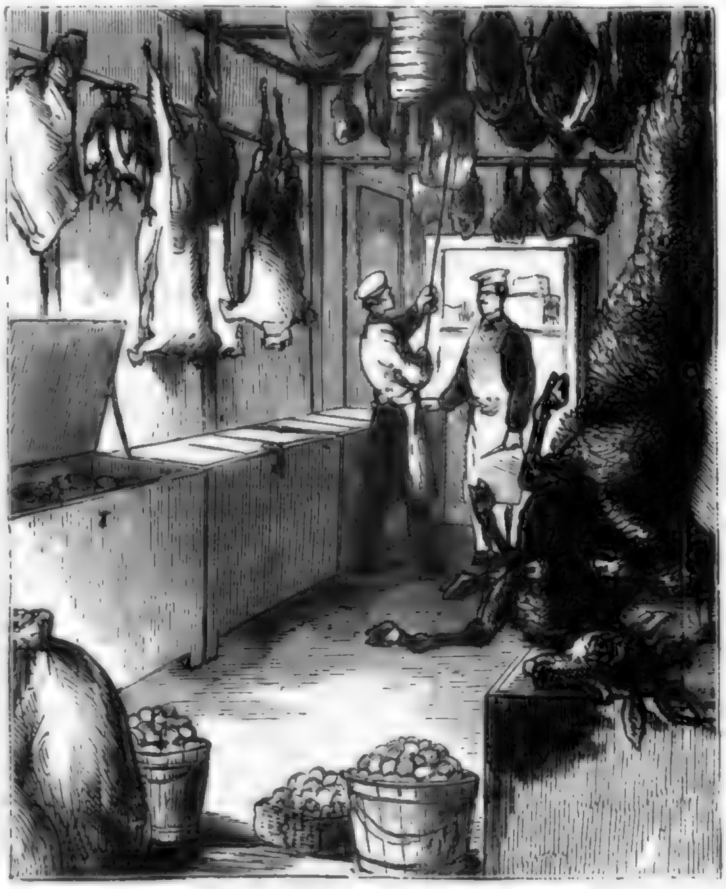
and it forms a most important part of a hotel manager's daily duties, as illustrated in the accompanying engravings, which represent the hotel man, book in hand, and every faculty on the alert, buying the meat, poultry, oysters, fish and vegetables, and having the meat dressed and weighed.

Following the morning routine of the hotel-keeper, our series of illustrations next show the receiving of these purchases at the hotel. There they are compared with the order-book, are re-weighed, and are then distributed by the steward and his assistants to the various cooks or heads of departments, as may be required, or they are taken to the store-room. A hotel store-room is a perfect museum of edibles—an agricultural hall in miniature.

Great care is bestowed upon the preserving of meats. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the meat is retained for a week, under such condition of temperature that it cannot decay, and must ripen. The hotel larder is a curiosity in its way, as is the hotel ice-house, and, more especially, the hotel wine-cellar. Our illustrations show how the meat and provisions of a large hotel are kept till needed for immediate use.

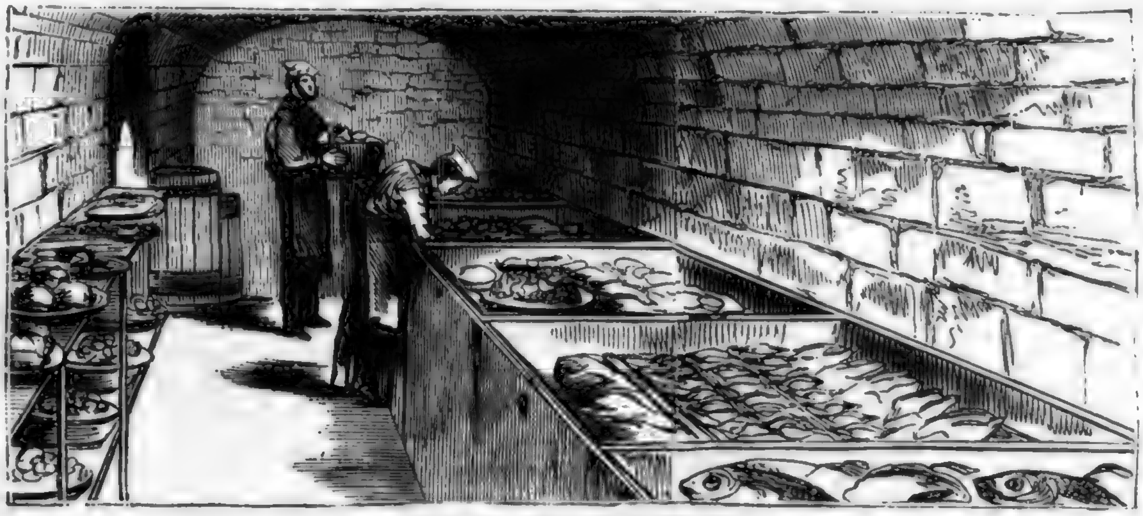
Every first-class hotel has, nowadays, its own bakery; also its own pastry and confectionery establishment, while the chief care and interest centre in and around the hotel-kitchen. The latter is quite as elaborate in its way as the hotel-parlor, and it equally illustrates the ingenuity of man.

Every contrivance that can facilitate the labor of cookery is to be found here. Stoves of the largest, ranges of the finest, all sorts of cooking apparatus—roasting grates capable of doing justice to thirty turkeys at a time; gridirons five feet square—while special attention is paid to cleanliness. Time was when hotel-kitchens were careless, not to say dirty places. But now, you could eat a meal on the boards of any table in the Windsor Hotel kitchen. Nor is there any longer any disgreeable smell associated with a hotel kitchen. Ventilating shafts have been introduced which completely carry away all odors. A fastidious lady could room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel kitchen without having even her delicate nerves offended in the slightest. Cookery has been elevated into art—almost into poetry. Our engravings illustrate the various phases of kitchen life, and our readers will catch their spirit at a glance. An idea



THE MEAT-ROOM.

will thus be afforded of the picturesque appearance presented by all those parts of hotel life that do not meet the eye of the guest.

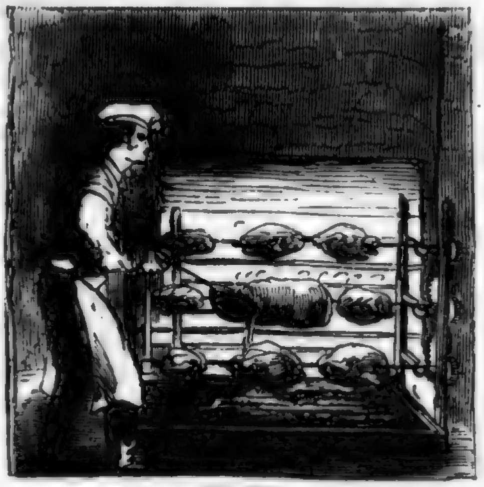


ROOM FOR PREPARED PROVISIONS.

The statistics of food are very suggestive and interesting. An estimate has been made, by a competent authority, of the amount of food consumed in the fifteen largest hotels of New York City for the year 1875. On an average, 54,600 lbs. of meat were used every week to supply these fifteen hotels. Of this quantity, 35,000 lbs. were beef; 600,000 lbs. of fish were consumed in the year; 16,000,000 oysters, 5,000,000 eggs, 1,500,000 chickens and poultry, 10,000 barrels of flour, 20,000 barrels of potatoes, 100,000 lbs. of coffee, 35,000 lbs. of tea, 35,000 cans of milk, 170,000 quarts of cream, 480,000 lbs. of butter, and 20,000 lbs. of grapes.

In addition to these items, it was ascertained that about 19,000,000 of pieces had been laundried in those fifteen hotels during the year; that their gas bills had exceeded $165,000; that they had consumed 25,000 tons of coal, and 12,000 tons of ice; while their wastage and garbage exceeded 10,000,000 lbs.

Thirty-two boxes of lemons were employed for cooking purposes weekly, and over 1,800 barrels of oranges were used during the year.

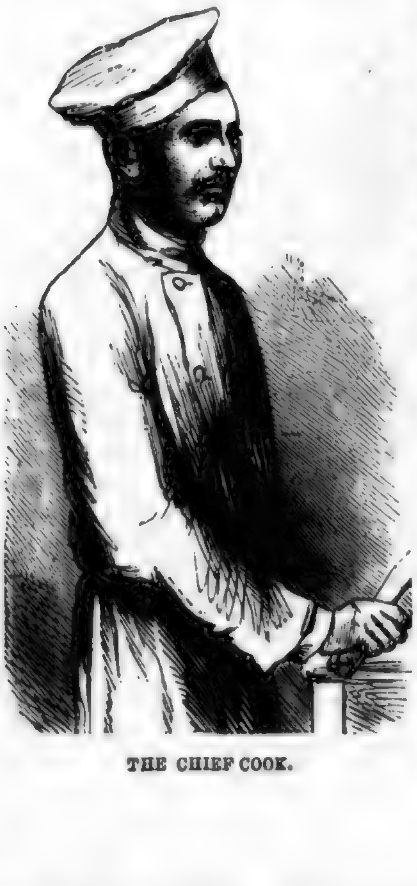


THE SPIT.

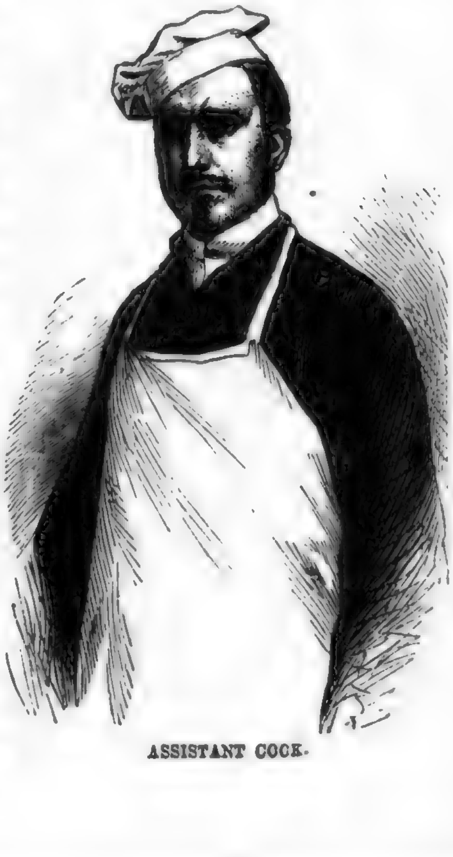
But even when the hotel-keeper has supplied his public with rooms, food, and attendance, he has yet to furnish his luxurious guests, or to see that they are furnished, with any number of miscellaneous luxuries and conveniences which their refined tastes require.

There must be a telegraph office in the hotel and a reading-room, and a ticket-office, and a barber-shop, and a bar-room, and a billiard-saloon, etc., all of which, though distinct from the hotel proper, are yet included in it, and for which, to a certain extent, the hotel proprietor is responsible. Then there must be an elevator, an indispensable item, which costs anywhere from $5,000 to $15,000. Besides, the responsibility of ventilating and heating properly falls upon the hotel-keeper, and must be met scientifically and thoroughly—the whole system of drainage, closets, furnaces, water, etc., must be developed according to the latest, most improved, and, therefore, most expensive pattern. These items cost the Fifth Avenue Hotel proprietors annually $125,000; while the utmost care must be taken to provide against the ever-present, inexpressibly hideous contingency of fire. This deadly, lurking enemy of hotels is prepared for at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by fire-walls, division-walls, floors filled in with mortar; outer walls twenty inches thick, of best burnt brick, with extra heavy marble facings, with nearly half a mile of hose, fire extinguishers, steam pumps, and other requisites. Other first-class hotels are similarly fortified, and we have seen, in the recent fearful example in St. Louis, how essential the most ample provision for escape becomes in a large hotel.

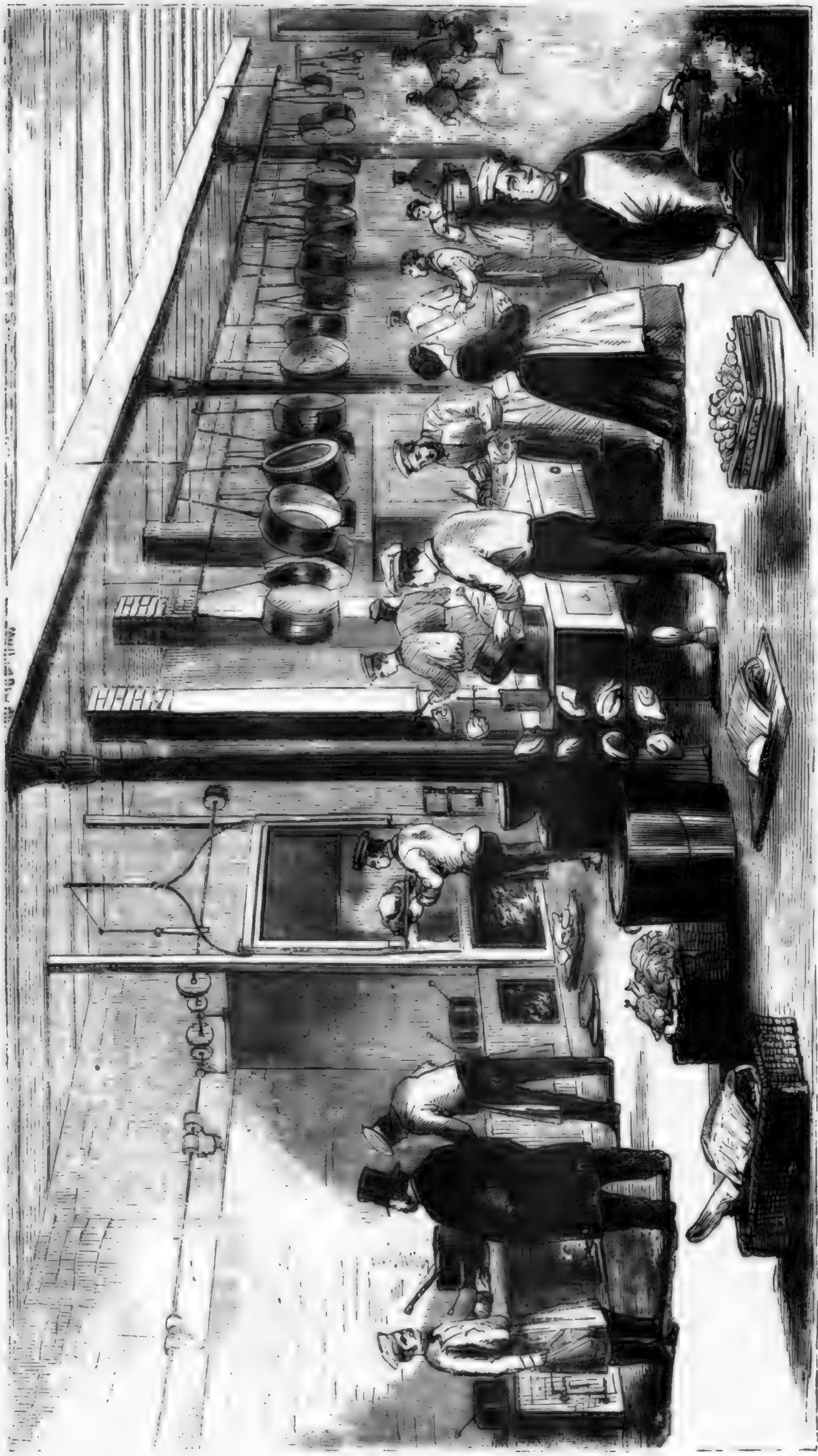
Sickness is also to have its appropriate provision, and at the majority of our leading hotels there is a resident physician; while every large establishment is compelled, in the interests of morality and honesty, as well as of its own self-protection, to employ two, and sometimes more, private detectives —hotel detectives, as they are called. These men form a peculiar class, and possess an extended experience of human nature. They can tell an "adventurer" at a glance; they can recognize "a hotel fraud" through all



THE CHIEF COOK.



ASSISTANT COOK.

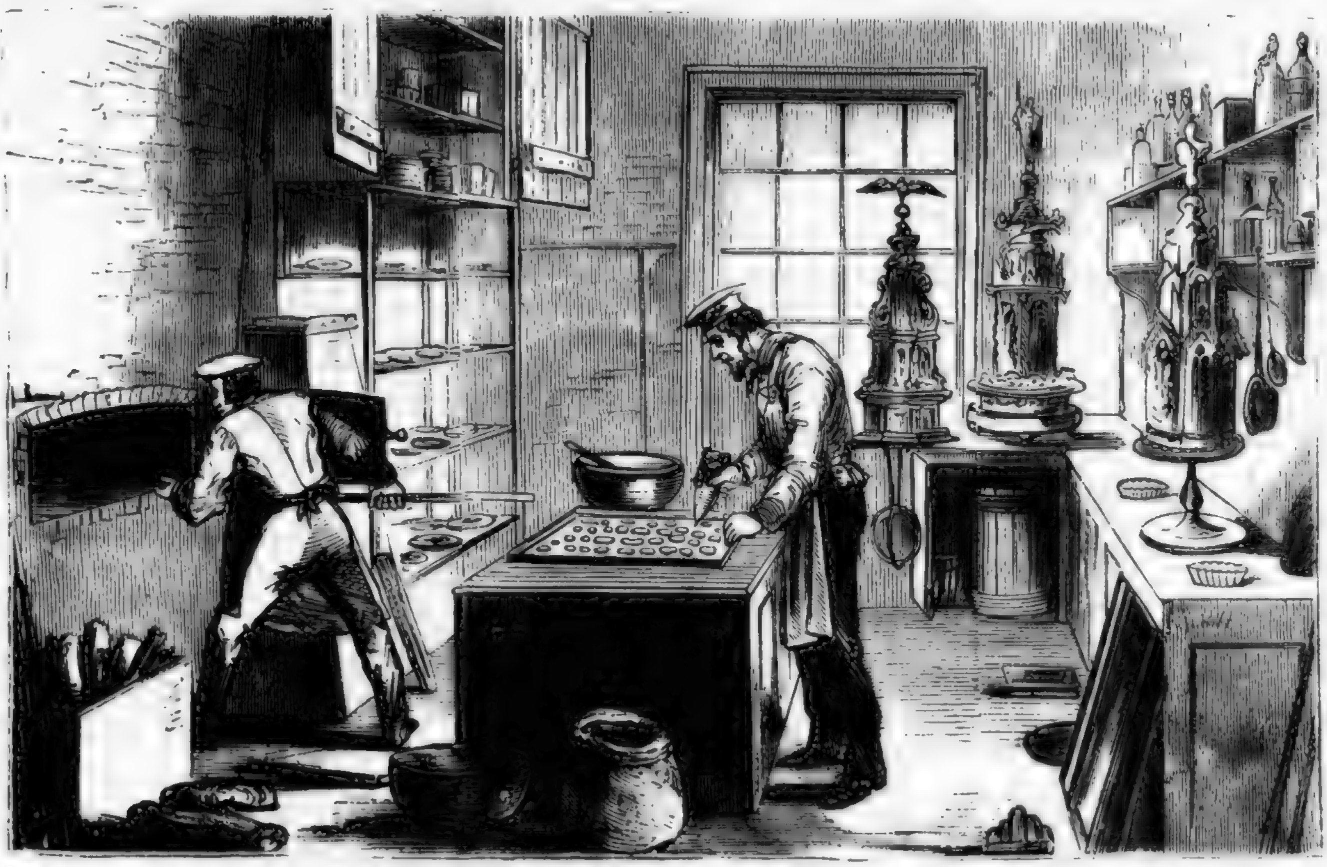


HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.—THE KITCHEN OF A GREAT CITY HOTEL.

disguises; they know a thief by instinct. In some respects this, which may be called "the criminal department" of hotels, is one of the most interesting features of our many-sided theme; and did space permit, many anecdotes illustrative of the eccentricities of character and the romance of vice could be here narrated.

The old race of "hotel beats," whose trunks were filled with bricks, or who victimized landlords by what was more deceitful even than their trunks, their tongues, is dying out. The hotel detective system, and the "hotel law," as it is styled, have sadly narrowed their field of operations. Still, even the Fifth Avenue Hotel has recently been swindled out of many dinners by smart, genteel outsiders who pretended to be guests. The Hoffman House has been laid under contribution by a pretended scion of aristocracy; and there is, as a detective expressed it, "quite enough of this sort of thing still to keep us busy."

As for immorality, it will obtrude itself even into the very best society, and into the very best hotels. It will be found wherever and whenever the sexes are found together. But, thanks to the



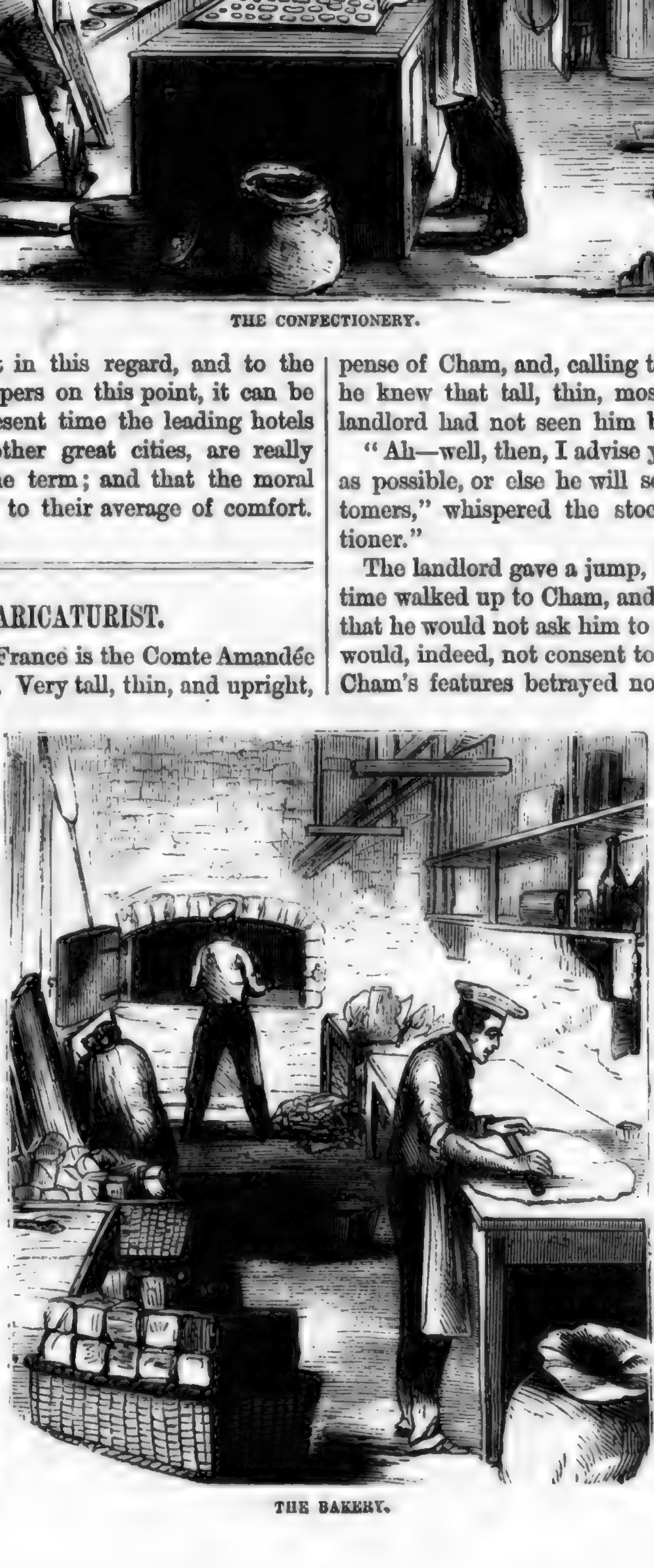
THE CONFECTIONERY.

high tone of public sentiment in this regard, and to the untiring vigilance of hotel-keepers on this point, it can be truthfully said that at the present time the leading hotels of New York, and of our other great cities, are really "homes" in every sense of the term; and that the moral tone in hotels is almost equal to their average of comfort. There can be no higher praise.

CHAM, THE CARICATURIST.

The greatest caricaturist in France is the Comte Amandée de Noé, better known as Cham. Very tall, thin, and upright, scrupulously correct and English in his attire, of manner externally cold and polished, he thoroughly realizes the Parisian idea of the Londoner; the more so as, like the sailor in Gilbert's ballad, he never laughs and he never smiles, though he is one of the most practical jokers in existence.

A good *bonmot* about him has recently cropped up. Going into a restaurant where he was unknown, he settled into a corner seat which happened to be generally reserved for a stock-broker who dined at the house every evening. The waiter said nothing; but the stock-broker coming in, felt wroth at the usurpation, and was about to complain of it, when he recognized the familiar features of the caricaturist. He thought he would have a joke at the expense of Cham, and, calling the landlord aside, asked him if he knew that tall, thin, most solemn stranger. No; the landlord had not seen him before.



THE BAKERY.

"Ah—well, then, I advise you to order him out as quickly as possible, or else he will scare away all your other customers," whispered the stock-broker. "It is the executioner."

The landlord gave a jump, but without an instant's loss of time walked up to Cham, and begged him to depart, adding that he would not ask him to pay for what he had eaten, and would, indeed, not consent to touch his money at any price. Cham's features betrayed not the slightest surprise at this communication.

"May I ask who revealed to you that I am the headsman?" he said, in his gravest tones. "Is it that gentleman yonder?"

The landlord nodded his head.

"Ah, quite so," answered Cham, imperturbably; "he ought to know me, for I flogged and branded him at Toulon not more than two years ago."

It is alleged that the stock-broker recorded a vow never to play a trick on Cham again; and similar resolutions are generally made by those who measure wits with the nimble caricaturist.

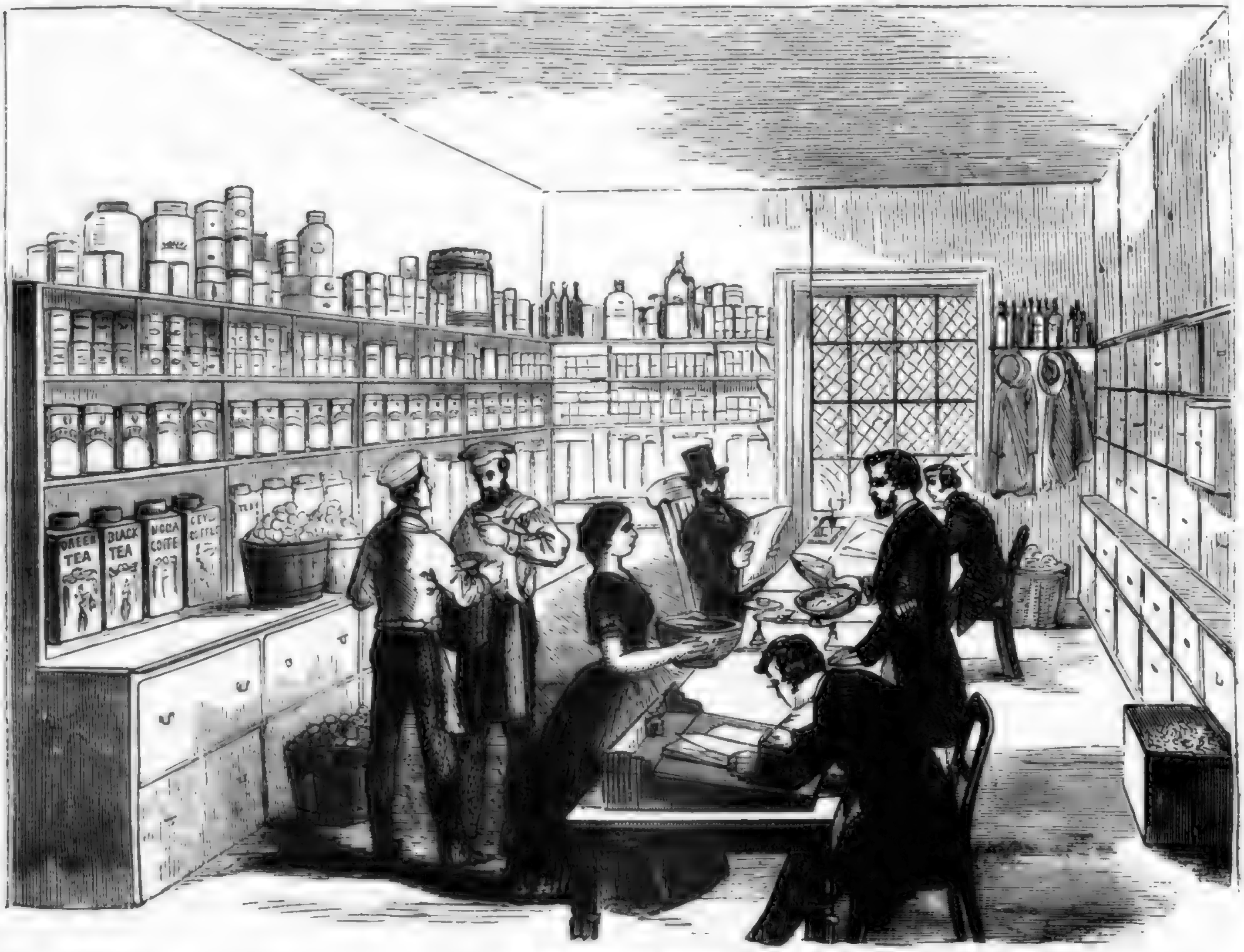
Of all passions, avarice is the most unaccountable, as it precludes the miser from any pleasure except that of hoarding.

XUM

A STORMY NIGHT.

"Awfully hot to-night! close and sultry as an oven. I suspect the monsoon will set in before six hours are over. Yes, thank you, captain, I'll take a little brandy-pawnee, and light one of those capital cheroots of yours. Beg your pardon, Mr. Travis; I didn't see you, sitting there in the shadow of the purdah. This tent life is new to you, isn't it?"

And Dr. Bates, the surgeon attached to the frontier corps of Irregulars which I had then the honor to command, took his seat on the rude ottoman, made of basketwork and covered with felt, which was the principal piece of furniture in my bell-shaped canvas abode. He lit his cigar very deftly, laid a folded paper on the table, and informed me, officially, that he had come to make his report. Then he became conversational again.



STORE-ROOM AND OFFICE.

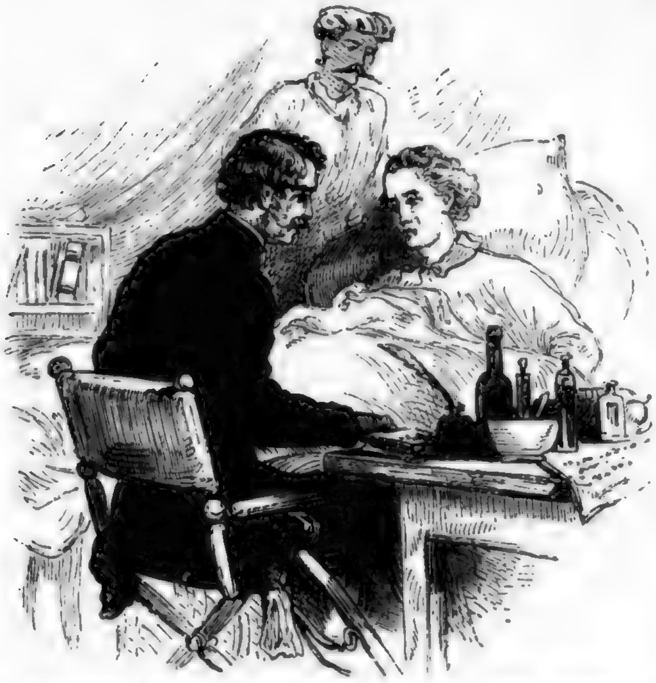
"Not such a heavy sick-list, all things considered. I've put down two of the troopers as unfit for duty. The havildar, Mummoo Khan, asks for his discharge. His right arm will never recover the effects of that gunshot wound; bone comes away in splinters, and the hurt is badly suppurated. Lall Singh and Motee Khan are worse. Errington, poor fellow——"

"Ah! doctor, what of him?" asked I, throwing down my newspaper.

"Won't live through the night. Quite rational now, and the delirium cleared away, but sinking fast. I've left some cordial with his bearer, with orders for him to have some every half-hour; but all the College of Surgeons couldn't keep the lamp alight for another twenty-four hours. By-the-way, he would be glad, captain, if you could go and sit with him a bit. It would be a kindness, after all."

I got up at once, took my sabre, and sallied forth. The whole camp was bathed in a flood of the purest and whitest moonlight, in which the tents shimmered like silver. Close up to our encampment came the dark jungle, from which strange sounds, the cries of wild animals, the notes of night birds, and the hum and whirr of insects, came in weird chorus. In one open space a great watchfire was burning, red and smoky, and around it sat a number of our Sewars, cooking, eating grapes and other Punjab fruit, or gravely puffing at their everlasting chillums. A little way off, around a smaller fire, were grouped a number of camp-followers, like figures of bronze, scantily attired in white cotton cloth, and beyond the fires the picketed horses were feeding. I stood before Errington's tent, but I hesitated to enter, in spite of the distinct invitation I had received.

Errington was a being apart from the rest of us, among whom good-fellowship and frankness were so much the rule that any exception was doubly notable. He was not what would usually be called a morose person, but he had constantly maintained a reserve and stiffness of bearing in all his dealings with his brother officers which repelled intimacy while avoiding actual offence. This was the more vexatious, because Lieutenant Errington was unmistakably a gentleman, well-bred, well-read, and of something more than average abilities. I know of no man in the service who would have been more popular had he not shrunk from popularity; and when he became my subaltern I had done my best to be on friendly terms with him, but in vain. He did his duty perfectly, even zealously, and was only too forward



A STORMY NIGHT.—DEATHBED OF THE EAST INDIAN OFFICER.

in the hour of danger; but nothing could thaw that icy reserve of his. He soon gave me to understand, by the cold politeness of every word and action, that our intercourse was to be limited to its official phase, and that intimacy was out of the question. Few commanding officers, perhaps, have had to put up with such a rebuff from a subordinate, and it speaks well for Errington's tact that he abstained from offending those whom he desired to keep at a distance. Offended, however, I was not, and the rather that I had long fancied that some overpowering sorrow, some memory that rankled in the heart, was the true cause of what appeared to many as unreasonable petulance.

And now the poor fellow was dying of wounds received in a skirmish with some rascally Affghan horse-robbers, aggravated by jungle fever, and I stood at the door of his tent, hesitating for a moment ere I entered. It was, as the doctor had said, unusually hot, even for that climate and season. The weight and sultriness of the atmosphere were oppressive and dispiriting, and I thought that the cries and Babel of nameless sounds that surged up from the dark forest had a peculiar accent of menace and boding. The fire-beetles and fireflies—living jewels—flashed as they darted through the thickets near at hand. I saw the white turban and glittering carbine of the sentinel, now ruddy in the firelight, now wan and pale in the moonbeams, as he paced to and fro. Gently pushing aside the curtain, I entered the tent.

The dying man lay propped up with pillows in a half recumbent attitude. Beside the bed was a table, littered with medicine-bottles and glasses, writing materials and a bright lamp. The subaltern's sword and revolver lay there, too, and beside them was the poor fellow's watch, ticking as it marked off the fast waning moments of his ebbing life. The brown, intelligent face, wiry mustache, and striped turban of the bearer were to be seen close at the bedhead. Quiet and attentive, he waited till the watch should mark the proper time for administering the cordial. Other faces there were none around that sad couch. The only Europeans with our little corps were the surgeon, myself, and the acting subaltern, Travis, who had been detailed from Peshawur to do duty in Errington's stead.

"Ah, captain, this is kind of you," said the sufferer, as his haggard eyes brightened at my appearance, and he held out his wasted hand, which was thin and burning hot. "I hardly hoped to see you, and my time is so short. Sit down, as close to the bed as you can, for my voice is getting weak, and I have much to tell. Khoorshid Ali, the cordial."

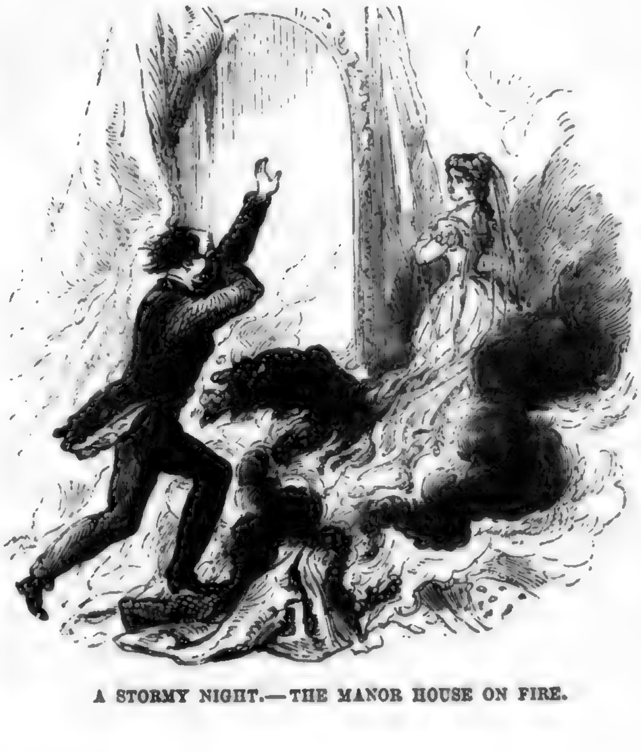
He drank a few drops of the restorative, and then, cutting short my well-meant commonplaces about the propriety of his not exciting himself and the prospects of his recovery, said, earnestly:

"Excuse me; I have too much on my mind to die easily, and I do not know at what moment the delirium may return. I thought to carry the story untold with me to my grave, but since the fire of the fever has cooled away from my brain, and death's ice-cold fingers have begun to tighten their clutch upon my heart, I have formed a new resolve. I will tell all. As sure as you are sitting by my bedside, when I lay tossing last night in the very fangs of the fell disorder, I saw her, yonder, by the tent-door."

His voice failed him, and he made an impatient sign to his servant to give him some more of the cordial. To attempt to check him under the circumstances, would, I felt, be cruel and useless, and I therefore patiently waited till he could muster fresh strength. I noticed that the poor fellow's eye, though glittering, was steady, and that his tone was that of intense, concentrated conviction. He spoke again:

"When first I joined the corps you were good enough to show me much kindness, and it is my own fault that we have not been friends. My churlishness appeared to you, I am sure, in the worst light; but, Thursby, I am equally sure that you are too good-hearted a fellow to harbor resentment against a dying man. Your presence here, after all my cold and haughty conduct, is a proof of that. And believe me that caprice has not been the true motive of my unsocial behavior. When the blight fell upon my life, I turned away from human friendships for ever. Companionship, the frank intercourse of my equals, galled my morbid soreness of heart. Alone, I brooded over the miserable past. That I was wrong in my theory of life is very probable, but the mistake is not now to be set right. My breath will hardly last me, I fear, until the tale is told.

"Six years ago, at a small watering-place on the southern coast of England, I met her—the lady, I mean, whom I hoped to call my wife. Her name was Alicia Morgan. She was young—not quite twenty—an orphan, and residing with her aunt, a certain Lady Murray, who lived at a country-house, called the Heathlands, seven miles from B———. It



A STORMY NIGHT.—THE MANOR HOUSE ON FIRE.

was at a flower-show that we met, and I have never forgotten my first glimpse of that beautiful dark face, with its lustrous eyes and the profusion of raven hair twisted around that small queenly head, as I saw it first through a screen of roses and blossomed shrubs. Two pretty girls, her cousins, were beside her, but their more commonplace loveliness actually seemed to serve as a foil for the rare beauty of their young companion. And presently an older and matronly lady, evidently, by the strong likeness, the mother of the two girls last spoken of, rejoined them, and they all moved onward.

"I had many friends, and without much difficulty I obtained an introduction to Lady Murray, her daughters and her niece. It came out, by great good fortune, as I thought, that my father had been aide-de-camp, in the Peninsula, to old Sir Thomas, Lady Murray's husband. The general was now very aged and broken, and his rheumatism kept him a close prisoner at home; but he remembered my name well, and I was received at Heathlands with all the warmth which characterizes the reception of an old friend. I was a frequent visitor at the house, and was always made welcome. There were *fêtes* of various sorts going on in that hospitable countryside, in the pleasant Summer weather; and at archery meeting, cricket match, or race-ball, picnic or boating party, I always joined the Murrays, and always found my way to Alicia's side.

"I have no wish, Thursby, to dwell upon what must seem to you the tame routine of mere commonplace love-making, and I see by your gesture of suppressed impatience that you think I am wasting my scanty store of breath in recounting trifles. I will therefore hurry on. Let it suffice, that within two months of my first meeting with Alicia Morgan at the flower-show, I proposed for her hand, and was accepted. It all came about so suddenly that I could hardly believe that my suit had been successful, even when the congratulations of the friends to whom the news had been imparted came pouring in upon me. To own the truth, I was half-frightened by my own good fortune.

"That you may, in some degree, understand my feelings, I will give you a brief description of the family beneath whose roof, after so short an acquaintance, I had wooed and won a not unwilling bride. Sir Thomas, crippled by age and infirmity, testy of temper and impatient of contradiction, was managed with consummate tact by his clever and comely wife, who was very much his junior. Lady Murray was indeed what in common parlance is styled a 'managing woman.' She knew the world—the world of London society—very well, and played her own part with great skill. The two eldest of her four daughters—she had no son—were already well married, in the world's esteem, and there was little doubt but that their younger sisters would also draw prizes in the matrimonial lottery. All these girls had good looks and some fortune, but in neither respect could even maternal partiality have described them as the equals of their cousin Alicia. She was well-dowried, a fair estate in Wales having descended to her for lack of male heirs; but it was not until after I had made my proposal that I learned this fact. To do justice to my own motives, mercenary hopes had no share in drawing me on.

"I have said enough to show that Lady Murray was by no means the sort of relative likely to encourage what are called romantic notions, or to sympathize with a love-match where the husband should be the poorer of the two. And that such was the case in the present instance I found, to my chagrin, there would be no doubt. As a bachelor and a guardsman I was well enough off. By the Belgravian standard, on the other hand, I was too poor to marry, unless my choice should be a woman of property. And yet Lady Murray cordially gave her consent, and secured that of Sir Thomas, who, as the young lady's guardian, had the power of prohibiting her marriage until she should be of age.

"Nothing could exceed, I may say, the kindness of the family. My acquaintance with Alicia, and with themselves, had been so brief, that a term of probation might well have been imposed upon me. There would have been nothing harsh or unreasonable in such a stipulation. But no such stipulation was made. When I pressed, as lovers will, for an early day, Lady Murray good-humoredly remonstrated, but only on the score of the necessary preliminaries. 'Lawyers, milliners, confectioners and coach builders,' she said, 'must have time to play their part in a proper manner. At earliest, the wedding could not take place until the Autumn.' But she never seemed to think that any opportunity ought to be afforded to Alicia and myself to become better versed in each other's dispositions, and to draw back, if need be, from the hasty engagement that had been plighted under such unusual circumstances.

"Even the legal arrangements went on with what I was assured was most unwonted smoothness. What Lady Murray, or the general, may have written to the family solicitor, I cannot tell; but my own man of business was almost rendered suspicious by the unprecedented straightforwardness with which every inquiry was met, and every alteration acceded to. The old lawyer, who had fought many a hard battle over marriage settlements, and with whom it was an article of faith to consider the opposite party as a subtle antagonist bent on getting the best of the bargain, knew not what to think of the easy victory that now seemed to await him. And yet, as he said in professional dudgeon, the lady's solicitors were an eminent firm, and the titles to the property were as clear as titles could be. There was no doubt about the matter, but the pliancy of the Murrays and their legal advisers could not have been greater had I been a duke instead of an ensign. It was left for me to insist that Alicia's fortune should be strictly settled on herself. I felt that this precaution was due to my own sense of honor.

"Autumn came round, and the preparations were all complete. The wedding was to be a very quiet one, after all, it had been decided. The ostensible reason for this change in the programme was the health of old Sir Thomas, who could not undertake a journey to London, and whom Lady Murray was unwilling to leave alone at Heathlands. I cared little how matters of this kind were settled, and was quite content that Alicia and I should be married in the little village church of Hillingdon, the parish in which Heathlands was situated.

"The wedding, as I have said, was to be a very quiet affair, Julia and Fanny Murray being the only bridesmaids. There was to be a breakfast, but only those of the neighboring county families whose members were intimate with the Murrays had been invited to partake of it. The day was fixed. The settlements had been signed, duly witnessed, and returned to London. Milliners, lace venders, jewelers, had executed their orders with more or less promptness, and stores of finery, which even Lady Murray admitted to suffice to the furnishing forth of the wardrobe of a young married lady—all were ready. The very spot where the honeymoon should be spent was settled, in what Fanny Murray called a 'committee of the whole house.' It was decided that no couple had ever been likely to start more smoothly and pleasantly on the voyage of matrimony.

"It was come, at last, the eve of the day on which Alicia and I were to plight our faith, come weal or woe, to one another; and I rode up, as usual, to the Manor House, followed by my servant. It was my custom to ride those seven miles of indifferent road, and to send back the horses, with Sam, to a small inn nearly three miles from Heathlands. The road, it so happened, was singularly wild and ill-provided with houses of public entertainment; it led into a bleak hill country where the church towers were rare, and where a traveler might not be seen for miles among the treeless wastes. There was no shelter for man or beast, short of the Three Horseshoes, which lay, as I have said, about three miles from the Manor House, and some rods distant from a stream which foot-passengers crossed by a plank bridge, but which horses were obliged to ford.

"At Heathlands, my horses would of course have been cared for, had there been the necessary accommodation. But the general's habits were peculiar. The stabling was old and ruinous, and there was only just room enough for the carriage-horses, and two pet ponies that belonged to the girls, under that part of the range that still kept a roof above it. I must tell you this, captain, that you may understand what followed.

"It was a dark day in early December, and the clouds hung threateningly about the bleak hillsides, fringed with black fir-clumps, but the sun shone out, making the flooded meadows and wet roads glitter, as I rode up from B—— about noon. There had been a great deal of rain lately, for it was one of those mild, damp seasons of which we have had so many. The brook was nearly up to the girths as we forded it, and the mire was deep in the winding lane that led to the house.

"My heart was heavy, somehow, and I felt anything but the blithe gayety of spirits that becomes a bridegroom starting joyously forth on a career of wedded happiness. I had never been a very thoughtful man. I was young, prosperous and my own master, and my inducements to meditate had been few. But the great change that was impending, the trust of another's happiness, the responsibilities that I was on the morrow to accept, had made me ponder and reflect in a way to which I was wholly unused. And I reflected, as I passed through the deep lanes, where the scarlet berries of the holly flashed out from the dusky green of the leaves, and where the tall bare elms stood like skeleton giants overhead, how very, very little I knew of Alicia's mind and heart—what a stranger I was to the beautiful girl whom to-morrow I was to hail by the sacred name of wife.

"It was too late. Alicia and I were almost strangers. Our acquaintance was certainly very short, but that was not exactly the case in point. People, especially when they love, may learn to know each other's thoughts and feelings in less time than that which had elapsed since the day of the flower-show. But, I realized it for the first time, I knew singularly little of her whom I had chosen to be the helpmeet of my life.

"As far as I could remember, Alicia and I had seldom or never been alone, really alone, together. Always, as it seemed to me, some of the family had been present when we met; and even in the garden at Heathlands, on that evening when, in the deep shrubbery, I had poured out my heart in a few broken, passionate words, and had told my love to Alicia's half-averted ear, Julia Murray had been hovering near, and had joined us before any answer had been returned to my prayer. And it was from Lady Murray, after explanations had taken place, that I had first heard that my suit was viewed with favor.

"Even since our engagement I had rarely been alone with Alicia, and I was almost startled to remember how few were the sentiments expressed by her that I could recollect, and how slight had been our interchange of ideas. She was always lovely, gracious and calm, like a beautiful statue, but it was wonderful how little communion there had ever been between her spirit and my own. Even a lover's memory, which turns the veriest commonplace prattlings into daintiest music, could not treasure up many of Alicia's spoken words. I was forced to admit, not only that she was habitually silent, but that the Murrays had scarcely ever, by pure accident as it would seem, given me an opportunity of being alone with their ward.

"Dim misgivings, too formless to make a permanent impression, crowded on my soul as I rode through the park, where the russet leaves, soaked with water, lay like a thick carpet beneath the bare trees. I was less hopeful, less exultingly sanguine than formerly, and something like a chill ran through my veins as I caught sight of the steep gables and quaint red roof of the Elizabethan Manor House. These vague feelings, however, soon vanished as I received the warm greetings of my friends; and as Alicia half-shyly put her little hand into mine, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful. Indeed, she was unusually animated. Her dark-blue eyes—she had the rare beauty of blue eyes in conjunction with raven hair and a cheek whose bloom was as darkly rich as that of a peach—were more brilliant than was often the case; her smile was brighter, and her silver laughter more frequent. In general, she really did resemble a handsome statue, but now, though not talkative, she was at least lively and in high spirits. And yet, sometimes, a sudden change would come over her delicately molded features, and she would seem as if listening to some sound inaudible to others, and forgetful of what was passing around her. Then the look of rapt abstraction would die away, and the fair, smiling face would resume its former aspect.

"I never spent a more pleasant afternoon and evening than on that day, the eve of the wedding—the wedding that was never to be. Every member of the fireside group seemed to be disposed to contribute to the general joyousness. Even Sir Thomas, unusually exempt from rheumatic tortures, was in high good-humor, and told some campaigning stories that were new, at least to me, and by no means bad of their kind. Lady Murray and her daughters—clever and well-educated women—were very amusing companions, and if Alicia said less than the others, her beaming eyes and gay laugh had an eloquence of their own, and her royal beauty seemed to convert her, in some manner, into a privileged being, from whom less was to be expected than from others.

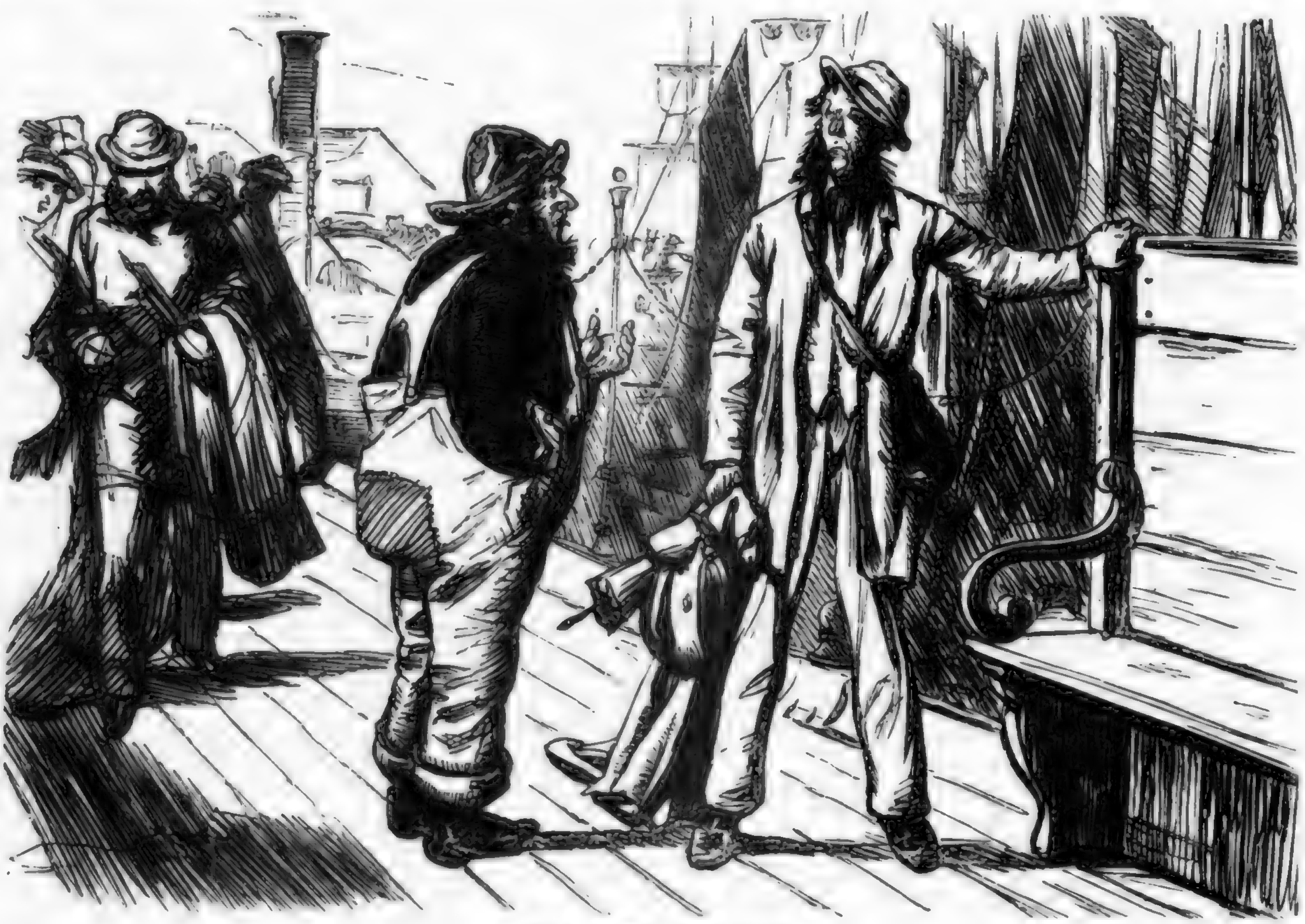
"As I have said, we were happy, and, as is often the case, our mirth seemed the blither because of the stormy weather without. For the storm had recommenced; the sheets of rain lashed the windows, the wind was loud, and there was thunder rolling afar off as the groaning trees bowed to the fury of the gale."

So far in his story my poor comrade had proceeded with a strength that surprised me, and that was evidently due to a concentrated effort of will; but once or twice he had paused to beckon to the watchful native servant for a fresh portion of the cordial. But at this point he stopped, gasping and pressing his thin hand to his breast as he sank back among the pillows. The bearer, who had nursed many a sick sahib on his deathbed, glided actively to his side and supported his languid head. Just then the cries of the wild animals in the jungle, which had been more and more harsh and fretful, ceased, and there was an abrupt hush, a solemn stillness when the very ticking of the watch on the table seemed to jar upon the ear. This silence lasted for a few minutes, perhaps three or four, and then came a low, muttering sound, like that of a rising gale.

In a weak but resolute voice, poor Errington went on:

"My usual custom was to leave Heathlands at ten o'clock. On this particular night, the hour had passed unheeded in the merry flow of conversation, when the old butler, a soldier once, like his master, came in to tell with military brevity what had occurred. The rain, falling furiously on the bleak downs, had swollen every stream and runnel; the brook, already deepened by much wet weather, was now two yards in depth, and had damaged the foot-bridge; while, as for fording, no horse in England could breast the torrent. A countryman had come across from the Three Horseshoes to ask what my servant was to do. He had but the alternative of stopping, with the horses, where he was, and of riding round to Ashton Poplars, where there was a bridge, four miles off, and with every prospect of losing his way in the storm and the darkness.

"'Pooh, pooh! nonsense!' said Sir Thomas, awaking from his nap. 'You must take up your quarters with us for the night. Can't stumble through those muddy lanes in weather like this, can he, Eleanor? No, no, my boy, stop and sleep, and at your time of life you'll be early enough afoot to get down to B——, dress, and be back before old Mr. Maples puts on his surplice in the vestry of Hillingdon church, I warrant you.'



A PLEASANT SITUATION.

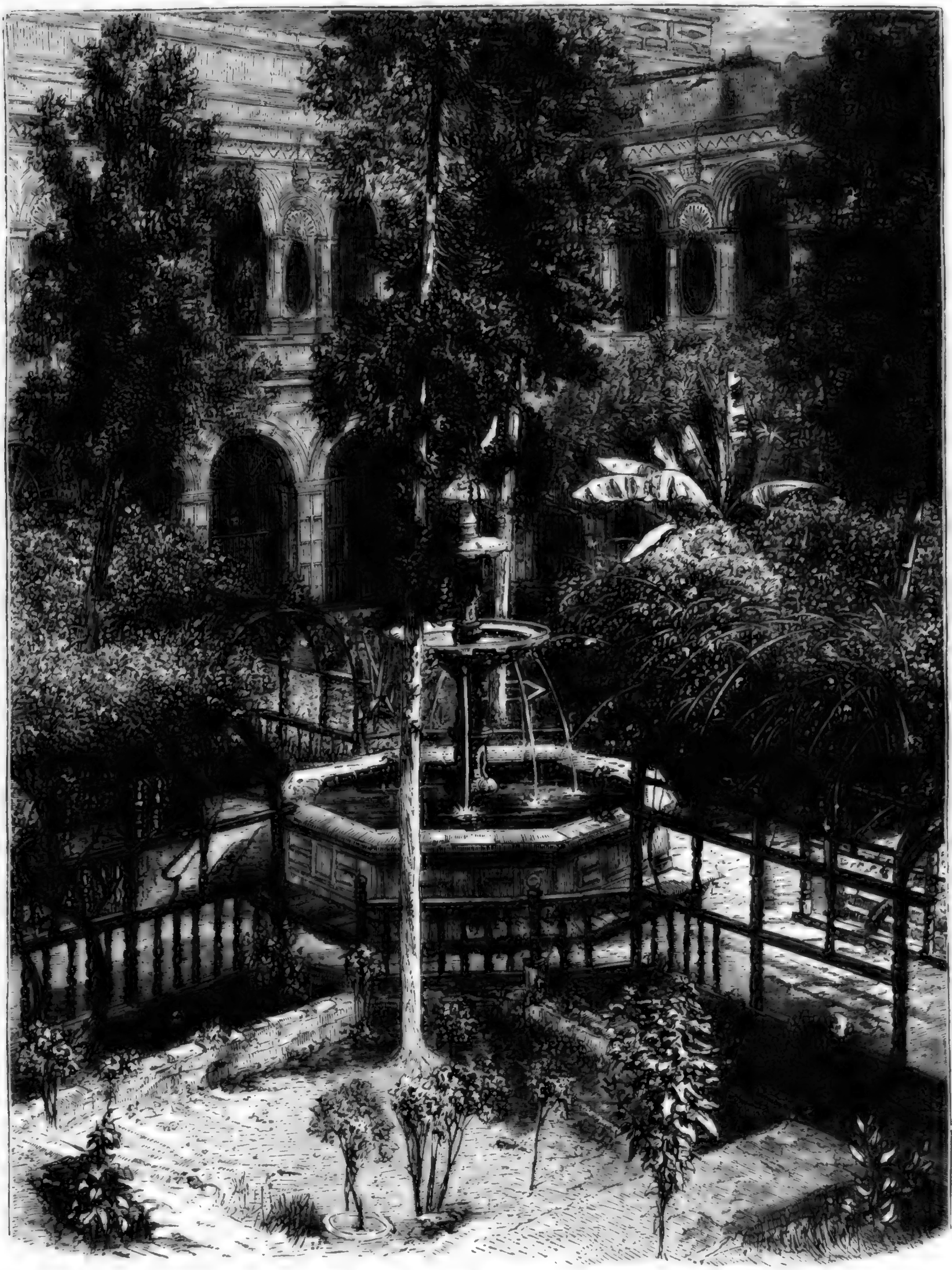
ANCIENT MARINER (to Brown, who has just arrived by the steamer, and had quite enough of it)—"*Nice row or sail this evening, sir?*"

"So it was settled. Lady Murray went to bid the housekeeper get a room ready for me, and there was much laughter among the damsels of the Murray family as to my being 'trapped,' and immured in a Heathlands dungeon for the night. In such laughter and merriment Alicia took no share. On the contrary, one of her odd, silent moods came over her, and, for a moment, her beautiful face seemed to stiffen into stone, her eyes looked coldly forth at vacancy, and her lips worked as if she were about to speak. Then she started, as Lady Murray entered, and bent over a book of engravings, and during the rest of the evening I could not find an opportunity of exchanging word or look with her who was to-morrow to be my wife. And when I bade her good-night, Alicia's hand was deathly cold; it lay passive in mine. She smiled and spoke, but it was evidently with an effort, and in a minute more I was alone.

"Alone in a great wainscoted bedroom, where the fire and the candles were scarcely able to light up the dark-green curtains and the sombre hangings and oaken scantlings of the walls. Sir Thomas's man came and went, bringing, with his master's compliments, razors, brushes, linen and so forth, and presently asked respectfully if I wanted anything more, bowed and departed.

"I sat for an hour or more, gazing at the fiery caverns between the burning coals, and moodily thinking of Alicia's strange manner. Did it imply girlish fickleness, aversion, change of purpose? And if so, ought I, as a man of honor, to hold her to her word? Ought I to wed her if she loved me no more? And then rose up the stinging doubt, had she ever loved me? Was her acceptance of my suit the mere result of surprise, perhaps the persuasion of her relatives, who were evidently my friends? Long I brooded thus, and coming to no satisfactory conclusion, flung myself into bed and tried to sleep. I woke on a sudden, trembling violently, and with big cold drops standing thick on my forehead; woke, not by degrees, but on a sudden, with the start from sleep, the hasty rallying of the faculties, which an abrupt alarm can alone inspire. It was as if the soul, awake while the body slumbered, had roused her slothful companion at the call of danger. Thursby, we have been in action together. I don't think you ever saw me flinch when death and life were trembling in the balance; but I assure you that on that occasion I was completely unnerved. Instinctively I felt that peril was near, a shapeless, unknown peril that weighed upon my heart. Still I rose, relit my candle and hurriedly dressed. My limbs shook, my breath came thick and short, and I was flurried and unsteady; but I crushed down the tremors that beset me, threw on my clothes and opened the door of my room. Then I knew what the danger was. The pungent smoke, eddying down the corridor, the smell of burning wood, and a sound as of hissing snakes blended with the well-known crackling sound produced by dry timbers in a blaze, gave form and substance to my vague fears. Then I felt my courage revive. Heathlands was on fire—there was no doubt of that. But if the old house could not be saved, there must be ample time to preserve every life, and perhaps much property.

"The first thing to do was to ascertain the extent of the mischief; the second would be to spread the alarm through the unconscious household. Led by the ominous sounds of crackling wood, I hurried along the passage, the smoke growing thicker and half blinding me. My room was at the extremity of the east wing, at the end of a long passage, and the other doors belonged to rooms such as the Muniment Chamber, the so-called Oratory—which still retained its antique furniture, and was regarded as a curiosity—and two disused rooms, full of faded but costly upholstery, and which were known as 'Lady Jane's Parlors.'



COURTYARD OF THE CONVENT OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA, PERU.—SEE PAGE 735.

"These two last rooms had their doors ajar, and were full of smoke, but I scarcely heeded them, for now I was near enough to the central part of the rambling old house to see a great glow and glare of heat and light that proceeded from some of the chambers opening on the principal landing-place above the broad oak staircase, and where, as I knew, the Murrays and Alicia slept. I sprang forward with a cry of alarm. Yes, the fire was fiercest in that part. I saw the long tongues of ruddy flame go gliding along the dry wainscoting, licking the walls, climbing in spirals to the ceiling, hissing as it gave out volleys of suffocating smoke. Nor was I the only one aroused by the peril, for I heard the sound of alarmed voices, and the clapping of a door and a shrill cry.

"Two, three of the rooms on the left hand side were pouring forth floods of smoke and flashes of light, mixed with clouds of sparks and scraps of half-consumed muslin or gauze. This was especially the case with the chamber nearest to the great window, from whose door a red glare, like that from a furnace-mouth, came angrily forth. But by what strange accident—ah! there it is at last!

"'Fire! fire!'

"The single dreadful word that scares the boldest, and that none can hear without emotion at the dead of the night. A dozen voices seemed at once to spread the alarm, and I, too, echoed it, although a glance at the broad staircase convinced me that the way of escape was open, and that the fire was confined to the upper part of the house. The chief seat of the conflagration was evidently the passage to the left, where the very beams and joists were burning, and where the fire raged in the three rooms I have mentioned—empty rooms, no doubt.

"By this time the sleepers had been aroused, and Sir Thomas, his clever consort, who was the most courageous of the family, and supported the halting steps of her crippled husband, Julia and Fanny Murray, the serving-men and women, were soon crowded on the oak staircase and the wide landing-place, hastily dressed in clothes tossed on under the spur of the sudden alarm, and vociferating questions, exclamations, suggestions.

"The fire was above, below, everywhere. It was the work of chance, of carelessness, of incendiaries; but no one ventured on a practical hint until the alarm-bell was heard clanging forth from its turret, sturdily tolled by old Job, the soldier-butler, though the storm almost outroared the clang of the bell. My eyes ranged hastily over the assemblage. There was one form missing; the dearest, the fairest.

"'Alicia! where is she?'

"And I called her name aloud. Lady Murray, very much moved, started, and wrung her hands with a gesture of dismay and grief, doubly terrible in that trained, impassive woman of the world.

"'Alicia!' she cried. 'Yes, this is her work. It is a judgment—a judgment on me. Yet I meant it for the best. Oh, Mr. Errington, that is her room—there, the blue room, at the end, where the fire——'

"I did not hear the rest. Breaking fiercely from those who in kindness sought to stop me, I rushed through fire and smoke—through burning splinters and eddying vapor—on to the door of the room at the end, which stood open. And there, in the very glow and reek of the hell that yawned within—in the midst of the fiery gulf which the room had become, I saw—I saw——"

Here the dying man's voice sank into a husky whisper; and as the bearer sprang to support his head and put the cordial to his lips, there came a roar and a moan, and then a plashing sound of heavy rain—rain of which we in Europe have no idea—and the jungle trees bowed groaning and the tents flapped, and the roaring deluge beat like shot upon the canvas: and the water bubbled through the purdah. The monsoon had begun. I dreaded its effect upon the sufferer; the recollections it might evoke, harmonizing as it would with his own dark memories, might shake the hour-glass from which his last sands were falling all too fast. His dulled ear, however, did not seem to hear the thunder of the tempest, for he seemed unconscious of the storm as he resumed, in a weaker voice:

"I saw my Alicia—my own dear and loved Alicia—my betrothed, my bride—standing before the great mirror, in that fatal room. She was dressed in her snow-white bridal array, as if for the altar. Over her shoulders flowed the long wedding-vail, its dainty lace unfolded to the fullest length, and on her small, queenly head was the orange-blossom wreath, lightly placed on the raven hair that set off so well the spotless purity of the flowers. She wore jewels, too, that glistened and flashed in the baleful light of the fire. She was like some virgin victim decked for the sacrifice of old. Her face was averted, but she saw me in the mirror, and turned and confronted me with a smile.

"But what a smile! I recoiled, horror-struck, while the poor girl waved and wreathed her white arms, bowing her flower-crowned head in greeting, then suddenly stretched out both her hands, crying with an eldrich laugh that froze my very marrow:

"'Say, have I not done it bravely! bravely! For the wedding! ha! ha! for the wedding! a fine——'

"The last word I did not hear, for I had darted forward, resolved to save her—to save her in spite of herself. Poor thing! her incoherent ravings, her wild gestures, the terrible deed she, with all the cunning of a madwoman, had done, left no doubt behind. Still I loved her, and I sprang to save her. There was fire between us. She had piled up a barricade of light objects, and they, and the curtains of the bed and the woodwork of the room, all blazed furiously. The floor had caught. There was a gulf of flame and smoke between Alicia and me; but the further end of the chamber was as yet free from fire, and I hoped to reach her and bear her out in my arms to life and safety.

"The flames beat me back. I struggled hard, but pain and suffocation conquered, and I was driven back, mocked by Alicia's horrible, vacant laugh, and I stumbled and fell, and should have died there but for stout-hearted old Job and one of the farming men, who dragged me clear of the passage, at no little risk to themselves. I did what I could. Indeed I tried to save her—see, Thursby, the deep scars on my arms, my neck, my breast, the dusky crimson stains of the burning. My clothes were on fire, my hair was on fire, when old Job tore me by main force from the spot.

"I recollect lying on the stone floor of the great entrance hall, in the midst of noise and confusion. Men were flinging water on the flames, tearing down woodwork with ax and pole, shouting, handing up buckets, fighting the fire stoutly and well. I lay helpless, while one of the Murray girls, ashen pale, in her white wrapper and loose hair, helped Job to hold up my wounded head. I had been badly bruised, how I know not—and Lady Murray knelt beside me and prayed that God might forgive her, and that I would forgive her, for having plotted and striven to bring about my marriage with a maniac. For it was all confessed now. Poor Alicia, with all her beauty, with her pure, good heart, had the lurking taint of hereditary insanity in her veins. Her aunt and guardian had wished her married—married and out of their own daughters' way, whom her superior loveliness threw into shadow—that was the whole sad truth. No doubt the experiment, on the success of which Lady Murray had plumed herself, had failed, and Alicia, who had never loved me, but who was weak and used to obey, had succumbed to a paroxysm of the dread mental malady, and the fire——

"'A ladder! a ladder to the window of the west room. A hundred pounds to the man that helps me.'

"I was strong then. I was on my feet, active, imperious, directing those about me. And very soon there was a ladder planted before the window of the fatal chamber, and I mounted steadily. The casement, broken by the heat, hung in shivers, and at it stood Alicia, waving her arms and singing, as it seemed, but showing no sign of fear. Her vail and robe were on fire; the flames were closing around her, and suddenly she screamed and writhed like a lily scathed by fire; the cruel pain and anguish seemed to clear her clouded reason for a moment, and she called me by my name and shrieked to me for help. Just then there was a crash—a dull, heavy crash; ceiling and wall came thundering down together, and as the side of the house opened outward, the crouching figure, with outstretched arms, vanished in a yawning gulf of flame. As for me, the ladder was hurled down amid falling masonry and timber; a heavy beam crashed on me, and I lay senseless and with a broken collar-bone beneath the ruin.

"Thursby, I have told all. The fire was got under at last, and the poor remains of her who was to have been my wife—of her who had been beautiful almost beyond woman's beauty—were recovered. But—they did not dare, in mercy, to let me see the coffined form of what had once been Alicia Morgan. I was slow in recovering health; I left the place as soon as I could travel. To Lady Murray I wrote my forgiveness—we are all great sinners! Heaven knows I pardoned her—but I could never again bear to look on any of them. I left my holiday regiment. Weary of life, and hoping for some stirring occupation that should lull memory, I sought an appointment in this branch of the service. My interest was powerful, and I obtained it. Thursby, as I live, I saw her last night; hist! man, come nearer, I see her now."

His wasted hand grasped my arm with a grip that was absolutely painful, and his starting eyes seemed bent on some object—real or fancied—on the opposite side of the tent. Then the grip relaxed, and with a little moan and a long-drawn shiver, the poor fellow's head sunk back and he stirred no more. I laid my hand on his heart. It was still. George Errington was dead, almost before his sad story was told.

VIEW IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CONVENT OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA, PERU.

Among the sixty churches and chapels of Lima, that of San Francisco is one of the oldest and most magnificent. It was founded in the year 1535, and, in conjunction with its convent, is reported to have cost $10,000,000. At one time it had upward of five hundred monks within its walls. There were also shops of various kinds—shoemakers', blacksmiths', tailors', etc.—dedicated to *penetencia.* That is to say, when, after confession, the priest imposed a penance, if the culprit was a tailor he was ordered to work a certain length of time in the tailor's shop; if a shoemaker, in the shoemaker's department. In this manner the worthy friars utilized the sins of their parishioners.

The convent is now but a shadow of what it was, and a portion has been taken for secular purposes. The view (page 723) in one of the courtyards will convey some notion of the character of the edifice. Although much neglected, the walks and fountains are still beautiful.

Our love is inwrought in our enthusiasm as electricity is inwrought in the air, exalting its power by a subtle presence.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

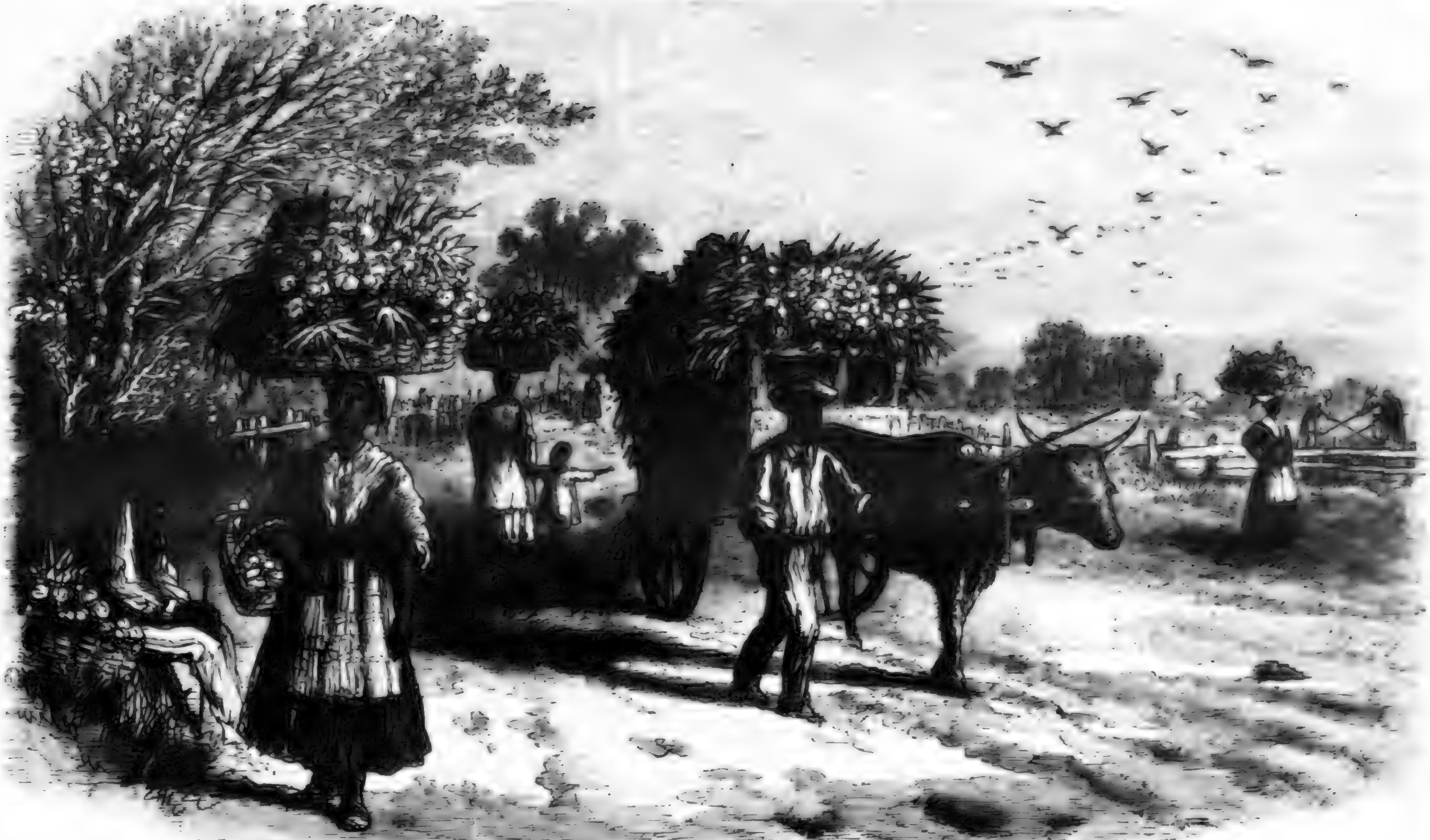
On the Road — Negroes Carrying Vegetables to the Charleston Market.

The engraving in this issue is an accurate illustration of the life and social *status* of the negro on the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, and the Sea Islands, particularly those within the jurisdiction of South Carolina. No longer held in a state of abject servitude, these cultivators of small arable tracts of land seem to labor with an industry and persistency which markedly contrasts with the indolence they displayed anterior to the rebellion. Their "garden patches" are sources of great profit, and very many cultivators are known to be among the richest of the laboring classes. The old theory, that negroes, without a master and the whip of the overseer, would relapse into barbarism, and become a burden to the whites, has been exploded. They are now acknowledged, even by the most prejudiced of the late "ruling classes," to be in the main industrious and frugal—saving up money against a rainy day. As a free peasant population, they are infinitely more profitable to the South than they were when accounted "chattels," and in intelligence ranked but one or two removes from the brute creation. To-day they are the chief reliance of the whites in the Cotton States; and this fact, not unknown to them, doubtless incites them to appear to the very best advantage among their "political compeers" of the Caucasian race, whose good-will they naturally and ardently seek. The sketch represents a party of negro "truckers" taking vegetables by land to Charleston.

When the vegetables are taken to the market or to the wharves at Charleston, they are readily disposed of to speculators. A small percentage only is purchased by the citizens, the rest being shipped in sloops, schooners, and steamers to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Baltimore is considered the best market, as the "truck" is not there so stale or wilted as when taken to more distant marts. Possibly, one advantage which the present generation of the colored population of the South has over the white, rests in the fact, that the women are quite as strong and as devoted to labor as the men. Thirty or forty years hence this may not be the case. The young negro girls of that day will doubtless be desirous of imitating their white sisters in all manners and fashions; and when they do, their husbands, brothers and fathers, like those of the pale-faces of this era, will have all the work for their share of life's "toil and trouble."

HERMITS.

These misguided people, who in former ages were so numerous, are, in some few instances, reproduced in our own day. A Connecticut hermit is said to be living with a little property of ten thousand dollars for company. The story of the Roxbury hermit, an Englishman of distinguished family, who came to America thirty years ago on a naturalists' errand for a society in England, has been made familiar to all within a few months. There was a Pennsylvania hermit lately discovered by his brother in Connecticut, having been lost to all knowledge of his relations for forty years. A German underground hermit was not long since unearthed on Long Island by a party of hunters. There is a secret in this sort of life, showing that the mind has lost its balance, or become too intense in certain of its faculties. Nature is a grand balm for those souls who feel hurt by society. Her solitude and silence calm and steady the tossing thoughts, and permit no more disturbances. It is not probable that this very common desire to be alone will never be entirely eradicated from the human heart.



SOUTHERN SCENES.—ON THE ROAD—NEGROES CARRYING VEGETABLES TO THE CHARLESTON MARKET.—SEE PAGE 735.

CONSTANCE'S STORY.

When my husband, Roscoe Arnold, asked me to marry him, I felt it necessary to tell him that I did not love him as he loved me—that I *understood* his devotion, because I had felt it for another—that other, Ivan Grey—that to my husband I had to give only a grateful affection. Would that suffice?

He said that it would. He told me afterward that, through my weeping, he did not catch the name; that he thought I said also that my lover had died.

The subject was not a pleasant one—we did not refer to it afterward.

From the first, Roscoe was a good husband. If I did not appreciate him then, I was not unhappy. I had a bright, beautiful home which Roscoe named Hesperides. The library was extensive, the conservatory luxurious. Books and flowers being my ruling passion, my husband had taken especial pains to gratify me. To-day I never smell heliotrope or tuberoses without the memory of those first lovely years coming back to me.

After our boy was born, and everybody pronounced him a most healthy and beautiful child, Roscoe said to me:

"Constance, are you happy now?"

I looked straight into his honest brown eyes as I truly answered: "Yes, Roc."

He bent and kissed me with a delight I had never seen him show before.

"Dearest, you *are* mine!" he murmured.

That was all he said.

It was just two years after our marriage.

A few days later he received a letter. I asked whom it was from.

"My sister," he answered.

"I never knew that you had a sister," I said, in surprise.

"No, I never have spoken to you of Ora. When my parents died in my boyhood, Ora was a baby, and was taken by an aunt down to New Orleans, where she was raised with her children. I have only seen her once since. She is very pretty. This letter tells me that she is to be married."

He gave me the letter to read. It was written on delicate, fragrant paper, the penmanship easy and graceful, but rather too fine. Rather a brief communication, prettily expressed, asking us to come to the wedding.

"To New Orleans in July! I am afraid to take baby, and I could not leave him."

"I see that we cannot go. It is impracticable. I will write and tell Ora."

"And give her my love. Say that I hope she will be very happy."

I had been present at but one wedding in my life, and that was my own. I was six-and-twenty. It was very different from what I thought it would be when I was eighteen. At eighteen I had been betrothed to Ivan Grey; at twenty-six I married Roscoe Arnold.

The suggestion of another wedding brought back the past to me. When I was alone, and baby asleep in his basket, I went to a drawer in a private cabinet, and took out a packet of letters and a photograph.

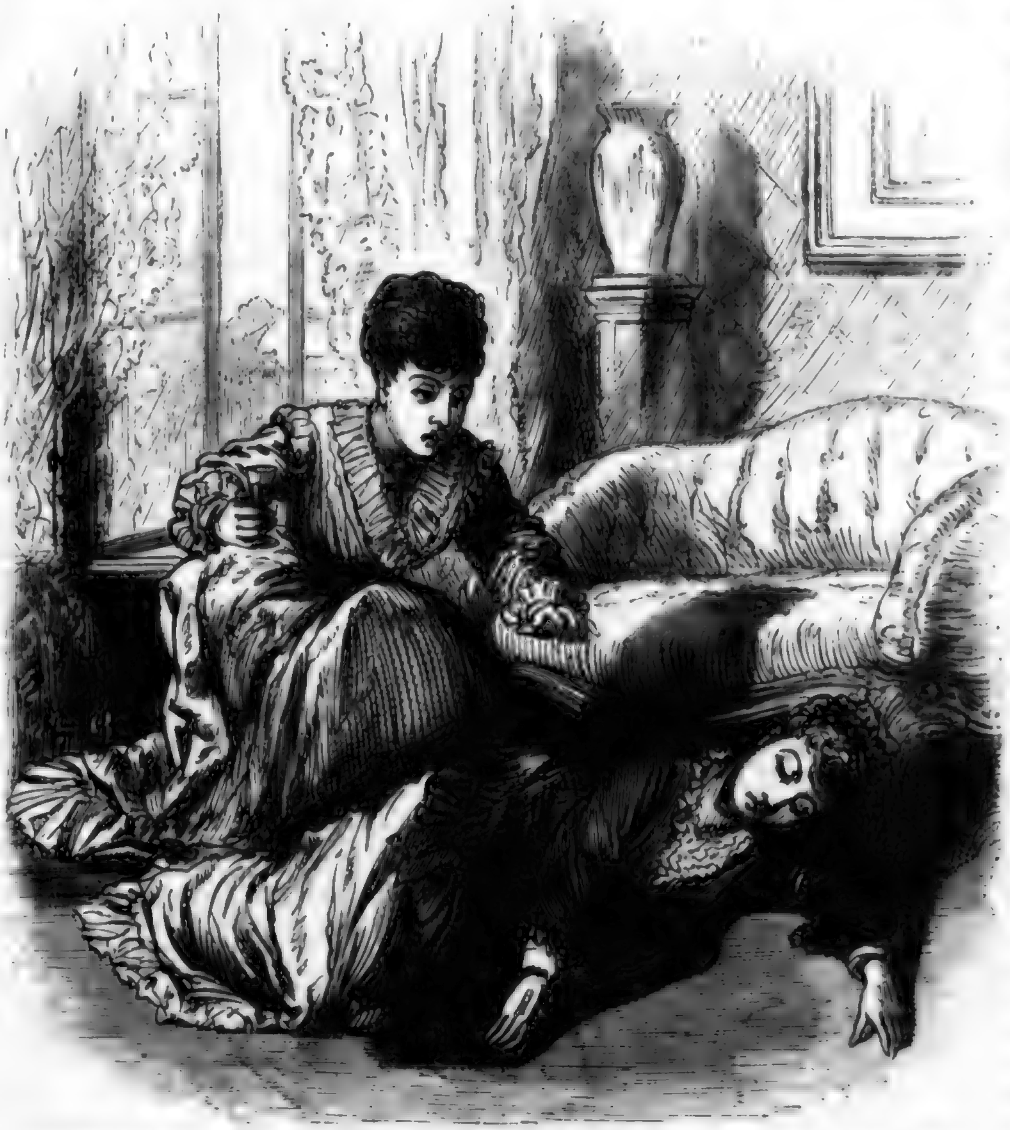
The latter was a vignette—a face handsome as a Greek god's, with a perfection of contour that must ever be fascinating. As I looked at it, the peace of my heart fled away. The breath of the past, fragrant, new, Spring-like, swept over me; the warm, imperious impulses of youth started to life in my blood. Ah, that only was happiness! That was bright morning—this was sultry midday.

"As starlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine," I murmured.

I sat there on the rich carpet before the rosewood cabinet, the panorama of the past sweeping before me, while the sunshine crept along the pearly wall, slipped across my lap, and illuminated my baby's little rosy face.

It woke him at last. He reached his bits of hands into the golden light, and lay cooing.

I looked at the letters, but did not open them. There was no need. I had learned each one by heart years ago. The packet was small, and I sat with it held between my palms for nearly half an hour. But I put away letters and picture at last, and sat down by the open window, swinging the



CONSTANCE'S STORY.—"I WENT ACROSS THE HALL TO A CHINA-CLOSET FOR THE WINE. WHEN I CAME BACK SHE LAY IN A DEAD FAINT UPON THE FLOOR."

baby's basket to and fro. The gladiolus flamed crimson on the lawn, old elms embowered the deepest shade, my pansies made a purple shadow along the paths beneath. A white butterfly, fluttering from the rose-vine at the window, swam on the golden air into the rich room where I sat, and wavered from object to object. He rested at last on the frame of my husband's portrait. Just then I heard Roscoe whistling lightly as he ran up-stairs, and in a moment he entered the room, his hands full of pond-lilies.

"See here, Connie—here's a treat for you! Aren't they beauties?"

My favorite flower! I took the splendid things from him and put them in a crystal globe of cool water. Lavish, uncultivated sweetness and beauty. They grew—

"In the cool and quiet nooks,
On the breast of glassy brooks;
In the forest's green retreat,
With the branches overhead,
Nestling at the old tree's feet,
Chose they there a shining bed."

"See here!" said Roscoe.

He had pulled off his straw hat, and the curling hair about his white forehead was literally dripping with perspiration.

"See how wilted I am, hurrying home through the heat to save your lilies," he laughed.

I brought him some cool water to bathe his face, laid out for him some fresh clothing, and went away to see if dinner was ready. Thus I took up, again, the present.

Another year went by. I was surrounded by comfort; tenderly cared for. I resolved not to unlock the rosewood cabinet again.

I was reading in the portico, one June morning, while Melisse, the nurse, was leading little Lyle along the garden-walks, when a carriage came whirling up the drive.

I sprang up, fearing something had happened to my husband. But, by the time I reached the open hall-door, a lady, alone, was coming up the steps from the carriage. She was very young, richly robed, and instantly addressed me:

"Are you not my brother Roscoe's wife?" she asked. "I am his sister Ora, from New Orleans."

I don't remember how I welcomed her, but I threw open the drawing-room door, and she entered and dropped into a seat.

"Where is Roscoe? I—I have come to stay with you," she said, her face pale as ashes.

I took a vague alarm at her appearance, but I endeavored to speak as usual.

"You are tired—ill. Lay off your wraps and let me get you a glass of wine."

I went across the hall to the china-closet. When I came back she lay in a dead faint upon the floor.

Roscoe had gone out of town, and did not return until evening. I had had Ora taken to a room next mine and put to bed. She was a mere delicate child when undressed, not more than seventeen years old.

"Oh, how good you are—how good you are!" she said, with heart-rending pathos, as I bathed her temples and rubbed her delicate limbs. I had studied medicine a little with my father, and I knew she was close upon a fever. At length she lay warm and quiet, and soon fell asleep.

I sat up until eleven o'clock, waiting for Roscoe. At length I heard his step in the hall. I hurried to meet him.

He looked astounded at my news. "Why, what does it mean?" he asked.

The next morning Ora was in a burning fever. She talked incoherently—she did not know me. She lay very ill for three weeks.

Poor girl! at one time it seemed certain that she would die, but we kept her.

At last, her first act of consciousness was to kiss me, and murmur:

"I love you!"

At last she could sit up and talk a little. And then she told Roscoe and me her story.

I will not repeat it here. It was a tale too sickening; of human passions inflamed by liquor; of man's tyranny; of woman's weakness. Her husband was false to her and to his manhood. She clung to him, pleading; he knocked her senseless at his feet. And, before that, she had borne—oh, pitiful heavens, so much!

"He has killed my love for him," she said, white and shuddering. "I am afraid of him! I have a horror of him! I had rather die than live with him again! Let me stay here! Here, he will not find me. Oh, Roscoe—Constance, let me stay with you!"

We soothed her—promised earnestly that she should stay, protected, beloved, by us. For the conversation was most hurtful to her, and nearly brought on a relapse of her fever.

And Roscoe wrote to his aunt, Mrs. Brompton, of New Orleans, asking further particulars of Ora's story, and announcing his determination to protect her against her husband. To which Mrs. Brompton replied as follows:

"I am glad Ora is with you. Her marriage has certainly turned out a most dreadful affair. Her husband was wealthy, moved in the best circles here, but I blame myself that I did not inform myself concerning his principles. He is now avowed to have none—rather, he possesses the *worst!* The scandal is dying down here, but if Ora wishes to remain with you for the present it will be better than returning to New Orleans. My love to her.

"AUGUSTA BROMPTON."

So I found what I had never had—a sister—and I think we made her as happy as she could possibly be after the terrible blight upon her youth. She found a fund of comfort in little Lyle, who was very fond of her, calling her "Lolo" in his soft, lisping accents. She was most unselfish and sympathetic in disposition, and this latter trait won from me, at least, a confidence.

She sat with me, sewing, in my chamber, one day. Roscoe had just sent out from town a package of new books I wished to see. We had looked them over—promised ourselves much enjoyment in the long Winter evenings coming.

"What a splendid man Roscoe is!" Ora said, thoughtfully. "He is a companion—a friend—he is interested in everything you care for—he consults your wishes—ministers to your tastes. Now my husband never seemed to care for anything only to *own* me!"

She seldom or never referred to her husband. It seemed to make her physically ill to do so. I hurried away from the subject.

"I know I have a good husband, Ora; I respect him, I admire him. But yet," I added, "I should have been happier if I had married another man."

Then I told her the tale of my youth. Of my exceeding beauty—of the tourist who wandered to my mountain home—of his beauty, his charm, his power—my passion for him. Of my invalid mother, who prayed me not to leave her—of the choice I needs must make—of his departure—his subsequent desertion. Of how my mother died blessing me—how my conscience approved, yet my passionate longing for what I had lost. The hot tears rained down my face as I concluded—so deeply had my nature known this experience.

Ora listened with wide eyes, quickened breath; her work dropped upon her lap. When I had done, she said:

"What was his name, Constance? You have not spoken it."

"Ivan Grey."

"Have you a picture of him?" she asked, in a sharp, suppressed voice.

I unlocked the cabinet, found the photograph, placed it in her hand.

She glanced—dropped it as if it had stung her.

"It is my husband, Constance!"

I could only stare at her.

"It surely is, Constance," she said, winding her arms about me. "When you first spoke of your girlhood's love in Blue Mountains, I remembered to have seen some sketches my husband made there, bearing date 1865. Ten years ago. Oh, Conny, what an escape you made that you did not marry him! To be the wife of Ivan Grey was reserved for *my* fate," she added, mournfully.

"*Was* Mr. Grey's name Ivan," I stammered.

"Yes," she answered.

I was forced to accept the truth.

I rose, by-and-by, and put the letters and the photograph in the fire.

And that night I talked alone with my husband. Through all eternity he will never doubt now that I love him.

Ora is still with us. Roscoe has taken measures to procure for her a divorce.

OSCULATI'S ADVENTURES.

GAETANO OSCULATI, an Italian naturalist, who penetrated into the interior of South America thirty years ago, to study the natural history of the continent, met with some strange and terrible adventures that put him with the real Robinson Crusoes of history.

His collections of specimens gradually accumulated, and he had to employ Indian guides and porters, stopping here and there at the rude stone huts called tambos, which from the times of the Incas are scattered through the country.

These cargueros soon showed a spirit of insubordination. They went as they chose, and wasted the provisions so as to bring the party to the verge of starvation.

One day, when they were in great want, Osculati saw a large black bear on the bough of a tree. His rifle soon brought it down. He ordered the men to dress what was needed at once, and to smoke the rest to carry with them. Instead of doing this, they wasted and threw away most of the meat, and refused to carry any.

He then assumed a resolute tone with the head of the gang, and threatened severe punishment if they did not obey his orders. On this they went sullenly on.

That night they put him up a hut of pretty solid structure, with a palisade around it. This excited his alarm, and though they pretended that it was merely to secure his greater comfort, he ordered the palisade removed, and made the head-carrier share the hut with him. He loaded his pistols, and kept watch all night. This night passed without accident, as did the next day, during which his rifle secured another bear, supplying the party abundantly.

The next night he kept watch again, but nature could not stand such a strain long, and he began to feel the terrible position in which he was.

On the next day, June 24th, he came to a river, and set out with one Indian to find a ford—the chief with the rest following close behind. While forcing their way through the thick undergrowth, however, the latter disappeared. Receiving no answer to his calls, Osculati put his pistol to the head of his companion and made him return with him to their last tambo. Here he found that the scoundrels had opened and pillaged his packages, carrying off all the provisions.

The remaining Indian declared himself faithful to the death, denouncing the treachery of his companions with the most withering terms. Osculati thinking that it would be impossible to keep the fellow and watch him, resolved to send him with a letter to the alcalde of Archidona, the last village he had seen, describing his position and imploring aid.

The fellow solemnly promised to deliver this at once, but, as the event proved, never did so, for, without waiting for the letter, he ran off and joined his comrades at once.

Osculati was thus left in the midst of the forest, miles from any human habitation, without a guide or provisions. His first step was to make his cabin as substantial as possible, with a palisade to defend it against any wild beast or the treacherous cargueros, should they return to kill him by night. Some biscuit that had escaped them, and water, made him a supper, and loading his firearms, he lay down and enjoyed a refreshing sleep. When he awoke it was far in the night. He went out, and hearing no sound, fired the rifle to scare any beast, and to let his treacherous carriers know that he was on the alert. No sign of them, however, appeared.

After some reflection, he resolved to stay there a week, hoping that some Indian would pass that way; if not, to try and reach a settlement, white or Indian. He divided his scanty store of biscuit, dried the bear-meat that the Indians had thrown aside, and while waiting, like a true naturalist, went on collecting insects, including varieties of the brilliant cucayo.

A long rain set in and confined him for some days to the cabin, and his failing provisions filled him with despair. On the 27th he heard a noise, and looking out, saw a tapir, but he was so agitated that he could scarcely aim. The first shot missed, but the second killed it. He dragged the animal to his hut and began to prepare it.

When he woke the next morning a new alarm came. The Cosango River, on whose banks he was, had risen in the night, and the water had carried off his cooking utensils and his recently acquired tapir. It even threatened to sweep away his cabin, and he had to construct one on higher ground, and move all his packages to it.

Day after day the water rose, and he lived on a few berries that he could find. Death now stared him in the face. Not a living soul had approached the unfrequented spot, and he must perish there, or perish in trying to reach aid. He drew up a statement of his cruel position and, inclosing it in oiled silk, tied it to the branch of a tree.

As the water began to fall and the sky to clear, he managed to kill a water-fowl, which gave him some strength.

He now began to study out means of escape. The readiest seemed to be to try and strike the Condachi River, and then make a raft and float down.

After securing his cases as best he could, he started, and putting on his head his watch, money, compass, and pistols in a package, tried to swim the river; but he was so weak that he had to throw these precious objects off to save his life and reach the shore.

He got back finally, and rested for a fresh start. After scraping some scattered corn and everything else that he could contrive to eat, he made another attempt. After a long and painful tramp through the woods, his eyes were at last gladdened by the sight of a cabin, called Sicsiplaya, which he had left three weeks before. Here, fortunately, he found some abandoned provisions; but he was now full of hope. He started once more on the trail with swollen feet and clothes in tatters. He reached a river only to find that the rascals had cut down the rude bridge. By great exertion he crossed, and kept on his way, starving and exhausted. Then his strength failed, he tottered and fell. As he recovered from the swoon that came over him, he heard a cock crow: a music more delicious to his ears than the finest ever echoed by dome or saloon of Italy. He rose to his knees and cried: "Sono salvo! Dio mio, Io ti ringrazio!" "I am safe! my God, I thank thee!"

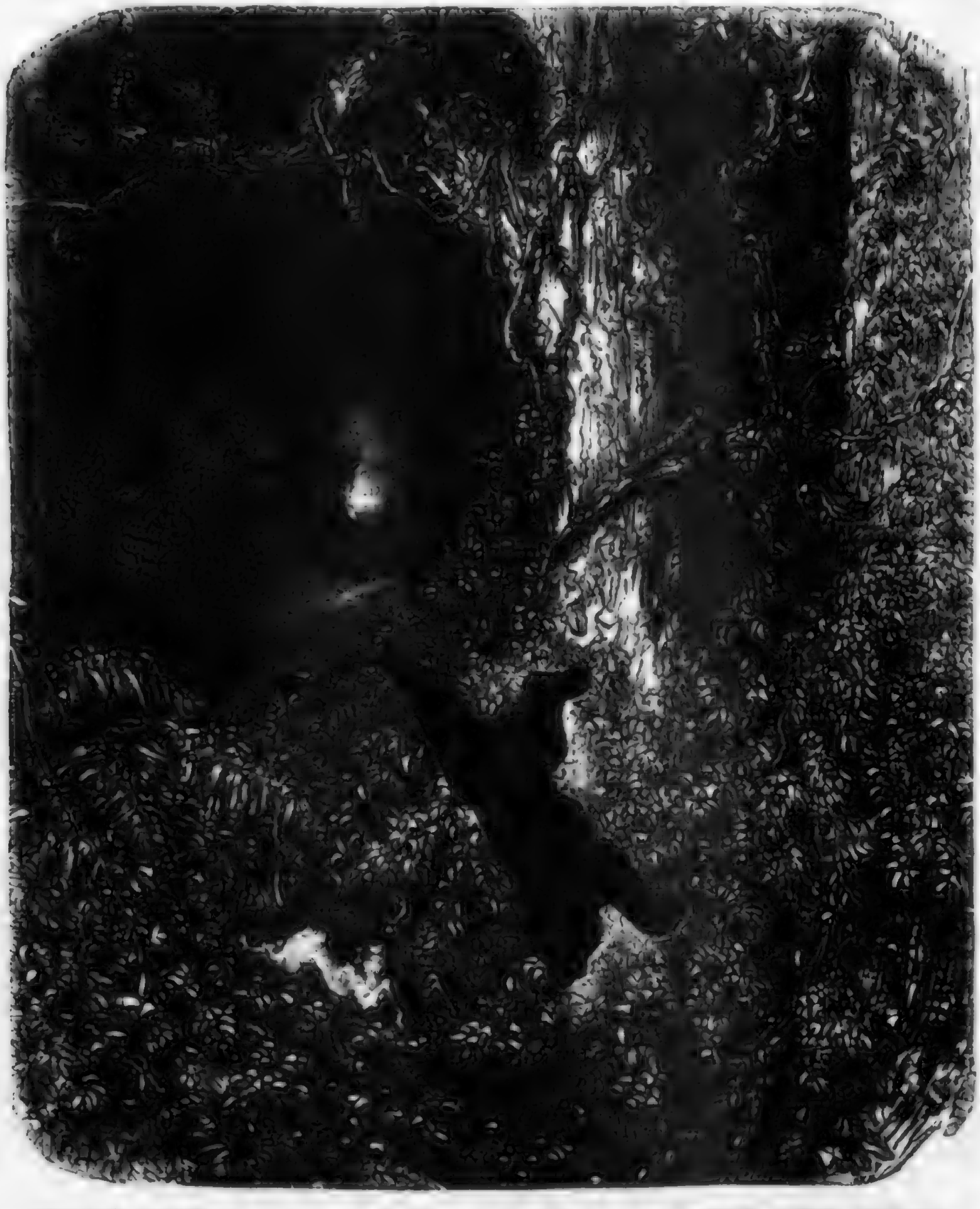
Once more he started, and a quarter of a mile further on, came in sight of the tambo of Baeza. The first Indian who saw him fled in terror; but, as he tottered into the tambo and fell on a pile of skins, he was recognized, and his wants were at once kindly attended to.

A few days' kind treatment restored him. His faithless guides and cargueros had returned with the story that he had been drowned crossing the Cosango.

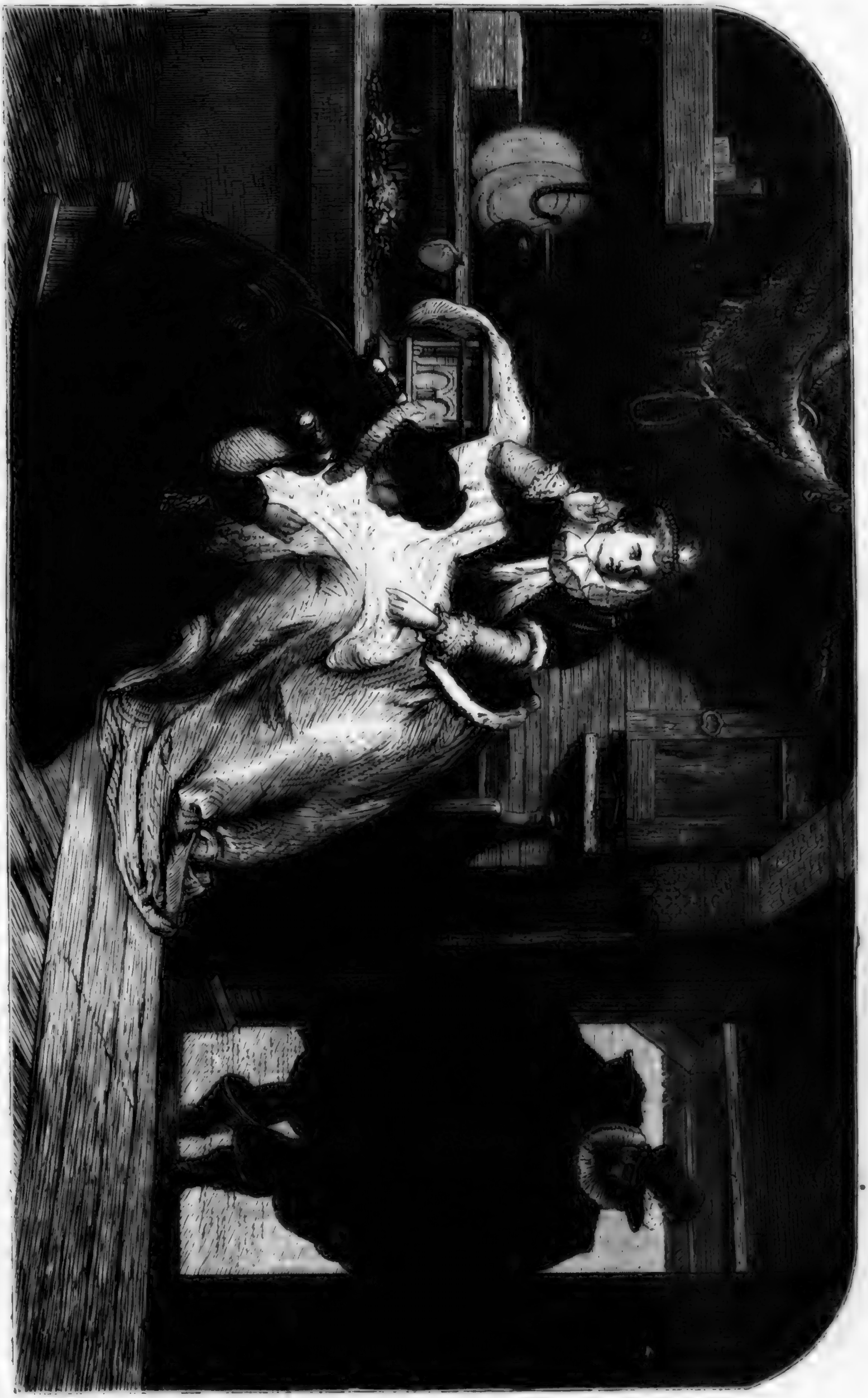
When he was strong enough, faithful men went with him, and his packages were recovered—collections all the more dear by the terrible perils he had undergone to obtain and save them.

A ROYAL WOOING.

In 1588 was celebrated, in the Castle of Kronborg, the marriage by procuration of King James VI. of Scotland with Anne, daughter of King Frederic II. of Denmark. Anne was then in her fifteenth year. Marshal Earl Keith acted as proxy. This marriage settled the vexed question of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, pawned to Scotland when the Princess Margaret married King James III. Christian III. meditated an expedition against Mary of Guise, then Regent of Scotland, for their recovery, and later offered to repay the 50,000 florins for which they had been pawned; but Dantzay, by order of Catherine de Medicis, put a spoke into the arrangement, and they were never redeemed. King James himself visited Scotland, and after a series of romantic adventures, met his wife for the first time in Norway, as shown in our illustration. Then the real marriage took place at Agershuus, in Norway. The royal couple subsequently visited Denmark, and passed a month in the Castle of Kronborg, where they assisted at the nuptials, 19th of April, 1590, of the Queen's elder sister, the Princess Elizabeth, with Henry, Duke of Brunswick. Which were the apartments occupied by King James and his bride during his residence no one can say—the interior of the building has been much altered since that period, the stories divided for the occupation of the garrison—but in all probability it was the suite called the apartment of Christian IV., now set apart for his present Majesty. They are not remarkable for their size, but contain fine chimney-pieces, with the cipher of the sovereign, and the doorways are ornamented with marble and richly carved ebony. Tales are still current in Elsinore of the drinking bouts held by King James and his brother-in-law Prince Christian, in the halls of Kronborg—how they fell intoxicated under the table and rolled into the ditch.



OSCULATI'S ADVENTURES.—"OSCULATI SAW A LARGE BLACK BEAR ON THE BOUGH OF A TREE. HIS RIFLE SOON BROUGHT IT DOWN."—SEE PAGE 739.



THE MEETING OF JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND WITH ANNE OF DENMARK.

XUM

ADRIFT.

All night upon the smooth, salt sea,
We two drifted silently;
While, clear by the light of the northern star,
We saw the great black ship afar.

All night we drifted; overhead
A horned moon, dull and heavy as lead;
About us, sliding through the wave,
More dreadful shapes than haunt the grave.

Death came so close, we glowered at him,
We scanned him, face and horrid limb;
His face was wan, his eyeballs shone
Two baleful stars amid the foam.

Three times he clutched you by the hair,
Your glittering, soft locks, long and fair;
With my strong arms I thrust him back,
Yet still he followed on our track.

No help, no hope! our pleasant sin
Had brought this bitter harvest in;
Yet cursed I not the body and face,
Whose beauty lured me from my place.

What though we sinned! our punishment
Was not the heavy one they meant;
What though that great ship cast us out,
We had each other without doubt

So thought we then, and smiling, said—
"Though the cold sea may be our bed,
Better to die than live apart,
Better a hushed than broken heart."

My love! my dear! we did not know
How God can punish here below.
I knew when the cold dawn came on,
For then I saw I was undone.

Alas! alas! to see you die,
To see your long bright lashes lie
So close and fast on either cheek—
To know your dear mouth could not speak!

To know you dead! Oh, cruel heaven,
For that my sin should be forgiven!
To know her dead—to live bereft!
To haunt the world that she has left!

Ada Vrooman Leslie.

ERWIN'S DAUGHTER.

Who does not know of the magnificent cathedral of Strasburg, that work of four long centuries? Inaugurated in the fifteenth century, it has since resisted all ravages of men and time, and still stands as firm, as imposing as ever! How many lives have been consumed in carving this host of statues! How many have there embodied the wonderful inspirations of their genius! How much patience and courage was essential to interweave this immense fabric of stones, which commences at the ground and finishes almost in the clouds? God alone can tell! But from among the generations of illustrious unknown who successively pursued this work, some few names have been preserved by popular tradition, which, oblivious of the great, has perpetuated more touching memories, and, whilst ignoring the origin of the first plan of the holy basilica, yet recalls the story of a young girl who sculptured the last stone. All that the people have retained of this long history of the science and art of the medieval age, is a legend which the peasant girls of Alsace relate, as they while away the evening.

The following is the substance of their recital:

In the thirteenth century, the architect Erwin de Steinbach was intrusted with the construction of the tower which was to crown the cathedral. He was an old man who asked of Heaven his genius, and only used it for the greatest glory of Christ. God had given him a son named Jean, and a daughter named Sabine, who helped him in his work. Jean was his strength, Sabine his heart; with the former he dared undertake, with the latter he was happy in executing. Both had received celestial gifts, and molded the stone in obedience to their thoughts; but the young girl had, besides, the beauty of an angel. Wherever she appeared, her countenance sweetly beguiled the heart, and captivated all who beheld her; when she spoke, her face was forgotten in the charm of her voice, and any one of the young architects and sculptors who worked under her father's direction would have given all the wealth of the world to obtain her love. Two especially had openly declared their pretensions: one was a Silesian named Bernard de Sunder; the other, a Frenchman from Boulogne, called Polydore. They possessed equal ability in the production and execution of sculptural designs; but their characters were as unlike as the tempest is unlike the calm of a cloudless sky. Bernard was humble, subdued, full of respect for men and love for God. Polydore, on the contrary, was proud, audacious, rebellious against earth and heaven. When they mounted together the lofty scaffoldings of the tower, suspended over the abyss by a fragile rope, Bernard never failed to cross himself, repeating the words of the psalm: "Oh, God! we are in Thy hands as chaff before the wind, as water which floweth away," while Polydore looked laughingly up to the sky, singing the refrain of the stonecarver's song:

"Mallet and chisel aloft I bear!
  Though above the clouds the swallows fly,
I, with naught but my courage, dare
  Mount higher still toward the distant sky."

Sabine had remarked these dissimilarities, and avowed her preference for the young German. From the knowledge of this, Polydore experienced a grief which soon became transformed into sullen rage. Nevertheless, he hoped that the young girl might yet be induced to change her sentiment.

Erwin died, and the Council of Strasburg issued a proclamation announcing that the continuation of the tower should be confided to that one of the young architects who would furnish within the period of twelve days the finest design. Before the expiration of the appointed term, the Frenchman had finished his, and every one declared that it could not be surpassed. Sabine was struck with admiration at seeing it, and could not refrain her tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked Polydore.

"Alas!" replied the young girl," I weep because my father, when dying, made me swear that no other name than his should be attached to his work. I had hoped that it would be within the power of my brother to complete it; but now you have excelled him, and the name of Polydore will replace that of Erwin."

"You can prevent it yet," answered the Frenchman. "Consent to marry me, and I yield to your brother the honor of finishing the tower."

Sabine made no reply, but retired to her own apartment, her heart racked with contending emotions. If she persisted in her partiality for Bernard de Sunder, she could not keep the oath made to her father; if, on the other hand, she accepted Polydore's proposal, she saved the glory of Erwin, but lost her own happiness. Oppressed with uncertainty, she approached the table upon which was spread a large sheet of parchment, and, in distraction, took up her pen, which she unconsciously turned in her fingers while addressing to God prayers mingled with tears; at length, overcome with fatigue, she fell asleep. Her sleep lasted the whole night, and when she awoke, the first rays of the sun were dancing joyously across the window. She uttered a cry of surprise as she glanced at the table, for there, on the sheet of parchment, was an admirable drawing representing the façade of the cathedral as it appears to-day. God had undoubtedly heard the prayer of Erwin's daughter, and had sent one of His angels to trace for her the marvelous design which must gain the prize.

In fact, it sufficed to present it to the members of the council for them to decide unanimously that the young girl alone was capable of completing the work her father had commenced. At her request, however, her brother was associated with her, and Bernard de Sunder offered himself as an assistant; but Polydore, tormented with jealousy, went away in silence.

Jean and Sabine took up their abode in the great court of the church, in order to watch more closely the achievement of their plan. Endowed suddenly with an unaccountable and supernatural gift, Sabine seemed exempt from the laws of time. Hardly were her ideas conceived before they were miraculously wrought out; her chisel multiplied ornaments around Erwin's edifice, and the rapid creation of so many masterpieces was inexplicable. Sabine herself was apparently unable to solve the mystery.

Meanwhile, the great figure destined for the portal of the clock had received the last touch. She had it placed in position, but this process occupied the entire day, and it was necessary to wait till the following morning to judge of the effect produced by the statue. At early dawn, Sabine hastened with the crowd, eager to behold the new *chef-d'œuvre.* Horror and desolation! During the night, the statue had been mutilated, and the greater part of the decorations so recently executed by Sabine shamefully marred. An outcry of astonishment arose on all sides; but this was soon succeeded by dubious murmurs. What hand could have impaired the labor of the young girl? Was it the hand of a man or a demon?

"The devil never destroys the works of those whom he protects!" objected a voice. And as they wondered, the same voice recounted the strange expeditiousness with which Sabine had dispatched all this labor, her unexpected triumph in the competition instituted by the council, her affectation of living in thought and solitude.

These suspicions, sown in the multitude, speedily took root. The young girl had involuntarily embittered many hearts, both by her good fortune and her beauty; and the report spread that God refused the works of Erwin's daughter because they were the inspiration of an evil spirit.

Dismayed by this accusation, Sabine withdrew to the little studio where she was wont to prosecute her task, and remained until evening in prayers and tears. Bernard de Sunder, after vainly attempting to console her, sought his own retreat opposite the tower; but the sorrow of his betrothed greatly distressed him, and banished all hopes of sleep. He arose, and leaned sadly on his window. The night was dark; the wind roared through the vast, desert tower, and great drops of rain beat violently against the slabs of stone. Bernard, wholly preoccupied, rested his head on his hand. Suddenly a hard, reiterated noise, like that of a hammer breaking stone, interrupted the stillness of the night. The young German raises his head; before him, on the highest scaffold, a shadow is visible. The form cannot be distinguished, but the movement and the noise make it evident that the destruction begun on the previous night is being effected.

Bernard starts and bends forward, when another sound strikes upon his ear; it is the more cautious and regular fall of the mallet on the sculptor's chisel. He turns, and, at the other extremity of the tower, he perceives a white vision, which dexterously repairs the outrages of the hostile hand. From either side the responsive blows follow in quick alternation. Here the dark shadow malevolently destroys, there the white phantom steadily restores. But all at once the latter stops; it has heard the sound of the inimical hammer; it springs up, as a ray of light traverses the scaffolding, leaps over the intercolumniations, glides along the cornices, and arrives, like a thunderbolt, in front of the sinister shadow. At this moment, the moon, emerging from a cloud, casts a pale gleam athwart the indented stones, and Bernard recognizes—Sabine and Polydore.

Polydore, startled by the approach of the white apparition, and seeing Erwin's daughter with fixed eye, quivering lips, and angry brow, recoils with a shriek, and losing his balance, falls dead on the court. Bernard, terrified, descends swiftly, rushes toward the tower, and reaches it in time to receive in his arms the young girl, who is just awakening.

All was now explained. It was easily understood how Sabine—thanks to somnambulism, which made her sleep a new period of toil—had accomplished such prodigies, and how envious hatred had endeavored to ruin all.

Bernard married the maiden, now so fully justified, and the tower, finished through their exertions, was inaugurated on St. John's Day.

"HAMLET" IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It was in 1853, and the debate was on the clergy reserves in the Canada Bill. The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Wilberforce, in making some quotation, smiled. This gave offense to Lord Derby. The bishop admitted the smile, but denied any intention thereby of imputing anything offensive.

Lord Derby: "I accept at once the explanation that has been offered by the right reverend prelate, but when he tells me that it is impossible for him to say anything offensive, because he has a smiling face, he will forgive me if I quote in his presence from a well-known writer, without intending in the least to apply the words to him—

"'A man may smile and smile, and be a villain.'"

Lord Clarendon (in a voice of thunder): "Oh! oh! oh!"

Lord Derby: "What noble peer is it whose nerves are so delicate as to be wounded by a hackneyed quotation?"

Lord Clarendon: "I am that peer, and protest against any noble lord applying in the language of poetry the epithet of villain to any member in the House, most of all the use of such an expression by a lay peer toward a right reverend prelate."

Peacemakers rose on both sides of the House. The reporters had left the gallery, the House was proceeding to a division. Lord Clarendon poured out a glass of water and drank it off. Lord Derby at the same time filled another bumper of water, and called out across the table:

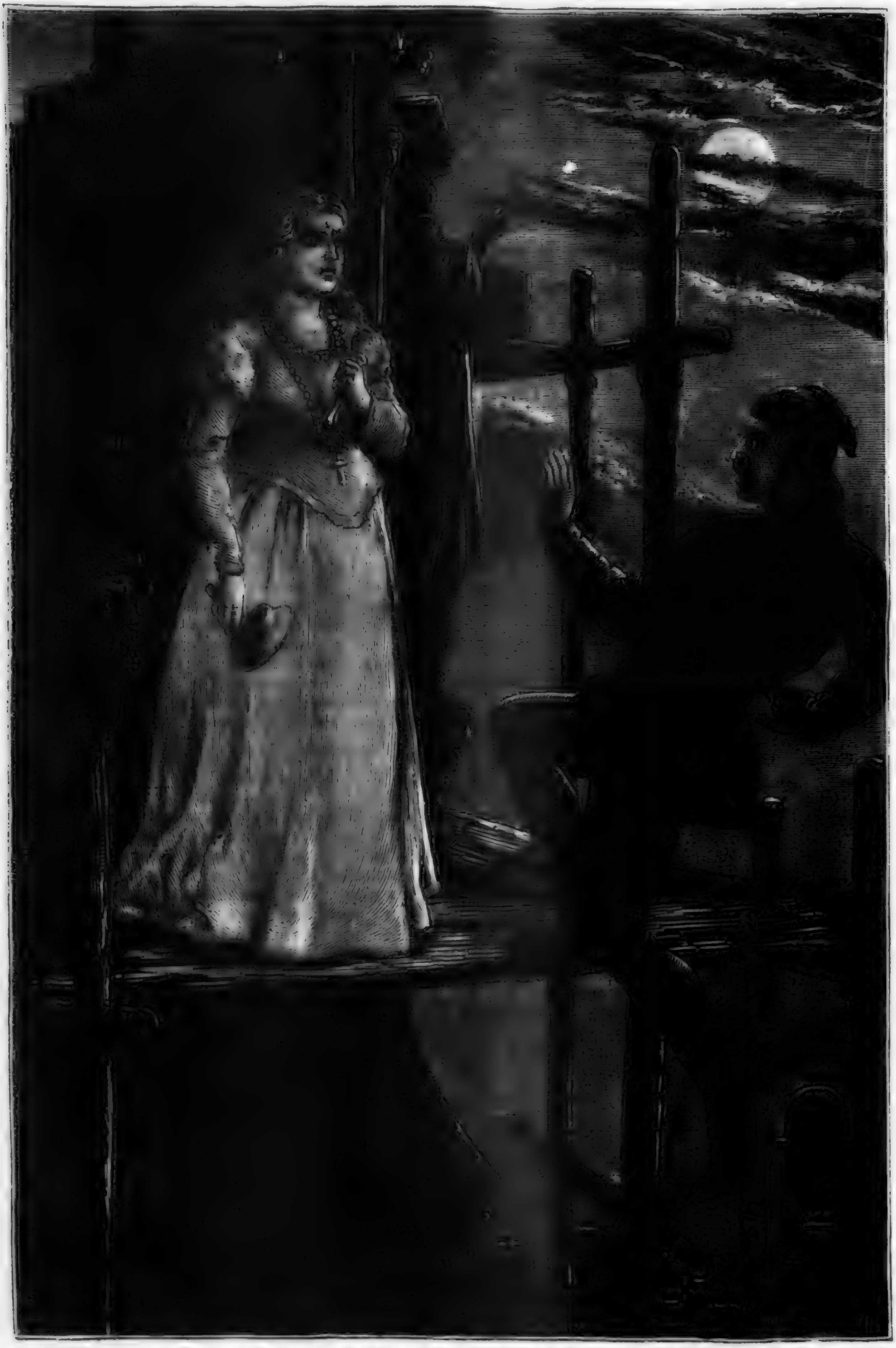
"Your good health, Clarendon," and so the affair ended.

Lord Derby was probably not aware that the same quotation from *Hamlet* had more than fifty years before produced a similar scene in the House of Commons. My authority was the late Sir Robert Adair, who was present. The contending parties were Tierney and Pitt, who had fought a duel a short time before. Tierney was addressing the House. Pitt smiled contemptuously, upon which Tierney said:

"The right honorable gentleman smiled, but I need not remind him that a man may smile and smile"—here he paused.

"Take the fellow a message for me," cried Pitt to one of his followers; but before the bearer of the hostile missive could reach the opposition benches, Tierney added, "and yet be a minister."

So the affair ended in a laugh instead of a duel.



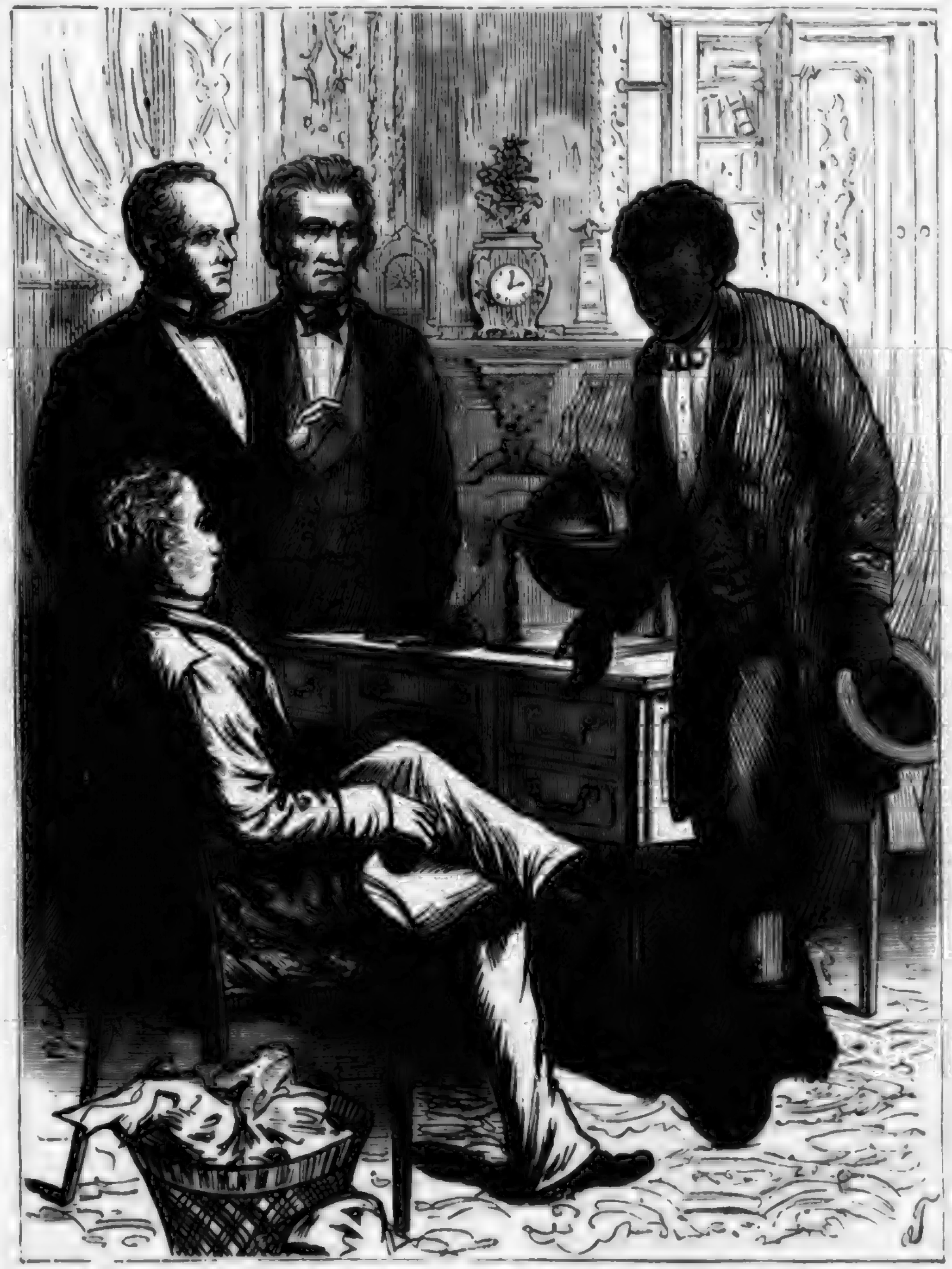
ERWIN'S DAUGHTER.—"POLYDORE, STARTLED BY THE APPROACH OF THE WHITE APPARITION, RECOILS WITH A SHRIEK, AND, LOSING HIS BALANCE, FALLS DEAD ON THE COURT."—SEE PAGE 742.

BOND AND FREE.

By "Eli Perkins."

The White House was brilliantly illuminated. The occasion was one of President Van Buren's levees. The East Room was filled with the nation's most beautiful women and most distinguished men. From Virginia and Maryland were gathered many of the old families. In fact, most of the beautiful young ladies who attended the President's levees in those days, as well as now, resided near the Capitol. The gentlemen present were made up of senators, congressmen, and politicians from abroad.

Among the most distinguished-looking guests present was Colonel Samuel Stewart, of Frederick County, Maryland. The colonel was a wealthy planter. He owned a large number of slaves. Ten years before he had been in Congress. He had been a splendid debater, and had shown such sound political sense that the Speaker, during two sessions, had made him chairman of the Committee of "Ways and Means." It was then that Colonel Stewart first met Judge John McLean, a magnificent old silver-haired gentleman, who, at the time I write, was a member of Van Buren's cabinet—Postmaster-General.



BOND AND FREE.—"'LET'S RAISE THE MONEY AND SEND WILLIAM AFTER HER!' SAID THE GENEROUS WEBSTER."

Ten years had changed Colonel Stewart a great deal. He had a sickly look. His eyes had that sunken expression which indicates consumption.

"Yes, judge," mused Colonel Stewart, as he sat down on one of the sofas in the Blue Room with his old friend, the Postmaster-General, "this is about my last appearance in Washington."

"What! the last time I shall see my old friend?" repeated the judge, in surprise.

"Yes, judge, the last. You see I am getting weaker every day. Consumption's a dreadful thing. I ought not to have come here to-night, and I shouldn't have come but for the one purpose of seeing you."

"Why, colonel, what can I do for you?" asked the Postmaster-General, in surprise.

"I want to ask a favor of you, judge—the last political favor I shall ever ask. Will you do it for me?" and Colonel Stewart's eyes looked solemnly out of their consumptive sockets.

"Do it!" repeated the Postmaster-General, "why of course I will. I'll do anything for you, Colonel. What is it?"

"Well, general, you know my black boy, William——"

"The octoroon?" interrupted Judge McLean. "Has he killed somebody?"

"No, no! He's a good boy, and I want to ask you to take care of him. My doctor says I cannot live a year. I shall free all my slaves before the end of that time; and I want you to take William now, and make him a messenger in your department. He's honest and capable. Give him a messengership, and I'll give him his freedom, and then I shall die happy."

"Well, well, this is queer, colonel," mused the Postmaster-General. "Here is Colonel Stewart asking for a simple messengership for a black boy as if it were a great favor, when he has made chief clerks and auditors by the dozen, and——"

"Will you do it, general?" interrupted Colonel Stewart, earnestly.

"Do it! why of course I will. I'll do it before I go to bed to-night. I'll—let's see, what is his name—full name?"

"William Lee," replied Colonel Stewart.

The Postmaster-General hurriedly wrote the name on an envelope. Just then President Van Buren promenaded by Mrs. McLean, the beautiful wife of the judge, and the two old friends separated.

As the levee broke up that night, about eleven o'clock, Judge McLean and Colonel Stewart met again in the cloakroom.

"By-the-way, Colonel," asked the Postmaster-General, after they had interchanged a few words, "where did your boy William get his last name—Lee?"

"Oh, he belonged to the Lees. I bought him of General Harry Lee."

"What, Light Horse Harry?"

"Yes, Revolutionary Light Horse Harry. But don't ask me any more questions, Judge. He's a good boy—as brave and honest as his old master. Take care of him."

"Then the Postmaster-General handed his wife to the carriage, followed himself, and pulled to the door.

"By Jove, Mary!" he exclaimed, with a puzzled brow, as the carriage whirled out of the White House grounds, "here's a mystery. Why, this William is the image of Harry Lee. I remember Harry Lee's face—the same head, the same eye, the same ——"

"William—who?" asked Mrs. McLean.

"Oh, no one. I was only thinking." And then the carriage rolled on through the darkness till it reached the big, old-fashioned mansion of the Postmaster-General.

While Colonel Stewart was talking to Judge McLean in the Blue Room of the White House, another scene was being enacted up in Frederick County. It was at the plantation adjoining Colonel Samuel Stewart's, owned by Mr. Stewart's own brother—Judge John Stewart, of Baltimore.

Judge Stewart was a cold-hearted man. He was just like many men, obeyed the laws, owed no man, and, like Shylock, if any man owed him, he collected the debt, even if it was a pound of flesh.

Among the slave-women of Judge Stewart's was a long-haired octoroon. The slave-girl's name was Rachel. She was a beautiful girl. Her complexion was a soft olive, her eyes black and sparkling.

Rachel's duties at the country residence of Judge Stewart were simply to look after the house. She seldom mingled with the other slaves, who lived at their quarters. Sometimes, if they required medicine, Rachel gave it to them. If a baby died, she went to the mother and gave her what consolation she could.

That night Rachel sat in the big house all alone. Restless and weary with thought, she rested her head on her hand and sighed. She seemed to be dreaming.

All at once a voice startled her.

"Rachel, are you alone?"

She looked up, and there stood William Lee.

"Rachel, I've come to talk with you," he said. "The colonel has gone to Washington, and I've come through the woods on foot."

"I am glad to see you, William," replied Rachel, sadly; "but it will do us no good to talk. There is no hope for us. I'm tired of thinking and talking. You belong to Colonel Stewart. He is a sick man—yes, he is even now dying. When he dies you will be sold. They will take you to Alexandria and sell you, body and soul, and——"

"But wait, Rachel; it may not be so bad as that," interrupted William. "Colonel Stewart has told me that he will free me. I am sure he will do it."

"Yes, so they all say, William. Then they delay, and delay, and delay, and then—die! Then the creditors do the rest. No, William, there is nothing in the future for us. We *must* separate. I will stay here a slave. You belong to me, but they will sell you away from me. If Colonel Stewart was a well man like Judge Stewart—like my master—we might be married. Then we would be sure to stay on the old plantations; but now there is no hope. We must separate!" and the tears rushed to Rachel's eyes, her tongue faltered, and she bowed her head upon her hands again.

"But, Rachel, suppose I become free?" asked William, hopefully. "Suppose——"

"Then we will be married, William; for then you can stay near me. My master is young and strong and rich. I will never be sold."

The next day, when Colonel Stewart arrived at his Frederick County plantation from Washington, he seemed very happy. He had a cheerful word for every one of his old servants as he rode up through the "quarters." When his carriage reached the big mansion, William Lee stood at the front gate to welcome his master.

"William," said the colonel, slowly, as they walked up the long path to the front door, "you have been a faithful servant to me."

"Yes, master," responded William, mechanically.

"And I hate to let you go."

"Master's not thinking about selling me away from him, is he?" asked William, his eyes glistening with tears.

"Why, don't you want to go, William?"

"No, Mas'r Stewart, I prefer to stay here on the old place. I prefer to stay where I can see Rachel—where——"

"Oh! you and brother Sam's Rachel still keep up the old attachment, do you, William?" asked the colonel, whipping a rose-bush with his cane.

"Yes, mas'r, and we've been looking forward all these days to the blessed time when we can be married. But if you sell me away from you, it will be good-by, Rachel—good-by——" and the poor octoroon's heart swelled up into his throat.

"Well, William, I've got something better than that for you," said Colonel Stewart, slowly drawing two large envelopes from his pocket. "Here, William," he said, "is a paper giving you your freedom."

"May the Lord bless——"

"There, never mind, my boy," interrupted the colonel. "Here is another paper from the Postmaster-General, appointing you to a messengership in Washington at $600 a year. There, take them both!" and bursting with subdued emotion, Colonel Stewart turned on his heel and hurriedly entered the house. He did not even give the astonished William an opportunity to reply.

As the master passed out of sight, it is impossible to describe the slave-boy's astonishment. There he stood, with his free papers in one hand, and an official appointment in the other.

"Oh, Rachel!" he said, dropping on his knees, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "thank God, with me now!"

That night William walked over to Judge Stewart's house with a happy heart. He told his good luck to Rachel, showed her the papers, and then they laughed and cried together.

"Now," said William, "I'm going to Judge Stewart and ask him to let you marry me, Rachel."

It is strange how free he felt—how brave—how independent he walked as he passed up the steps to Judge Stewart's door.

"I have come," said William, "to ask you to let me marry Rachel."

Judge Stewart looked at William a moment over his glasses, and then replied:

"Well, William, I don't care. You can marry Rachel, provided you don't interfere with her work. Of course your children will belong to me. You belong to brother Sam, and——"

"No, Mast'r Stewart, your brother, has given me my freedom, and——"

"What! Sam been making a free nigger of you, boy?" interrupted the judge. "Sam been making an idiot of himself? Sam——" and in the excess of his rage, the judge struck his empty hand into the air, looked over his glasses and stood there.

"Yes, Mast'r Stewart," ventured William, "your brother gave me my freedom papers this morning."

"He did, hey! Well, that ends it. You can't marry Rachel. No free nigger for me. Rachel is a slave, and she must marry a slave. If she marries a free nigger, she will be running away herself, and, besides, I don't know when I may want to sell her to the New Orleans traders."

"Then I can never marry her?" pleaded William.

"Never, until somebody buys her from me. I'd see her dead first."

William went back to Rachel with a broken heart. They held a long consultation. First they resolved to run away. But there was no chance of success. The "Fugitive Slave Law" was in effect, passes were required by all colored people, slave or free, and, to run away was surely to be caught, returned, and then a dreadful whipping followed.

"Oh, William, what can we do?" sobbed Rachel.

"I know," replied William. "I will buy you myself."

"But you have no money."

"I can work and earn it," replied the determined lover.

"How much will you take for Rachel, Mr. Stewart?" asked William, the next day.

"Take for Rachel?" repeated the judge, with a puzzled look.

"Yes; maybe I can buy her some time."

"Well, a thousand dollars will buy her," replied the hard-hearted judge.

William Lee went to Washington the next week, and entered on his duties as messenger for Judge McLean. He worked faithfully, early and late. Every cent was saved. He even rented a little room over on G Street, and cooked his own food. Every time he laid by a dollar he said, "This is for Rachel."

On Saturday nights he would trudge on foot to Frederick County to see Rachel, where they held solemn consultations, and hoped only for the time when he could buy her and make her his wife.

Think of this, mercenary beaux of to-day! Think, heartless fortune-hunters, of toiling night and day, and paying our last cent for the love of a woman!

A year of labor and hope had passed, and William had saved $450. Another year of faithful labor and toil, and $900 gladdened the sight of this faithful lover.

It was Christmas morning.

"Oh, if I had one hundred dollars more," sighed William, "what a Christmas present it would buy to-day!"

"Let's see," said Judge McLean, as William handed him his mail-bag; "this is Christmas morning, isn't it, William?"

"Yes, Christmas, Mr. Secretary."

"Christmas. Let's see, what shall I give you for Christmas this year?" asked the kind-hearted old Postmaster-General.

"Oh, anything," replied William.

"But I mean, what would you like best?"

"In all the world, Mr. Secretary?" hesitated William.

"Yes, in the whole world."

"I should like to have money enough to buy Rachel of Judge Stewart," replied William.

"Rachel? What about Rachel?" asked the judge.

Then William told the story of his and Rachel's love, the trouble that they were in, how he was afraid she would be sold, how he had worshiped and worked for her for years, and how he still lacked one hundred dollars to buy her.

The old Postmaster-General took off his specs, wiped his eyes, and put them on again. Then he fumbled in his pockets. "F-i-v-e, t-e-n, t-w-e-n-t-y, t-h-i-r-t-y," he counted, and then he rolled them all together, and handed William a hundred dollars.

Too happy to live, William started on foot for Judge Stewart's that day. It was a long walk, but hope buoyed him up, and not once did he think of being tired.

"Here, Mast'r Stewart," he said, about six o'clock, his eyes all aglow with joy, "I've got the thousand dollars; now can I have Rachel?"

"My God! William, you don't tell me so!" exclaimed the astonished judge. "Why, I sold Rachel yesterday for eleven hundred dollars to go to Mobile!"

"And she's going——"

"Going, William? She's gone—went yesterday. She'll be in Richmond in two days by the boat!"

Broken-hearted and crushed in spirit, William hurried back to Judge McLean in Washington. The judge heard his story. Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun were in the judge's room, and they both took a deep interest in the case.

"Let's raise the money and send William after her!" said the generous Webster.

"You can't do that," said Mr. Calhoun. "He'd be seized a dozen times as a fugitive, and they'd sell him, too."

"I'll send my private secretary with him," said Mr. Webster; and in two hours William and the secretary were on their way to Lynchburg by the Potomac boat—one day behind Rachel!

About two P. M., the *Mattie*, with William Lee and Daniel Webster's secretary, George Appleton, on board, reached Mount Vernon.

Rachel had passed down the Potomac on the *Rose Hamilton* the day before, in company with a slave-trader named Nelson. She had been sold, paid for, and Nelson gave he an hour to get ready to depart from the plantation. Besides Rachel, Nelson took with him two negroes whom he had also bought of Judge Stewart.

The destination of the poor slaves was for some time kept from them. When Rachel tearfully asked where they were to be taken, Nelson chuckled to himself, and replied, in his South Carolina poor-white dialect:

"Well, honey, we's a 'gwine to take you down to Colonel Green's place, on the Ma'yland shoa—right ne'a Washington."

Rachel knew that these "Maryland" shore plantations were very accessible to Washington, and, believing that to be her destination, she had no particular objection to going there. To be where she could occasionally see William was her only wish. But when she saw the *Rose Hamilton* pass Alexandria and Mount Vernon with no signs of reaching Colonel Green's place, she became alarmed.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Nelson, who had been drinking up in the "Texas" with the captain and pilot, came down into the cabin where Rachel sat, looking rather mournfully out of the window at the Maryland shore.

"Are we almost there?" she asked, without looking up at the slave-dealer.

"Almost wha', girl?"

"Almost to Colonel Green's."

"Colonel Green! the devil, woman!" he exclaimed. "We passed there befo' ten o'clock. Wer' bound fo' Richmond now. I've changed my mind. Now, don't go sniveling about it. You might just as well know the truth first as last: I've bought you to sell again, and when we get to Richmond the devil knows whar' you will go to. That depends on who buys you," he added, brutally; and then the slave-dealer swaggered out of the cabin.

That night was a dreary night for Rachel. Her slave companions soon fell asleep, but she was too sensitive to sleep. It was the white blood in her that suffered and secretly rebelled. A thousand plans of escape floated through her aching brain. Once she resolved to drown herself. She went and looked over the bulwark, but the waves looked so cold and cheerless, that she went and laid down again. About ten o'clock in the morning the boat put into Norfolk.

They had laid at the dock but a few moments when a friend of Nelson's, a brother slave-dealer, called to see him.

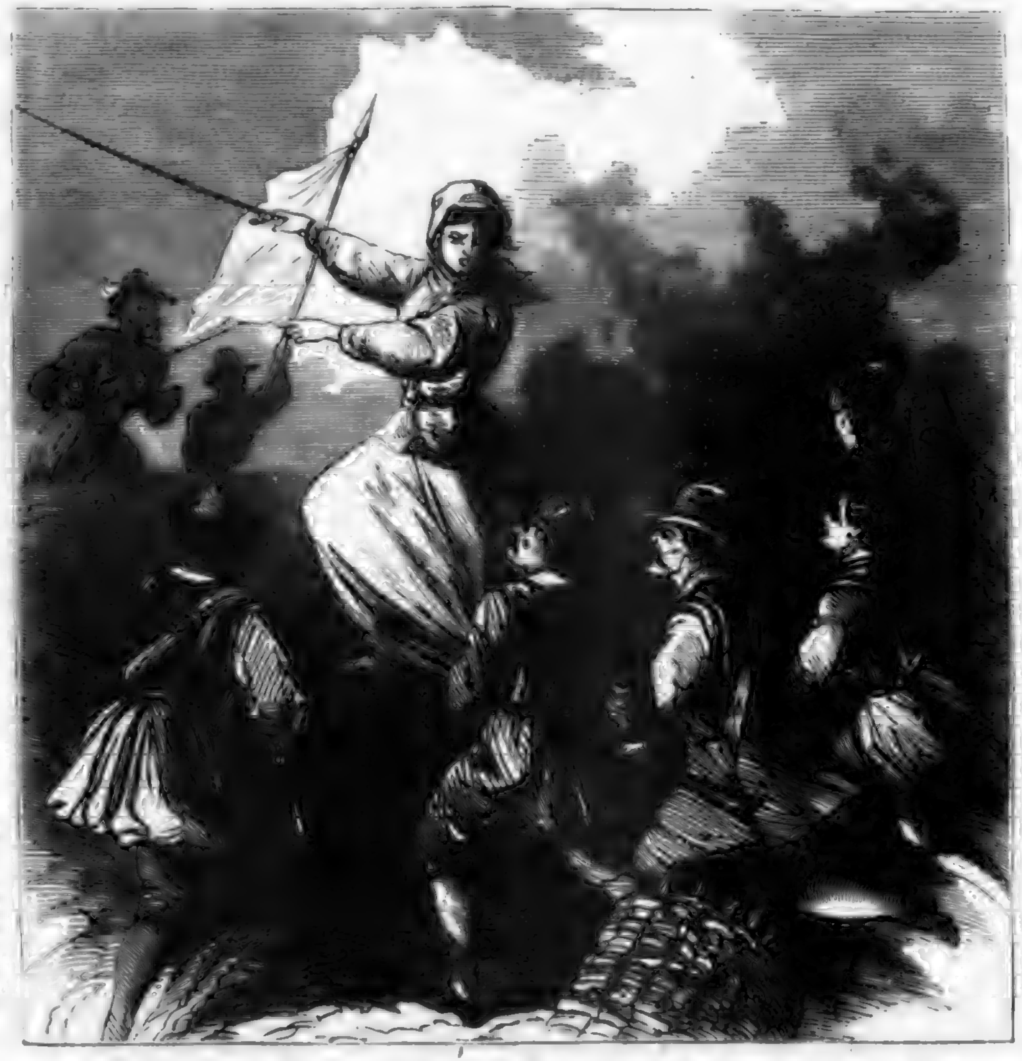
"Hallo, Nelson, what 'v' ou got here?" said the stranger, as he caught sight of Rachel and her companions in the cabin.

"Only a couple field hands and some parlor trash. How's the market be-a now?" asked the trader.

"Splendid for field hands, Nelson; but I reckon this white trash sells better in Richmond," he replied, looking at Rachel's delicate face and hands.

"If that's the case," said Nelson, "I reckon I'll try the market here."

It took the trader but a few moments to settle his bill with the clerk of the *Hamilton*, and in an hour Rachel and her companions were off to the auction-rooms of Messrs. Smith & Hawk.



MADAME DE LA TOUR, THE HEROINE OF ACADIA.—"THE LOVELY LA TOUR, AT THE HEAD OF HER LITTLE GARRISON, MET THE BESIEGERS WITH SUCH DETERMINED BRAVERY THAT THEY AGAIN WERE DEFEATED."—SEE PAGE 750.

The auction-rooms were filled with a motley crowd of slaves gathered up from Maryland and Virginia for the extreme Southern market. The low, swampy bottom-lands of the Mississippi and Red Rivers were just then being cleared up, and thousands of slaves bred in Maryland, Tennessee and Kentucky were sold annually in Richmond, Norfolk and Lynchburg for the lower plantation regions. The slaves were gathered up in small gangs by local traders, and then sold at auction to the planters themselves, or bid off by extensive dealers who shipped them in larger gangs to be resold at high prices in New Orleans and Shreveport. A large, healthy, full-black negro in those times brought $1,200 in Norfolk, and $1,800 in Shreveport. A light octoroon, like Rachel, would bring as much in Norfolk as in Shreveport, unless some dealer took a special fancy to her. It was not brain or beauty that possessed value. It was health, muscle, agility and endurance.

Words cannot describe the agony endured by Rachel all that dreadful night in the Norfolk slave-pen. She could neither eat nor sleep.

The next morning, when the slaves were arrayed in long rows for the auction, she looked haggard and worn.

By her side stood a rough, villainous-looking negro, with handcuffs on his wrists. They called him Runaway Jim. Three times he had escaped from his owners. Once he knocked his master senseless with a club and escaped into the swamp. Bloodhounds were sent after him, and, torn and bleeding, but not conquered, Runaway Jim was brought back to his master.

"How much for this black boy, Jim?" shouted the auctioneer. "Full-black, sound and healthy; number one field hand, twenty-two—warranted sound! How much?

"Twelve hundred am I offered?

"Who says one thousand?"

Some one in the crowd nodded, and the auctioneer continued:

"One thousand I am offered—thousan'—thousan'— one thousan'. Who says the fifty?"

Some one said the fifty; others made it a hundred, and Jim was finally struck down to a Shreveport dealer at twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

"Now trot up another one!" shouted the auctioneer, and the attendants pushed Rachel toward the stand.

"She looks like a sick nigger, gen'lmen, but she's warranted sound!" shouted Nelson.

"No high-strung white trash for me," growled a man with a low brow. "They always play the devil with the other hands."

"Good for nothing but cotton-picking—no hoe-hand, and plowing would kill her," chimed in a third.

"Well, how much am I offered for this likely girl? Who says a thousand?" commenced the auctioneer. "Who says eight hundred? Does anybody want her? Who'll start this likely girl?"

"Seven hundred," repeated a voice to the rear.

"Seven hundred by two bidders; who says the eight? tate—tate—tate—tate?"

. "Mr. Randolph says the eight. Who says the nine?—nine—nine—nine; who says the nine? Nine am I offered? Nine—nine—nine. Who says the half? N'af—n'af—n'af?"

"Half!" responded the same voice in the rear of the room.

"Mr. Randolph says the half. Who says the thousand? Thousan'—thousan'—thousan'; who says the one thousan'? Thousan' I am offered?"

During all this time Rachel stood motionless. Grief had gotten beyond tears. She was in that state bordering on frenzy. There are times when tears are too weak to express the heart's emotion.

I saw a mother after the Mill River flood look calmly at five dead children in a row. No tears came to her eyes. Her eyelids were dry, and her eyeballs glared wildly around. Her mind was bordering on insanity.

So it was with Rachel. Nothing could torture her now. Death would have been a sweet relief. So, when the auctioneer at last "knocked her down" to Mr. Randolph at eleven hundred dollars, she did not know it.

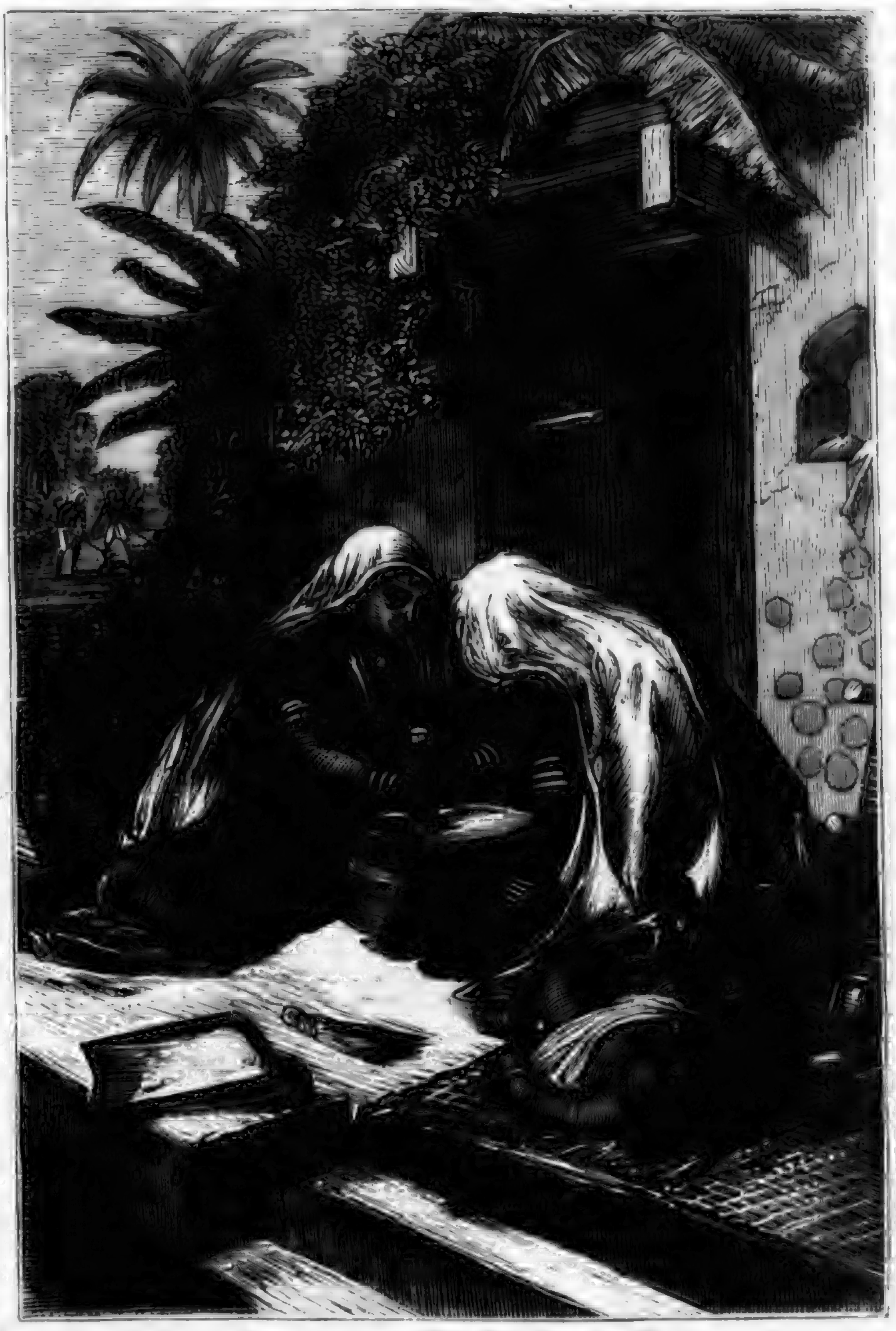
She did not even hear Mr. Randolph when he turned round and said:

"Take good care of her, gentlemen, and I will send after her in an hour to go out to my place."

Then they took Rachel into another room. They spread down a rude quilt for her to lay on. Then, patting her on the head, one man, kinder than the rest, said:

"There, child, don't trouble yourself any more; Randolph will be a kind master. Now go to sleep."

The kind words brought tears to Rachel's eyes; and when once the fountains were opened she wept long and bitterly. Finally her sobbing ceased. She was sound asleep.



BENGAL WOMEN GRINDING CORN.—SEE PAGE 751.

The sleep which Rachel fell into was the sleep which succeeds utter exhaustion. Nothing disturbed her. When they came to take away Runaway Jim he made a great noise, but Rachel did not hear it. And even when the *Mattie* whistled, rang her bell, and rounded into port, Rachel did not hear a sound.

On the boat were William and George Appleton. They had no idea of stopping at Norfolk, but the boat landed to take on some freight, so they went on shore. The only walk from the boat led directly by the auction-rooms where Rachel lay asleep. Up this walk Mr. Appleton and William passed.

As they read the sign, "Smith & Hawk, Auctioneers—Sales of Negroes, Tuesdays and Fridays," William remarked:

"It is in just such an auction-room as this that we shall find Rachel when we get to Richmond. I do hope we shall get there before she is sold.

"We are twenty-four hours behind her. She will not surely leave the city the first day," said Mr. Appleton.

"Oh, what a happy day it will be for me," exclaimed William, "when I can pay the money for Rachel and take her back!"

They were now in front of the auction-room, and both naturally looked in. Around the room they saw sitting several groups of negroes. At one end they saw a woman sleeping, with her face to the wall.

"There has not been a woman here named Rachel, has there?" asked William of an old man who was frying some corn-bread and bacon on a skillet.

"No, I 'spects not. Dey're all here now 'cept Runaway Jim, an' dere ain't no Rachel here.

"Who's that poor woman asleep there?" asked Mr. Appleton, pointing to Rachel.

XUM

"Oh, she belongs to Massa Randolph. Dey's gwine to take de poor chile 'way dis afternoon. She feels mighty bad, and 'pears to me she's sick. Ol' Nancy 'lows so, too," replied the old negro, as he lifted a piece of bacon out of the skillet on a fork and tasted it.

"Poor girl—poor girl!" slowly repeated Mr. Appleton, as they walked out of the door and sauntered down toward the *Mattie*.

The boat had a large cargo for Richmond. Twenty roustabouts were singing and rolling in freight, "And between tobacco and coal, I reckon we'll be here two hours," said the captain.

At the end of that time dinner was ready. As the dinner gong sounded a passenger hurriedly entered the cabin.

"Ah, Mr. Randolph—glad to see you. Back to Richmond again, eh?" asked the captain, shaking the gentleman's hand.

"Yes, captain, 'n I've got a sick nigger down below. Guess she's going to die. Just my luck!"

"One you've just bought, Mr. Randolph?" asked the captain.

"Yes, just paid 'leven hundred dollars for her, an' now the doctor says she's got the brain-fever. Five hundred dollars won't insure her. Don't want no more white nigger, I don't, captain. They ain't tough 'nough for me."

"What's the slave-girl's name?" asked Mr. Appleton, who left William out on the front deck to join in the conversation.

"Rachel, sir; 'n I'd sell her cheap."

"Rachel! Rachel who?" observed the questioner, quietly.

"Don't know, sir. She belonged to the Stewarts, up in Maryland; but I bought her of Nelson, the trader."

"And she's very sick?" continued Mr. Appleton, calmly.

Indeed, Mr. Appleton was never known to get excited. Now, almost any one in his particular place would have betrayed a good deal of emotion, and, on hearing the name "Rachel," they would have rushed out and, with unsuppressed excitement, announced the news to William. Not so with Mr. Appleton. In fact, when Mr. Randolph proceeded below with Dr. Clayton, one of his neighbors, to examine the sick slave, Mr. Appleton sauntered leisurely along, as if he were the most disinterested person in the world. He left William standing out on the guards in the most matter-of-fact manner.

"How is she, doctor?" asked Mr. Randolph, as they reached the almost insensible form of Rachel.

"I don't think she can live, George," replied the doctor, feeling her pulse. "It's brain-fever—pulse 120—and delirious, too."

"Just my luck!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "Eleven hundred dollars for a dead nigger is dog-on rough, ain't it?" and the planter stood with his hands in his pockets and bit his lips.

"What would you sell her for as she is, and let the buyer take the chances?" asked Mr. Appleton, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Sell her for? Why, I'd like to have somebody offer me three hundred for her. I don't think I'd hesitate long."

"I'll take her at three hundred."

"You!"

"Yes," said Mr. Appleton, quietly counting out three one-hundred dollar bills. "Now, be kind enough to give me a bill of sale."

It took but a moment to make out the bill of sale, and, placing it in his pocket, Mr. Appleton hastened to the upper deck where sat William, buried in thought, with his head bowed against his hand.

"William," he said, "I have seen Rachel. Come with me, and I'll take you to her."

"Take me to Rachel! Oh, surely, you cannot!" exclaimed the astonished lover.

"Come and see."

In a moment the two passed down the gangway to the lower cabin.

"There," he said, pointing to the reclining form of the sick girl; but before he could finish the sentence William sprang forward, fell on his knees, and clasped Rachel in his arms.

"Oh, Rachel!" he murmured. "Rachel, are you dead?"

The sick girl recognized the voice, and, placing her hand to her brow, stared wildly at the speaker a moment. Then tears rushed into her eyes, and her arms hung around his neck.

There is a disease in the world which medicine cannot reach. It is sickness of the heart. The wild delirium of a starving soul. For such sickness the antidote must be a mental medicine—food and nourishment for the soul. It was this mental unrest which killed Mr. Greeley—a lost love, the Presidency. Buried hope killed Mr. Chase and Napoleon III. If this same doctor could have given Mr. Greeley the Presidency, or given to the sick Napoleon the Empire he lost at Sédan, they would have been well men now. So with Rachel. It was the destruction of all hope that made her soul sick. William restored to her was the one antidote which could save her life.

Of course they gave her water, bathed her head, gave her gentle nourishment, and when they told her the news—how William had bought her, and would take her back to liberty and love, the medicine went to the sick brain, the fever broke, and the slave girl fell into a quiet sleep.

"Oh, Mr. Appleton, just to think," commenced William, the next morning, "here I have Rachel, and six hundred dollars left to buy a little house. I am too happy to live!"

In forty-eight hours Rachel had so far recovered that they took the return boat for Washington.

When they arrived there, old Judge McLean could not find words to express his delight. He even sent a note to Clay and Webster, telling them that William had found Rachel. The letter ended by stating that they would be married the next evening at the Postmaster-General's house, and inviting Webster and Clay to come and witness the ceremony.

There have been statelier weddings in Washington than the wedding of William and Rachel, but there was never a happier one. The Postmaster-General's daughter called in Miss Carroll and Miss Adams, a niece of John Quincy Adams, who then occupied the old Adams mansion on "F" Street, and together they gave Rachel a beautiful wedding trousseau. And when Dr. Wainwright, from the old Church of St. John, which looks across Jackson Square upon the Presidential mansion, had finished the wedding-service, and asked the blessing on the handsome octoroon and his beautiful liquid-eyed, olive-brown bride, the scene could not have been grander or holier. The sympathetic chords of the big, warm hearts of Clay and Randolph and Webster were touched, and then went up from that happy group a sweet benediction to God.

MADAME DE LA TOUR, THE HEROINE OF ACADIA.

In early colonial times Charles Etienne de la Tour, the hero of Fort Cape Sable, commanded the eastern part of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, and the Chevalier d'Aulney de Charnise the western, as far as Penobscot. Between the rival commanders in Acadia there were certain points of resemblance—both were youthful, both were brave, enterprising and ambitious; both the happy husbands of proud and beautiful wives. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that there was a constant feud between the two young officers and their young wives.

At one time La Tour appears in person at Boston, to beat up recruits, as, more than two hundred years after, another power attempted to raise a foreign legion. Close upon this follows a protest of D'Aulney, and with it the exhibition of a warrant from the French king for the arrest of La Tour. Upon this there was a meeting of the council, and a treaty, offensive and defensive, made with D'Aulney.

Meanwhile, Marie de la Tour arrived at Boston from England, where she had been on a visit to her mother-in-law. The captain of the vessel upon which she had re-embarked for the New World, having carried her to that city instead of to the River St. John, according to the letter of the charter, was promptly served with a summons by that lady to appear before the magistrates to show cause why he did it; and the consequence was, madame recovered damages to the amount of two thousand pounds. With this sum she chartered a vessel for the River St. John, and arrived at a small fort belonging to her husband, on its banks, just in time to defend it against D'Aulney, who had rallied his forces for an attack upon it during the absence of Charles Etienne.

Marie de la Tour was at this time one of the most beautiful women in the New World. She was not less than twenty nor more than thirty years of age; her features had a charm beyond the limits of the regular; her eyes were expressive, her mouth intellectual, her complexion, brown and clear, could pale or flush with emotions either tender or indignant. Before such a commandress D'Aulney de Charnise set down his forces in the year 1644.

The garrison was small—the brave Charles Etienne absent in a distant part of the province. But the unconquerable spirit of the woman prevailed over these disadvantages. At the first attack by D'Aulney the guns of the fort were directed with such consummate skill that every shot told. The besieger, with twenty killed and thirteen wounded, was only too happy to warp his frigate out of the reach of this lovely lady's artillery, and to retire to Penobscot to refit.

Again D'Aulney sailed up the St. John, with the intention of taking the place by assault. By land as by water, his forces were repulsed with great slaughter. For three days the French officer carried on the attack, and then again retreated. On the fourth day a Swiss hireling deserted to the enemy and betrayed the weakness of the garrison. D'Aulney, now confident of success, determined to take the fort by storm; but as he mounted the wall the lovely La Tour, at the head of her little garrison, met the besiegers with such determined bravery, that they again were repulsed.

That evening D'Aulney hung the traitorous Swiss, and proposed honorable terms if the brave commandress would surrender. To these terms Marie assented, in the vain hope of saving the lives of the brave men who had survived, the remnants of her little garrison. But the perfidious D'Aulney, who, from the vigorous defense of the fort, had supposed the number of soldiers to have been greater, instead of feeling that admiration which brave men always experience when acts of valor are presented by an enemy, lost himself in an abyss of chagrin, to find he had been thrice defeated by a garrison so contemptible in numbers and led by a woman. To his eternal infamy let it be recorded that, pretending to have been deceived by the terms of capitulation, D'Aulney hanged the brave survivors of the little garrison, and even had the baseness and cruelty to parade Madame de la Tour herself on the same scaffold, with the ignominious cord around her neck, as a reprieved criminal.

To quote the words of the chronicler: "The violent and unusual exertions which Madame de la Tour had made, the dreadful fate of her household and followers, and the total wreck of her fortune, had such an effect that she died soon after this event."

WOMEN OF BENGAL GRINDING CORN IN A HANDMILL.

The Indian province of Bengal, although one of the most fruitful regions of England's vast eastern empire, has on several occasions become the scene of devastating famine.

One of the most terrible visitations of this dreadful scourge was that of 1874, when thousands perished before the tardy measures of relief, undertaken by the English viceroy, became available. When the government relief was finally received, and supplies of rice and corn dealt out by the relief agents, such incidents as that which forms the subject of our picture were everywhere to be seen.

The rude stone hand-mills used by the natives of India are similar to those still to be found among the peasantry of Europe, and although clumsy in construction and very laborious to operate, grind much faster and finer than one would suppose who judged of their capabilities without trying them.

THE VICE OF HURRY.

Hurry is the modern Old Man of the Sea. It is for ever with us. We cannot unclasp the clinging talons that suffocate us. Heavier and heavier grows the burden day by day. We are hurried on to our work; we are driven in our very sleep; and if we ever pause in predetermined idleness, it is to find ourselves, like Miss Preston's hero, "resting like fury." Haste makes waste, says the proverb. Surely it does; waste of tissue, waste of nervous force, waste of temper, waste of the fair sights we move too fast to see, of the pleasant experiences we are too hurried to accept. The wise Romans cherished the maxim, Hasten slowly. It was well enough for them, we think, when the habitable globe was a little strip of earth, and science was not born, and invention waited to be understood, and life was a simple and luxurious estate, without past and without future.

But what are we to do in an age when a patriarch's span would not suffice to learn and to accomplish all that the time commands, and when a historic past and an illimitable future lay each its tax upon us? Hurry as we may, we cannot overtake that Duty with whom we meant to keep even pace. Were we to lag, we should lose even the path her feet have trod. If all of life were doing, there might be reason for this wail. But being is a far better, more fructifying, more helpful state. More than half the things we count essential to be done might be left undone with profit to ourselves and our kind. And the remaining fraction of imperative undertakings that now dominate and worry us can be easily accomplished if we take them in the right way.

Goethe filled out and supplemented the ancient wisdom in his motto, "Without haste, without rest." It is the deliberate, regular, unbroken toil which tells on the work, but not upon the worker. Walter Scott, who was a miracle of accomplishment, wrote to a young friend:

"Do instantly whatever is to be done; take the hours of reflection or recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can

XUM

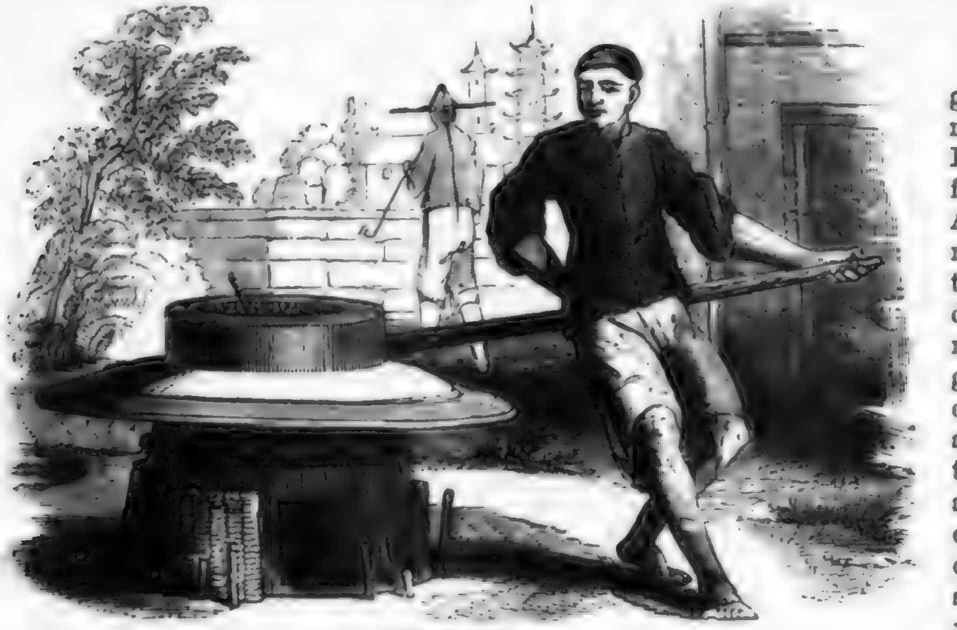
stand the confusion. Pray mind this—it is one of your weak points; a habit of mind it is that is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not filled up regularly, but is left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion."

There is the whole philosophy of large accomplishment. Yet, until misfortune compelled him to err against his better judgment, Scott seldom worked more than two or three hours a day. He completed volume after volume at this easy rate of speed, and had abundant time for other interests, because the sun was not more punctual in the skies than he at his appointed task.

Dr. Bowditch, a very busy man, translated the great *Mécanique Céleste*, giving it less than two hours of work a day. But then the planets he explained did not move in their prescribed orbit more evenly than he in his. Nothing was suffered to interrupt or postpone those daily two hours. Dickens said that he owed whatever success or reputation he had made to the habit of sitting down regularly to his work, and sticking to it a certain time, however much he might be tempted away, either by external attractions or by the feeling that he was not in the mood for writing, and had nothing to say.

If, then, headwork, which is proverbially subject to outside conditions, can be thus regulated by will and made available, far more can all other forms of industry. If the housekeeper have method and a correct perspective, she can make her thousand cares fall into line and obey her. The mother who will learn to systematize shall have some delight of leisure, though her offspring equal in numbers the historic matron's who lived in a shoe. The woman of society, with her hundred engagements, may thus find time for books and work and healthful play. Nor need the hardest-driven farmer's wife despair. For hurry is commonly a curse self-imposed. Either we try to do too much, or we try to do our moderate stint in the wrong way. It is not so much the pressure without as the entanglement within. A little pruning here, a little straightening there, and the gain in health and comfort would be incalculable. It was not meant that we should be ruled by our affairs, but that we should rule them. That was a fine saying of Sir Amyas Paulet, and worthy of all acceptation, "Let us stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner."

RICE.



A CHINESE RICE-MILL.

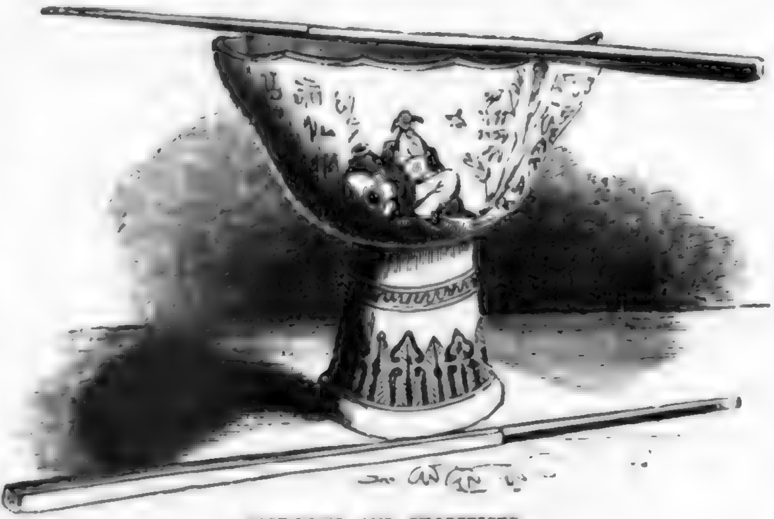
Rice (Oryza-Sativa) is one of the great articles of food, whole nations making it their principal nourishment. It has been cultivated in the East Indies from time immemorial, and from its Arabic name, *aruz*, comes the Spanish name, *arroz*, and our appellation also through the Latin. There are one hundred and sixty-one varieties known, most of them requiring a marshy ground, like the wild rice of our northern lakes. Still there are varieties, such as the dry or mountain rice (Oryza Mutica), raised in Ceylon, Java, Hungary and Virginia. This latter kind is, however, not prolific, producing only fifteen or twenty bushels to the acre, while the swamp rice has produced ninety bushels, yielding forty-eight pounds of clean rice to the bushel. To the Chinese as to the Southern Hindoos it is the great staple of food, and their word for rice, Fan, enters into many combinations. A beggar is called Tou-fan-tee, that is "The Rice-seeking One." Even the ordinary salutation, "Che fan?" answering to our "How do you do?" means "Have you had your rice?"

Rennie mentions that our countrywoman, Madame de Bourboulon, when walking near the French Legation at Peking, while her husband was Minister in China, was invariably saluted by the women of the neighborhood with the "Che fan?" showing a kindly feeling to this French-American lady that they never extended to men, of whom they never inquired whether they had had their rice or not.

Rice growing in swampy lands subject to a fever is a grain that defies European constitutions. Negroes, Hindoos and coolies seem alone able to bear the malaria.

Rice grows in a sort of hull that does not easily come off, and has to be removed by rubbing or beating. Our illustration shows a Chinese apparatus for thus cleaning the grain. The hopper in the centre receives it, and it is then ground between the stones, not set so as to crush the grain, but only to free them from the hulls. A rice bowl and chopsticks are added, as these are the almost uniform articles set before the people, and with which rice is eaten.

Of the whole rice crop in China we have no statistics. In the United States, in 1850, more than two hundred and fifteen millions of pounds were raised, though in 1860 it had declined to one hundred and eighty-seven millions, and is now undoubtedly much less, as housekeepers no doubt infer, from the higher prices.



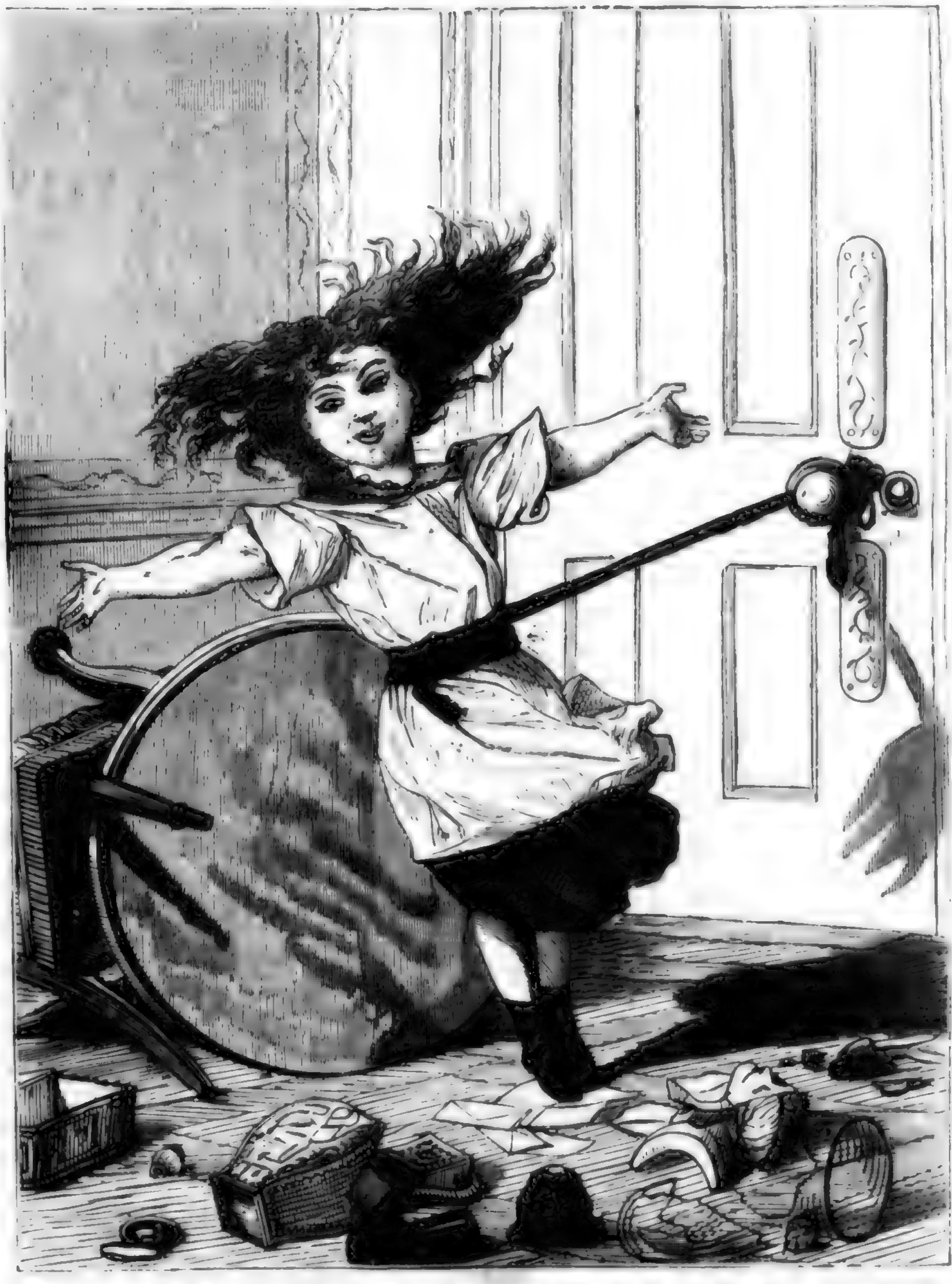
RICE-BOWL AND CHOPSTICKS.

THE FAIRY TANG WANG.

A Fairy Story.

Little Emma was a very wild, talkative little piece. Her tongue went all day, and so did her little feet and her little fingers, and somehow or other they always contrived to be in mischief. She broke her own toys before she had them a week, and was always up to some caper that ended in ruin to some of the nice things in her mother's house.

At last it was determined to buy her no more, and her broken things soon lost all attraction for her, and she had nothing left but one beautiful wax doll that her mother had laid away and allowed her to use only once in a while, when she was a very good girl indeed; and that, I am sorry to say, was very seldom.



THE FAIRY TANG WANG.—"TAKING OFF HER SCARF, SHE MADE IT INTO A LONG CORD, AND TYING ONE END TO THE DOOR-KNOB, BEGAN TO WIND HERSELF UP, AND THEN UNWIND."

She was very careless, as a matter of course, and although she was now growing up, would not learn to put things in their places, but would leave anything and everything around on the floors, on the chairs, anywhere. Her mother talked in vain.

One day, when she had been a pretty good girl, her mother let her enjoy her doll for a time, and as Miss Doll was a fine lady, she went into the parlor with her. But she soon got tired of her doll, and taking off her scarf, made it into a long cord, and tying one end to the door-knob, began to wind herself up and then unwind. Round, and round, and round she went, till she got dizzy and went too far, and plump she came against a little lacquered table, covered with choice little articles. Over went the table, and the carpet was strewn with broken china, glass, marble, alabaster, pretty boxes.

The crash brought in her mother, who, sadly distressed at little Emma's sad capers, sent her up to her room for the rest of the day.

Just as this accident happened, the fairy Tang Wang, a funny little Chinese fairy, and an old friend of Emma's mother, came in. She shook her head, and comical she did look in her pointed Chinese hat, with feet about the size of the head of a pin, and long, loose Chinese sleeves. Her hair was done up in one long plait, which hung down behind, and ended in a bell made of a single diamond, and the braid at the head was encircled with pearls. She stood thinking a moment, and seeing the wax doll which Emma had left carelessly on the floor, said: "We must punish Emma and try to cure her."

So with that she took up the beautiful doll and threw it into the grate, where in a moment it was burned up to a cinder.

The next day Emma made so many promises that she would be a better child that her mother agreed to try her. So off she ran to get her fine doll, and let her mother put it up. But, to her dismay, no doll was to be found. It had vanished. No one had seen it. Mother and daughter were alike puzzled.

It was clearly a punishment, and Emma now turned over a new leaf, and became a neat, quiet, obedient little girl.

About a month after her reformation the fairy once more called to visit her mother, and little Emma was presented to the fairy Tang Wang as a little lady who had given up all her bad habits.

"In that case," said the fairy, "I think she can soon have her doll again."

"Oh, fairy, do you know anything about my doll?"

Off ran the little fairy to the parlor, followed by Emma and her mother, their eyes wide with wonder.

The fairy Tang Wang looked into the grate, up and down, and at last seemed to spy what she wanted, and having got the tongs, took out a shriveled cinder.

"There's your doll," said she.

Emma's face looked very blank as she gazed at the little black lump. Her eyes filled with tears, and her heart was so full that she could not speak.

"It does not look much like it now," said the fairy, "and your trial is not yet over. There are still three days left. If you persevere a good girl these three days, your doll shall be restored finer than ever."

Emma now brightened up. She took up the coal carefully and took it to her room, and with this before her eyes to remind her of her duty, she behaved like a little angel.

When she woke on the third day the fairy was standing by her bedside, and the coal lay on the counterpane. She touched it with a little ivory wand, and Emma clasped once more in her arms her doll, ten times more beautiful than she had ever beheld it.

She promised the fairy Tang Wang never to forget her good resolutions, and she kept her word most faithfully.

THE PROGRESS OF MOHAMMEDANISM.

Mohammed lived between 570 and 652 A. D. His creed, at first despised and insignificant, gained followers rapidly during the closing years of his life, and still more rapidly after his death, when rival sects, claiming sole orthodoxy, rivaled each other in proselytism East, North, South, and West. Like a circle in water, the progress was consistent on every side; and while some planted the green banner in Ispahan and India, and carried it forward so effectually against China that its influence has to be reckoned in all later history of the empire; while growing in Northern Turkey to the grand conquest of Constantinople and the overthrow of the Byzantine Empire in 1300, and dispossessing Thoth and Sesostris in Egypt by Amru, Lieutenant of Caliph Omar in 640, it flashed across the whole Mediterranean littoral of Africa, and penetrated above the Cataracts and beyond the Sahara, and remains in the ascendant there to this day.

The most brilliant chapter of the new creed was written in Spain. There it conquered a sturdier, if not a finer, civilization than the one it overthrew in Turkey; the Gothic Empire contrasting with the later Greek as unadorned strength with effete beauty and languor. The successive stages by which the Moslem creed won its way through Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers and Morocco to the Atlantic, are scarcely worth describing, and indeed present few salient features.

The people had no common creed or political policy; had no culture or zeal or energy. They comprised races that united and dissipated according to caprice; and though fierce and warlike, and as determined to resist invasion as in the times of Scipio and Hannibal, had no bond of union and no great resources. Their hot blood was fired by the sensuous incitements and enthusiasm which overran Arabia, and Mohammed's creed rather flashed along their way than fought for its victory. The Fatimite Caliphs of Northern Africa were strong enough to vaunt their superiority over the Caliphs of Bagdad, by whom, when the Shiite and Sunnite controversy arose, precedency was claimed over the central authority, recognized by most of the Moslem world, at Damascus. The root of the Fatimite power was purely Saracenic. It included the blood of the best races of Northern Africa—men fiery in love and war, but patient to study and capable of sustained efforts. They were learned beyond the nations of Europe, then plunged in the intellectual night of the Middle Ages, and preserved law, medicine, and the arts and sciences from grave loss.

Having no vital creed, these races accepted that of Islam so soon as they were convinced that it was propagated by strong swords as well as by perceptible allurements, and carried the crusade successfully onward to the Spanish province of Mauritania. Muza, the Arab commander, was then approached by the emissaries of Count Julian with proposals to enter Spain and dethrone Roderic the Goth, on account of indignities suffered by the Count's daughter. The story is apocryphal perhaps; but there is no doubt that when the Caliph Walid had authorized Muza to agree with the Count in 710, Muza dispatched a force across the Strait of Gibraltar under his lieutenant, Taric, and began the great epopee that lasted, with continuous and brilliant acts, to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The Government of Spain at that time was Gothic and divided. There was little concentration of authority, little knowledge of any kind, and little industry or patriotism or faith to atone for general decay from the period of Cæsar's rule. Taric found almost no resistance when he landed, and was able to recruit and organize his men unopposed. He won his first great victory after three days of hard fighting, near Cadiz, somewhere between 711 and 714. As soon as a secure lodgment was made, Muza himself arrived with reinforcements, and overran the country with a slight show of resistance.

The Goths had weakened in an alien climate, and the Spaniards were so degenerate or careless that they refused to make the effort necessary; and when Muza's son, Abdelaziz, married Roderic's widow, Egilona, he was enabled to draw many of the Goths and Spaniards under his banner. Two of the new rulers, brothers, ruled in Africa when he and Taric were both summoned to Damascus by Caliph Walid. But their removal had no lasting effect on their government. There were dissensions in the Saracenic ranks which helped the Gothic hero, Pelago, to gain renown. These sprang from unwillingness to recognize the authority of Damascus rather than from intestine controversies or fear; and the work of subjugation went forward until Abderrhaman, the eleventh Emir, was defeated by Charles Martel at Tours in 732.

Then some successes won by Alfonso, a Spanish ruler, occurring at the instant when Abdul Abbas, the Abasside, overthrew the Ommeyade dynasty at Damascus, and when a rebellion in Barbary threatened Moorish power there, in its immediate fountain, the Cordovan Walids made Abderrhaman, son of an Ommeyade caliph, the head of an independent government that grew into the brilliant Moorish dominion in Spain. Abdul rallied an army of twenty thousand men, defeated the Abasside faction, became real Caliph of Cordova, and made the King of Asturias and Galicia tributary to him. Charlemagne interfered to protect Gothic power, and took the territory called the Spanish March, in 778, but was signally defeated in the memorable battle of Roncesvalles, and all his conquests were regained. Thereafter Abderrhaman conciliated the Christians, built grand mosques, consolidated his power, and began the agricultural, commercial, scientific and literary power afterward attained.

Following Abderrhaman's death, Al-Hakem put down an insurrection in Fezzan, that wished to be independent of Spanish rule; defeated the Goth Alfonso, and waged war with France along the Marches. The war began with the Christians, that, if it had ever paused after Taric's arrival, was never more to rest; and each side was hampered by intestine wars. The Moors, however, through all this period, encouraged learning, the arts and sciences, and even the ladies of their harems were conspicuous for knowledge.

Al-Hakem warred with Cordova and Leon to 976, and Almanzor, having defeated Sancho, would have consolidated power but for rebellion in Africa that was unappeased for years. He, however, conquered the independent States of Barcelona, Navarre and Leon, before hostile, and thereby did much for his race. The Ommeyade caliphate closed with the deposition of Hixem in 1031, after two hundred and eighty years of government over most of Spain; and this close left a number of petty kings, wrangling with one another and with Christians: the King of Badajoz, who ruled most of Portugal, being chief in a confederation of Moorish princes.

Ferdinand I., of Castile, who had Roderigo the Cid for his general, warred thirty years, and to his death, in 1072, with all the Moorish power. The kings of Seville, Leon, Cordova and other provinces, however, took courage from Spanish dissensions, and when Alfonso VI., of Leon, consolidated the Spanish power in New Castile, Mohammed summoned the Almoravide Arabs from Morocco. Jusuf came with an army, and the Moslems won another great victory at Badajoz. No aid could be gained from France to save Cordova and Seville, and they were forced to surrender to the Almoravides in 1094, when Jusuf became unquestioned Emperor of all Moslem Spain and Portugal. His son, Ali, crushed Alfonso at Ucles in a reign and campaign of fourteen years. But Christian dissensions were healed under these losses, while the hatred of the polished Moors of Spain for their rude African co-religionists increased, and Raymond took Saragossa and conquered at Davoca. Ali himself was called to put down the rebellious Almohades in Africa, in 1133; but his lieutenants withstood Alfonso of Aragon and Navarre successfully until 1139, when they were terribly defeated at Ourique, in Portugal, by Alfonso Henriques.

The immediate results of this battle were great. The Spanish Moors at once expelled the Almoravides they had summoned from all Spain, when Ali was suffering defeat in Africa. The African Almohade caliph seized the opportunity, and arrived in person to rule the more tempting land. He conquered the insurgent feudatories in 1157; revived science and letters, and patronized the famous Averrhoes, and enabled his successor, Yusuf, to restore the perfect empire before his death, in 1184. Spanish strength was at this period greatly sapped by the enmity of the Jews, who had been and were mercilessly oppressed; and when, at the close of the century, a fresh-host from Africa threatened Castile, Yacub conquered Alfonso in the great battle of Alarcos and gained all New Castile. Mohammed Abu levied a vigorous war and was met by equal, having French aid. The opposing forces met at Tolosa in the Summer of 1122, and, if history is true where it presumably lies, one hundred thousand Moors were killed and sixty thousand were captured by Alfonso, and the great Almohade dynasty fell.

While the last of this brilliant and illustrious dynasty were struggling with the kings of Saragossa, Ferdinand III. induced the King of Portugal to aid the kings of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, and their combined forces drove all the Moslem power save that of minor and discontented kings of Estremadura, Murcia, Valencia, and Algarve, to their last stronghold in Granada. This city fell in 1252; and before 1275 Alfonso the Wise, and Leon, had put down and extinguished the Moslem power in Granada that had encouraged agriculture, introduced sericulture, founded manufactures, and created a great system of irrigation; erected and supported schools and hospitals, patronized letters, and made a very brilliant age in the heat of war and prevalent and continued disorder.

The son of Mohammed, the deposed ruler of Granada, brought a scion of the Almohade dynasty from Africa to war with the common Christian foe, and gained great victories, at a heavy price, in Aragon as well as in Granada.

At the close of the thirteenth century, Granada was overrun by Castile; then torn by Nasar's revolt and by petty dissensions, so that in 1331 Castile vainly attempted to wrest the great stronghold of Gibraltar from the Moorish government of Granada. The endeavor drew another Moorish army from Africa, and then Portugal united with Castile and Navarre, and won a desperate victory at the battle of Rio Salado and took Algesiras.

Not twenty years later, a conspiracy under Abu Said depleted the weakening power of Granada. Abu was crowned, killed, and succeeded by Mohammed; he by his son Jusuf, who invaded Murcia, recovered the throne in 1407, and reigned brilliantly to 1430. Then the savage rule of Mohammed VII. lost power to Castile and made Granada the last foothold of Moorish power tributary to the conqueror. Civil wars helped Ferdinand and Isabella to the victory they achieved over King Muza, last ruler of his race, in 1491, at the hands of Gonsalvo. The terms made were honorable to Spanish as to Moorish valor. The latter revolted on account of the infraction of some religious stipulations in the treaty, because they were baptized unwillingly, wholesale; but after subjugation the survivors were allowed to return to Arica.

And so, after a rule of 800 illustrious years—years made great by the greatest attainments and culture and effects, that still survive there and over the world—the sons of Taric and Muza returned, as poor as their fathers left, to the kingdom they always retained and still hold.

SERPENTS AND SERPENT-CHARMERS.

"THEY are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely."

So spake King David, well-nigh three thousand years ago, thus showing the great antiquity of the practice of snake-charming, and its principal location then, as well as now, in that land far off toward the rising sun, the wonderful East.

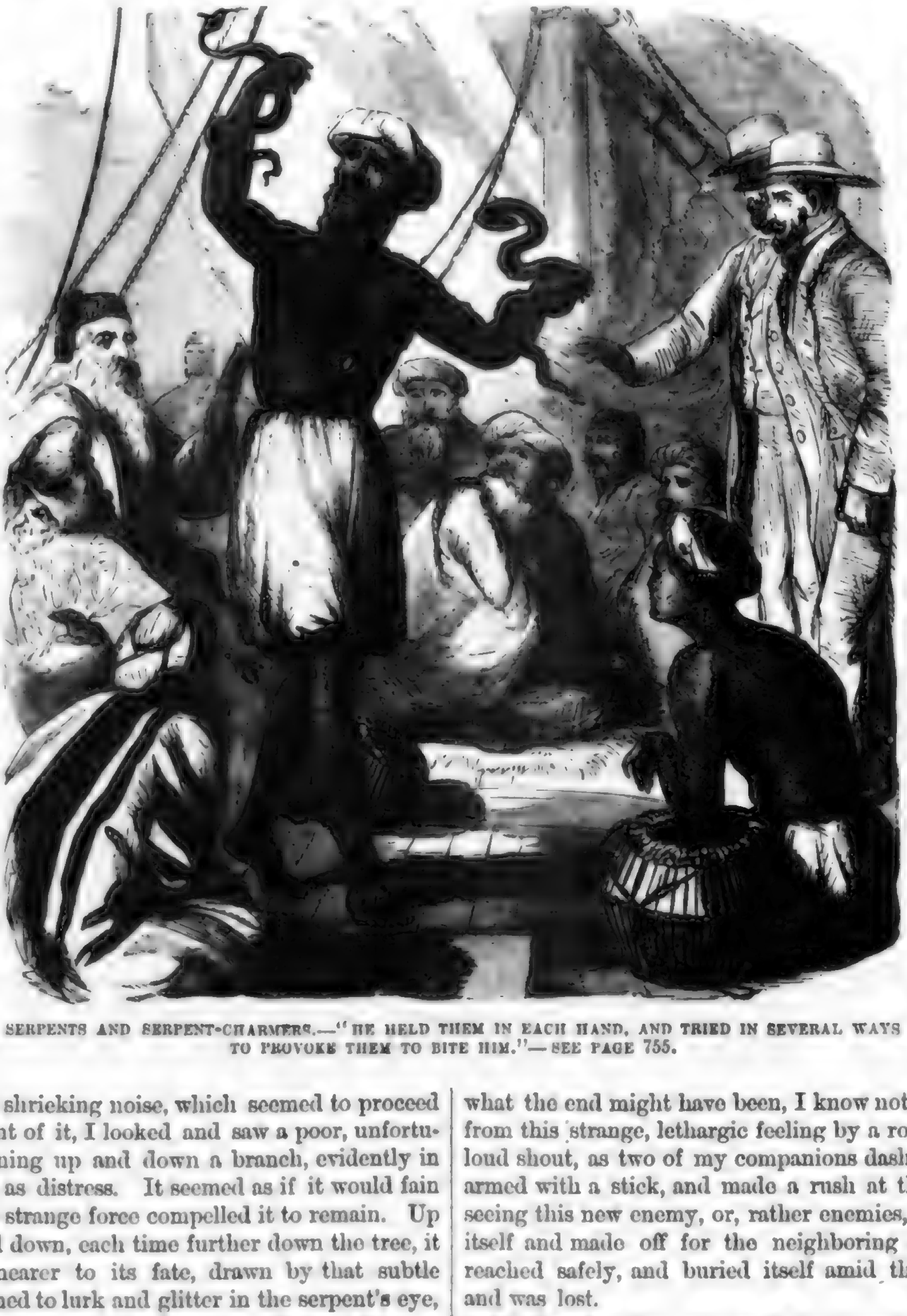
Serpents—how very much has been written concerning them, and yet how much may be still said about them! From the days, new-born, of our first parents in Paradise, down to these, the latter days of the world's history, the natural enemy, figuratively and physically, of man! What a thrill of horror it sends through one to see suddenly a serpent in the path!—what a cold shiver of disgust, loathing and hatred it fills one with, to feel the cold, clammy reptile crawl over any part of our naked skin! The devil still seems to look at us in the fierce, angry glitter of its bead-like eyes; and we cannot, even if we would, turn away our entranced gaze.

How seldom is it made a pet of, although any Rugby boy who may, perchance, read this paper, will doubtless remember the time when they were the especial pets of that well-known school. Never can I forget my feelings on the first night of my arrival at Rugby, at seeing several of the boys with serpents in their beds as companions and bedfellows, nor my dismay and disgust when one big lad, named Johnstone, came and deliberately tied his round my neck! How I shouted and screamed, begged and prayed for its removal, and nearly fainted away before he would take it off me. I never did nor could reconcile myself to them; and to this day, if one crosses my path, I shudder with irrepressible fear and disgust.

I am about to relate some of my own personal experiences and sights of serpent-charming, the truth of which I can fully affirm.

Now, first, for my own personal experiences of serpent-charming, in which I was the person charmed and the serpent the operator. I had read often of the strange fascination the eye of the snake possesses, and I had fully resolved, on the first opportunity I had, to test it. This opportunity was afforded me in the Summer of the year

1861. I had gone down to Squan Beach for the hot months of July and August, and taken lodgings in a farmhouse about a mile from the sea. A salt-water creek ran inland, close behind the house, and in this creek I generally bathed every day, leaving my clothes in a field separated from the bank of the creek by a post and rail fence. Near the place I went in was a thicket and swamp. One hot Summer's morning, after I had tired of being in the water, I ran up the bank and was about to climb over the fence, when I saw what I at first took to be the branch of a tree, lying near the bottom rail, about eight feet long and the thickness of my arm. Remembering that I had not seen or noticed it in getting over the fence before, I looked again, and more closely, at it. Judge of my dismay when I saw it was a large snake, of the constrictor tribe, and commonly called a black snake. Its size — the largest I had ever seen out of a show — frightened me. It lay extended at full length, and perfectly motionless, whilst my presence did not in any way seem to disturb the reptile.



SERPENTS AND SERPENT-CHARMERS.—"HE HELD THEM IN EACH HAND, AND TRIED IN SEVERAL WAYS TO PROVOKE THEM TO BITE HIM."—SEE PAGE 755.

Very quietly I retired, and, climbing the fence a little lower down, dressed myself as quickly as I could. I then procured a good strong stave—one of the rails of the fence, in fact—and as noiselessly as I was able, made my way back to the spot. It was still there, and in the same position that I had left it in.

Hearing a loud, shrieking noise, which seemed to proceed from a tree in front of it, I looked and saw a poor, unfortunate squirrel running up and down a branch, evidently in great fear as well as distress. It seemed as if it would fain flee, and yet some strange force compelled it to remain. Up and down, up and down, each time further down the tree, it ran, nearer and nearer to its fate, drawn by that subtle demon which seemed to lurk and glitter in the serpent's eye, fixed immovably on its destined victim. Its cry became distressing to me in the extreme, and at length I could not forbear stepping forward and aiming a blow at the reptile.

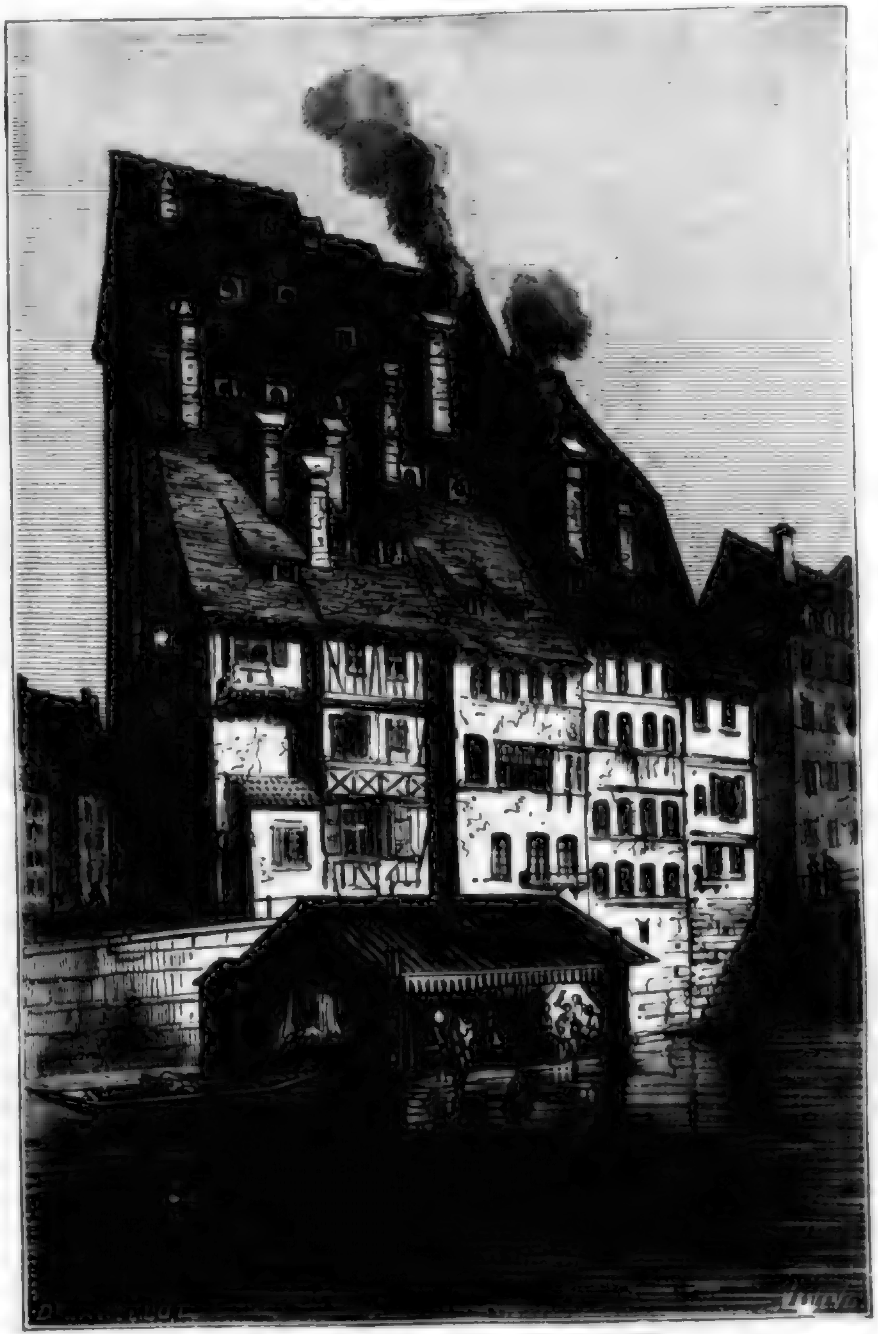
This seemed to break the charm. The serpent drew itself up together with a loud, angry hiss, whilst the little animal stood trembling a short time on the branch, and then bounding, this time up the tree only, was quickly lost amid its leafy covert. At first I thought the snake was about to attack me. It reared its head, opened its mouth, and darted out its long, quivering tongue, and then suddenly, as if it had changed its mind or mode of attack, it threw itself into a coil, and laid its head quietly in the middle of it, with its eyes fixed on me. I knew it was not venomous, and I thought: "Now for it; I will test its powers of fascination on myself."

Grasping firmly the stake, I resigned myself fully to the serpent's power, and fixed my gaze on it. Shortly, very shortly, a queer sort of hazy indistinctness seemed to float between me and it, and out of this misty appearance there seemed to glare on me two balls of glowing fire, irradiated at the edges with prismatic colors; a strange sort of stupor or drowsiness seemed at the same time to be creeping over me—a sensation such as I could imagine a person to feel when subjected to mesmeric influence. The balls of light seemed gradually to expand and assume a deeper, redder color, and bright little sparks of dazzling light scintillated all through the hazy mist. I felt as if rooted to the spot; a strange wish to fly, without the power to carry the wish into effect, possessed me — just the same sort of feeling one experiences in a nightmare when trying to run away and not being able to do so. How long this lasted, or what the end might have been, I know not, for I was roused from this strange, lethargic feeling by a rough shake and a loud shout, as two of my companions dashed past me, each armed with a stick, and made a rush at the snake. It, on seeing this new enemy, or, rather enemies, quickly uncoiled itself and made off for the neighboring swamp, which it reached safely, and buried itself amid the dank herbage, and was lost.

All that day that strange light danced and flickered at intervals before my eyes, and a headache sent me early to bed.

Some men, however, seem to have the faculty or gift of reversing this order of affairs, and themselves exercising the same strange and powerful influence over snakes that snakes seem to have over birds and other animals. These men are found most frequently in India and Egypt, and this strange gift seems to be hereditary in certain families. At least, I was assured this was the case when last in Egypt. I there saw several cases which seemed to prove it to be so.

I spent the Winter of 1851 in that country, and, ascending the Nile in a large boat (perfect harbor of refuge for fleas, which seem never to have left Egypt since the days of King Pharaoh, but have gone steadily on in an ever-increasing ratio; and rats, numberless, without one particle of modesty or bashfulness, bold-faced, shameless, impudent and reckless), we came to a small village, the name of which I now forget, on the right bank of the river as we ascended the stream. Here we stopped a few hours to try and obtain some pigeons and rice. Whilst thus detained, a tall, swarthy native, followed by a youth about sixteen years of age, came on board, each of them carrying a wicker-basket. These baskets they set down on the deck of the boat. The crew, meanwhile, gathered round, and my two friends and myself looked on, wondering what was to come next.



A STREET IN STRASBOURG.—SEE, PAGE 758.

"Serpent-charmers," I heard one of the natives say, in reply to a query from one of my friends. "They can make all serpents obey them in everything; their fathers could before them, and their sons will after them."

Whilst he was saying this, the man had thrust his hand into the wicker-basket and drawn therefrom a serpent about four feet long, which he threw down on the deck of the boat and stood watching it. I saw at a glance that it was a venomous one; its flattened head and vicious look at once announced it, but whether it had its fangs withdrawn, or had been previously drugged, I could not say; but I suspected one or the other.

His son did the same with a serpent he also took out of his basket. The crew, as well as ourselves, kept at a respectful distance, and in silence watched their proceedings.

The man took a rude-shaped pipe or flute out of his pocket, and began playing a slow, monotonous tune. The two snakes reared themselves up on their tails, and moved up and down in a slow, fantastic motion, as if beating time to the air. After a time he laid down the reed, and, taking one of the reptiles in each hand, twisted them both round his neck, put them in his bosom, held them in each hand, and tried in several ways to provoke them to bite him, the which, however, they did not seem inclined to do.

On my suggesting that the poison fangs had been removed, or else that they had been drugged, he asked if there were any living animals on board. One of the sailors went and brought a small dog he had, and the serpent-man, taking one of the snakes, made it bite it. The poor animal fell down, writhed about in fearful convulsions, foamed at its mouth, and in a few minutes lay dead before us. We were all startled, and retired still further from the men and their fearful companions.

The native then took the other snake, and, advancing carelessly with it in his hand, suddenly flung it over one of my companions; it twisted itself around his neck, and there remained motionless, a living, horrid necklace. My friend seemed paralyzed with fear; the cold perspiration started on his forehead in big, beaded drops; his limbs shook and trembled; he dared not, for his life, attempt to snatch it off.

"For God's sake," his quivering lips gasped out, "take the beast away. How dare you do this?" he said to the man. "It will kill me. Take it off directly."

Seeing his perturbation, the native removed it, and then, the most disgusting sight of all, put the snake's head in his own mouth, and very deliberately devoured the horrid reptile. He told us that the whole of his family had this strange gift, and that no snake could or dared to bite them. Some white men seem to be endowed with a like faculty.

I have seen an officer (still living), in one of the Connecticut cavalry regiments, whom I will call Major Davis, take up with perfect impunity and handle rattlesnakes, copperheads, and any snake you might choose to give him, and they never attempted to attack him.

One day he came into camp with a small worm, about seven or eight inches long, and the thickness of my little finger. This lay coiled up on his left hand. Holding it thus, he went from tent to tent alarming the inmates, much to his own evident gratification. At length he came to one, the quarters of a friend of mine, a Captain Rogers, and showed it to him. Captain Rogers knew well the thing was a venomous one, yet he resolved to betray no fear. The major, seeing this, said:

"Here, will you take it?"

Not without much inward compunction, though no emotion appeared outwardly, the captain held out his hand, and the major deposited the snake on it. After holding it a very short time, the captain gave it back to the major, and he quickly stuffed it into his mouth and walked off.

The most fearless man, however, as far as snakes are concerned, was my late friend, Charles Waterton, the well-known author of "Waterton's Wanderings in South America." I was staying at his house, Walton Hall, learning how to stuff and skin birds, when a deputation of doctors from Leeds, in Yorkshire, came over to ask him if he would kindly allow them to come over some day, and bring with them several dogs, cats and birds, for some snakes he had just received in a case from India to operate upon, as they wished very much to see the effects of the poison and experimentalize on it.

Captain Waterton agreed, and fixed the following Friday as the day on which they might come, and the hours of twelve to two as best suiting him.

The Friday morning came, and at the appointed time some ten or twelve doctors arrived in their different vehicles, bringing with them several dogs, cats, pigeons, and other fowls.

On asking for Captain Waterton, the butler told them he had just gone out for a short time, but had left orders that when the gentlemen came they should go into his study.

They were accordingly shown there, and seated themselves round a large, plain table, on which was an enormous wire cage, inclosing five or six large cobras (the most deadly of all snakes, in the short time that elapses between its bite and the death of its victim), twisting and writhing about in vain attempts to escape.

In patience they all waited for half an hour, but no Captain Waterton made his appearance. Another half-hour passed amid much grumbling, as several of the doctors had important engagements, which they could not well postpone. At length one of them, an old, gray-haired man, named Dr. Garlick, rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I cannot stay much longer, as I have an engagement at four o'clock. It seems a pity to have taken all this trouble for naught, and to have to go back as we came. I will, therefore, if any one will volunteer to help me, carefully lift the small trap-door of the cage, and then push it down on the neck of the first snake that ventures to put its head out, and hold it fast until one of you seizes it so that it cannot bite him, and we will try our experiments with it until Captain Waterton returns."

A Dr. Hay agreed to seize the snake, and Dr. Hobson, a stout, elderly man, got ready a dog.

Whether poor Dr. Garlick got nervous, or whether the trap-door would not slide up and down easily, I do not know, but lifting it up, out came not the head only, but the whole body after it, of one of the largest of the cobras; it flopped down on the floor, and in an angry, excited way reared itself up, and hissingly gave us all a challenge. The rush that was made to the windows and doors! Drs. Garlick, Hay, and several others leapt out of the windows (no small leap) to the ground below. I and Dr. Hobson stood holding the dog by the neck, jammed ourselves together in the doorway in our frantic efforts to escape, and the poor dog came to an untimely end, otherwise than by poison, in the crush. At length we all cleared out, and left the beast in undisputed possession of the room.

As we stood talking together on the lawn, a cheery voice saluted us:

"Good-morning, gentlemen; you all seem excited; what is the matter?

Turning, we saw Captain Waterton, and Dr. Garlick related what had happened.

"That all? come along, come along; I will soon set that to rights."

So saying, the captain made his way to the room we had so hastily quitted. Opening the door (we all stood outside and peeped in), he advanced quietly up to the snake, which had reared its hood as if ready to attack him; he put out his hand, and, with a quick, rapid motion, caught it close to its head, and there held it. We then ventured in, and they made it bite a dog, which died in less than five minutes; a cat and another dog were next bitten, and the poison was slower in its effects; after thrice biting, the serpent refused to make another attack, and was put aside. Captain Waterton then coolly opened the door of the cage, and putting in his hand, pushed the others about, until he reached the one he next wanted, and pulled it out. Not one of them seemed inclined to bite or injure him.

Now, where does the secret lie, and in what does it consist? All of these men assured me they did naught with the snakes, and that they could not account for it; that they had felt no fear of their injuring them, and never knew an instance of its occurrence—the biting of a snake-charmer by a snake, however deadly, or venomous, or vicious. Can any one of my readers tell me the secret?

A STREET IN STRASBOURG.

STRASBOURG, the city whose loss France so bitterly deplores, though at last thoroughly French in feeling, and still reluctant to return to German ideas, never lost entirely the traces of its German origin and nationality. The province of which it is the chief city, Alsace, was conquered two centuries ago by Louis XIV., and the frenchifying was a slow process. It is a strong city, with an impregnable citadel, and ditches that can be flooded in a moment, while the surrounding country is such that no field works can be thrown up to besiege it.

The Cathedral of Strasbourg is one of the great ecclesiastical structures of Europe. It is kept scrupulously neat and clean from top to bottom, and, with its famous clock, attracts the attention of all travelers.

Some of the streets, like that shown in our illustration, are water-courses, the tall houses rising from the water's edge to a giddy height, often with old-time balconies and projecting chambers. On reaching the eaves, a bold roof runs up to a distance almost as great, pierced by three or four stories of windows, which, with the chimneys, form endless combinations.

A few old wooden houses still remain, but most of the edifices, public and private, are constructed of a rose-colored stone from the Vosges.

Some of the highest chimneys are crowned by a strange ornament—the immense stork-nests which figure so much in German nursery legends. Every Spring the storks arrive to take up their Summer quarters here, and as regularly every Fall they depart. They are never disturbed, any attack on them being regarded as a sacrilege, little less than an insult to the cathedral.

A MATRIMONIAL FAIR.

IN the southern part of Ireland a curious custom prevails, which is called "Shrafting," named from Shrove Tuesday, on which day a regular matrimonial "Tattersall" is held, where all the "likely boys and girls" in the parish are on view, and all the "matches" in the year are made. For days before, there is quite a stir in the neighborhood; and a twitter runs through the entire female population. There is a universal stitching and a buying of ribbons; every girl you meet in the road holds out her hand for sixpence; and you can't speak to a domestic servant without her hanging out signals of distress.

On the day of the "Shrafting," the girls stand in a row on the village green. There is every expression on their faces —anxiety, curiosity, timidity, dull stupidity, sharp, shrewish interest; and here and there you come on such a pretty country beauty, with that indescribable half arch, half sly look in the eyes which Maclise has caught in perfection. At a little distance are clustered a lot of shamefaced looking men—"the boys," as they are called—all in their Sunday suits, and evidently ill at ease, eying with distrust the superior attractions of the coastguards, who are, like the red coats, favorites among the ladies. But that, in reality, matters little, as the real conduct of the affair is in the hands of "the powers that be"—the fathers and mothers, who haggle and quarrel over their respective children, sometimes breaking up the negotiation abruptly and carrying off either son or daughter, as the case may be, as they would an unsalable beast from a fair.

Of course little bits of romance crop up here as elsewhere; cases of money *versus* love, and young hearts sold to the highest bidder, just as they are in a fashionable drawing-room.

THE COURT OF FRANCIS I.

The disruption of the feudal seigneuries, and the consequent breaking up of the isolation and independence of the old *noblesse*, the increase of the central power, which gradually concentrated all favor and authority into the gift and hands of the King, brought all the ambitious young nobles to court, since it was there alone they could now look for advancement.

The splendor with which the new monarch surrounded himself, and that desire for luxury which had been growing at a prodigious rate since the first invasion of Italy, gave an intense impetus to this movement, and month after month the numbers of old medieval castles that were given over to the owls and the winds, or to the care of a few aged domestics, not sufficiently presentable to swell the train of the seigneur, increased throughout the land. The rudely garbed provincial was quickly transformed into the elegantly accoutred courtier, with his silken coat and hat, doublet, breeches, and shoes slashed with various colors, a rapier at his side, and an engraved ring upon his finger, his hair and nails cut short, and his beard worn long. If he were handsome and gallant, he might hope to be taken under the protection of some noble lady and provided with employment at Court, a post in the army, or even a benefice in the Church; for since the disposal of its patronage had come into the hands of the King, such was frequently bestowed upon laymen.

Previous to the time of Francis, the French nobles had worn their hair long; the cause of this change of fashion forms a curious chapter in the history of modes. On Twelfth Day, or *le jour des rois*, the court being then at Romorantin, the King was informed that the Comte de St. Paul, following an ancient custom, had made in his house a king of the bean. Upon which Francis gathered about him all his courtiers, and informed them that he should place himself at their head and lay siege to the count's to dethrone this king. St. Paul, made aware of his coming, prepared for his defense, and caused his people to bring within doors a large number of snowballs, and gathered together all the apples, eggs, and other things that would serve for projectiles they could find.

The assault commenced, but very soon the besieged had exhausted their ammunition; in the excitement of the moment some one snatched up a burning log from the hearth and cast it through the window. It fell upon the King's head, inflicting a severe wound. The physician found it necessary to cut his Majesty's hair close to his head. From that time he allowed his beard to grow. A few weeks afterward every pretender to fashion, whether of Court or town, appeared with beard and cropped head.

It was at the Château d'Amboise, which Charles VIII. had rebuilt in the Italian style, that Francis held his Court in the earlier years of his reign; he did not care for the cities, but loved to blend the splendors of his palace with the natural beauties of the woods and fields. It was a Court of romance, the joyous life that Boccaccio drew, with much of the wild extravagance of Ariosto, a realization of those boyish day-dreams by the Charente and Loire. But although its headquarters were at Amboise, this joyous court was never stationary, but always *en route*. "Like a moving romance," says Michelet, "a Pantagruelian pilgrimage, the whole length of the Loire, from château to château, from forest to forest. Everywhere the chase and the deafening horn. Everywhere the grand banquet beneath the trees for some thousands of guests. Then all disappeared. The poor envoys of the King of Spain never knew where or how to join the King of France. He rose very late, as did also that other king, his mother. They came in vain in the morning; the King was asleep. They returned later; the king was on horseback, far away in the forest. The evening was too pleasant; business to-morrow. The next day he was gone; the Court was *en route;* the envoys would find some belated servitors, who told them hastily the King slept ten leagues from there. "King Francis," says Brantôme, "having chosen and formed a troop, which he called *la petite bande*, of the ladies of his Court, the most beautiful and gentle, and whom he loved best, often stole away from the Court and went away to other houses to hunt the stag and pass the time, and there he would dwell thus retired eight days, ten days, sometimes more, sometimes less, as it pleased his humor."

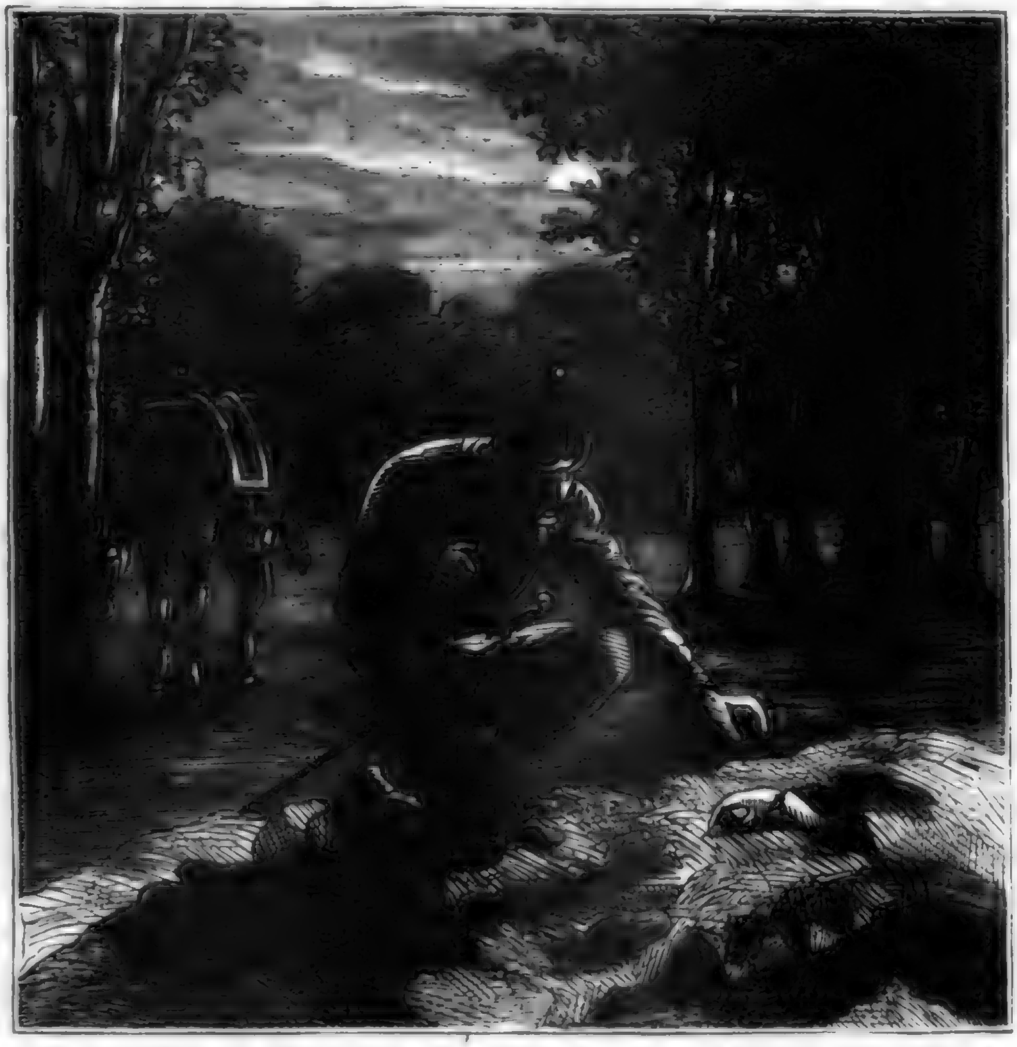
THE INTERMENTS AND RESURRECTIONS OF FRANCOIS DE CIVILLE.

Francois de Civille was a country gentleman, of Normandy. He began life strangely; his mother died before he was born. He was brought into the world by the Cæsarean operation. His tenacity of life thus manifested itself from the very first, that operation, a rare one, being seldom performed successfully. Never say die.

Civille, grown to man's estate, and being a Protestant, enrolled himself among the Huguenot defenders of Rouen, when, in 1563, the old Norman capital was besieged by Charles IX. One day, toward the close of the siege, while fighting bravely at the Porte Saint-Hilaire—of which gate and its defenses the besiegers had gained temporary possession—he was wounded in the right jaw by a shot from an arquebuse, and fell. The enemy driven out again, his body was found by his own party; and as he gave no sign of life, they buried him hastily, with several others, on the spot. This was at noon.

At nightfall, active hostilities being over for that day, a faithful servant of his, whom he had left in his quarters—the house of the Sieur de Coqueraumont—a friend apparently of the Civille family, grew uneasy at the prolonged absence of his master and went in search of him. History has preserved this trusty man's name; it was Nicholas Labarre. He made inquiries of Civille's comrades, and on learning the poor gentleman's fate from them, and where he lay interred, resolved at all events to recover his remains. Arrived at the Porte Saint-Hilaire, he removed as well as he could the slight covering of earth that had been shoveled over the slain, and narrowly examining their faces, one by one, came at last on that he sought. But so disfigured were the features that even fidelity like his failed to recognize them; he shoveled back the earth again, and was on the point of retiring. Luckily, as he turned away, he observed a hand still exposed; and, fearing that it might attract the prowling dogs, his good feeling prompted him to return and bury it out of their sight.

At that moment the moon shone out and caused something on the ground to sparkle brilliantly. And, stooping down, Nicholas perceived that it was a diamond ring on one of the exposed fingers—his master's ring. His devotedness and piety were thus at last rewarded, so far at least. Never say die.



THE INTERMENTS AND RESURRECTIONS OF FRANCOIS DE CIVILLE.—"STOOPING DOWN, NICHOLAS PERCEIVED THAT IT WAS A DIAMOND RING ON ONE OF THE EXPOSED FINGERS—HIS MASTER'S RING."—SEE PAGE 759.

Once more he disinterred the body. Upon a close inspection, he fancied—nor was it only fancy—that his master still breathed. With a new hope he laid him across the horse he rode, and so conveyed him to a church which had been turned into a hospital, the Church of Sainte-Claire, not now extant. There, however, the surgeons—there were strange surgeons in those days—would do nothing for such a patient, alleging that it was useless. The man was dead, or ought to be.

But never say die, still thought the persevering Nicholas, unshaken by this repulse from the wise men; and, still hoping, he carried his insensible charge home to the house of the Sieur de Coqueraumont.

There the wounded man lay five days and nights without eating or drinking, and indeed still altogether insensible. But some friends of his being brought by Nicholas to see him, and finding that he was still alive, they took counsel together, found the surgeons, and persuaded them to visit the sufferer; and these worthies, thinking, perhaps, that his recovery without their intervention might discredit their profession, consented at last to exhibit their skill. And, thanks to their efforts (or in spite of them), Civille was in a few days out of danger. Never say die.

A few days more, however, and the town was taken. Now, amongst the royal party were some private enemies of a brother of this Civille. They, seeking that brother's life, searched the house of the Sieur de Coqueraumont for him; and not finding him, they basely revenged their disappointment on the helpless Francois; they threw him out of a high window into the street. But yet again, never say die.

As he had before owed his life to a diamond, so now he was to owe it to a dunghill; a heap of that description had been formed under the window, and so his fall was broken, instead of his bones.

Here again, for the space of three days, Civille lay without meat or drink. At last, however, a friend of his, named Croisset, discovered him, and contrived to have him secretly borne out of the town to a farmhouse in the neighborhood. In that refuge he was allowed to recover in peace. And his recovery was so complete that he lived for forty years after. Never say die.

The whole story is told, and much more circumstantially than here, by several authors of credit, amongst them by De Thou, in his "History of his Own Times"; nay, Civille himself wrote an account of what he calls his "Interments and Resurrections." A portrait of him exists; it represents him as being of an almost corpse-like paleness.

So much as an illustration of our text. Francois de Civille, however, did die at last. Yet how? At the age of eighty he fell desperately in love with a fair lady, and sought her in marriage. One night, a frosty night, he gallantly sallied out, and serenaded her under her window. He caught cold, sickened, and so ended. She, doubtless, had laughed at the obstinate attachment of so venerable a suitor. But evidently "Never say die" was still his motto, and it is quite possible that but for that fatal cold a triumphant wedding might have justified his confidence.

A LAUGHING child is the best portrait of happiness.

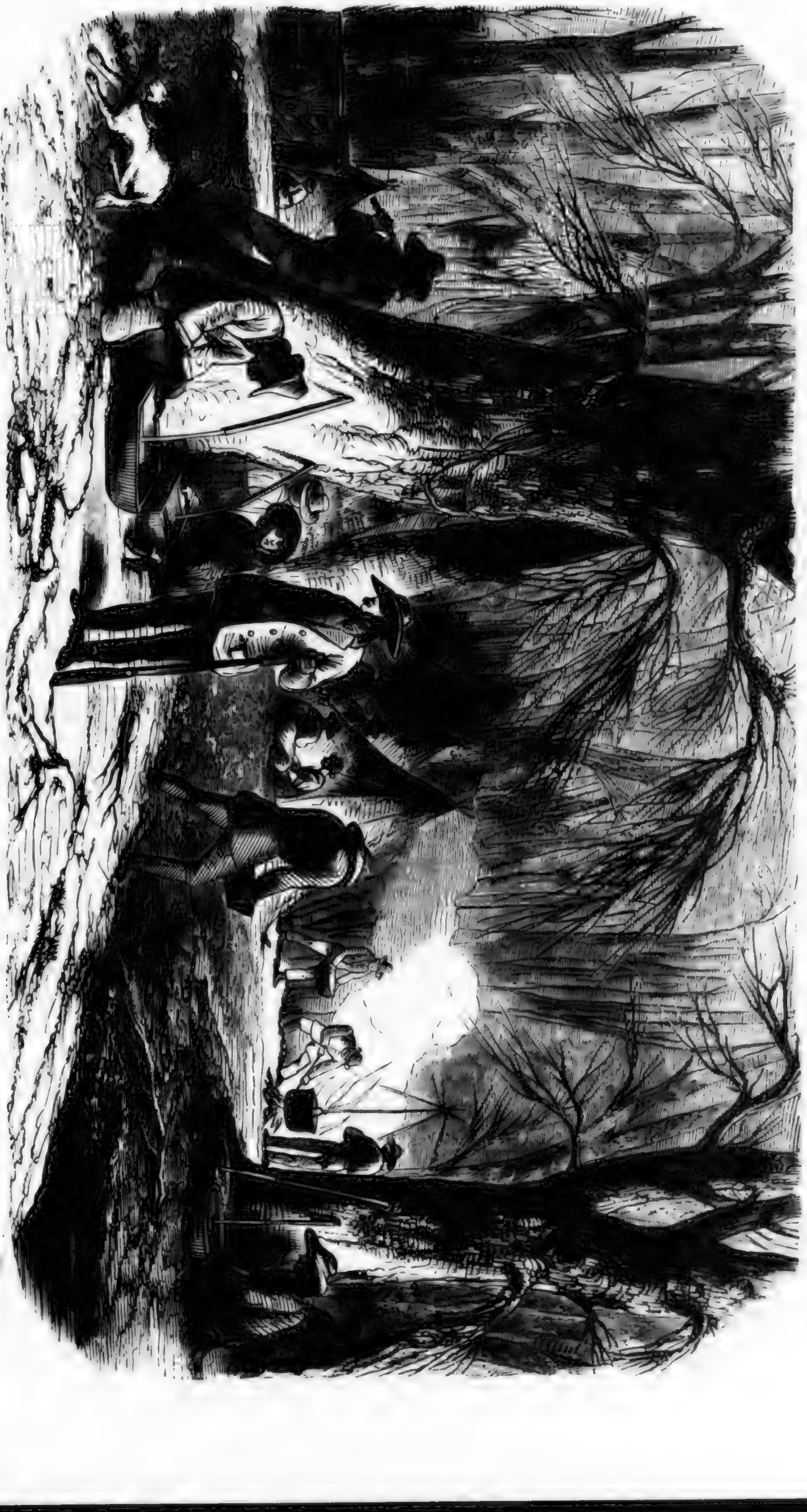


FIG. 1.—A SUGAR CAMP IN THE BACKWOODS.

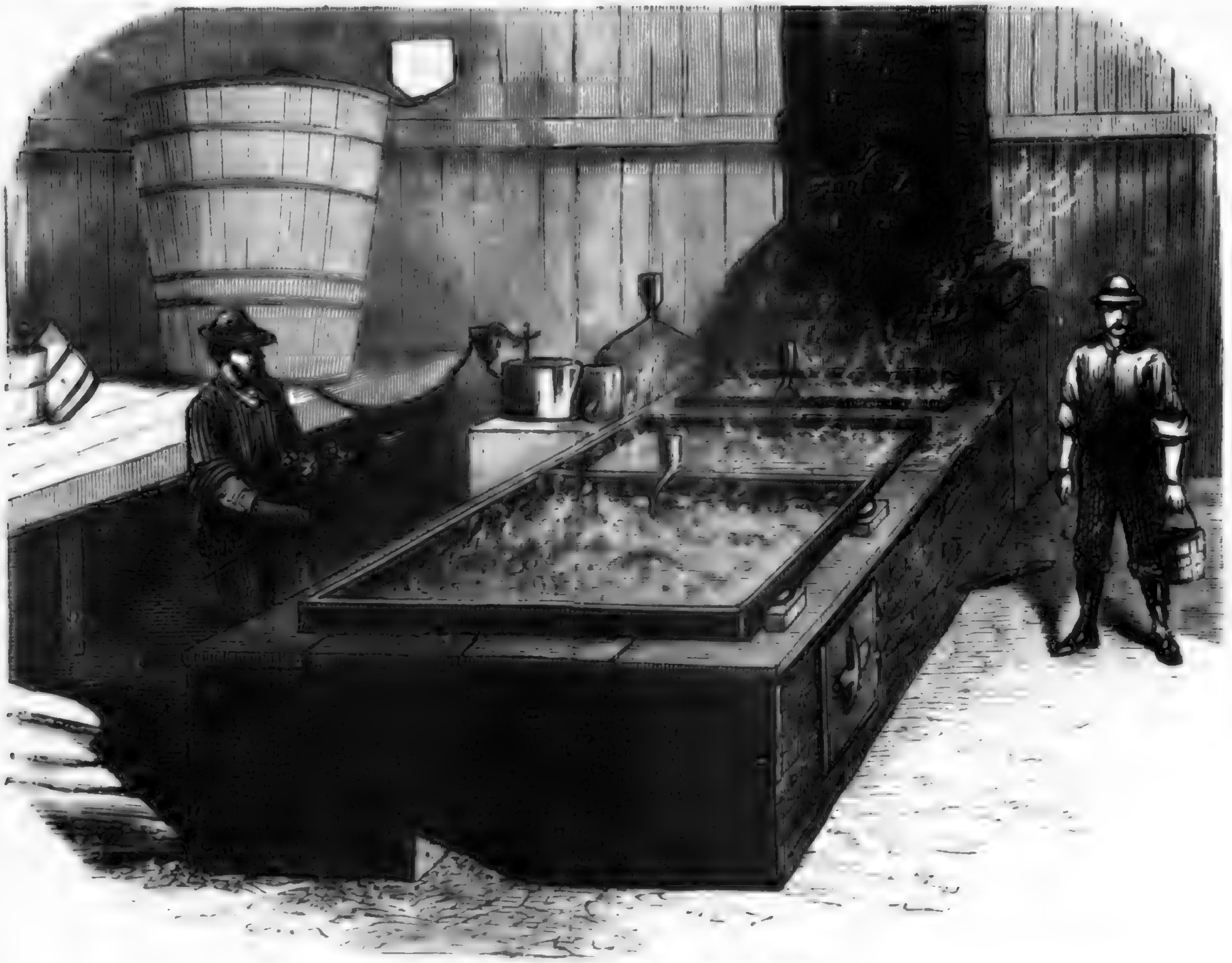


FIG. 2.—EVAPORATING-PANS FOR MAPLE SUGAR.

FOREST INDUSTRIES.

By Professor Charles A. Joy.

MAPLE SUGAR.

There is a tree indigenous to the United States, but unknown in other parts of the world, called by the botanist *acer saccharinum*, and popularly known as the sugar maple, from the sap of which can be prepared a sugar possessing all of the sweetening properties of that derived from the cane, the palm, or the beet. When the country was new, and inland communication a matter of difficulty, the inhabitants of backwood settlements were dependent upon the maple-tree to furnish all of the sugar required in the household economy, and after cane sugar became more abundant, the pleasant flavor of the maple made it a favorite, and it still retains a high place in popular estimation.

The manufacture of this article for home use belongs to the most agreeable recollections of childhood to all who have had the privilege of spending some portion of their lives in the sugar camp, and to participate in the festivities which usually attended the grand "sugaring-off" at the close of the season. Not to have gathered sap, watched its boiling down, and testing it upon the snow, must be counted as a great loss in the youthful reminiscence of any American.

Sugaring-off, then, is peculiarly an American institution, only possible in a country where the maple-tree grows, and where the amusing custom has been handed down from generation to generation. The festival comes at a season of the year when outdoor amusements are not possible, and when muddy roads and the chill air of Spring give new zest to indoor enjoyments. A quantity of clean snow, brought from the last lingering drift, is packed in pans, large and small, for distribution among the company, and the syrup, hot and just ready to crystallize, also in small dishes, is handed to each guest for removal by the spoonful to be poured upon the snow, when it assumes a stringy consistence, suggestive of india-rubber, and acquires the perfection of taste. Only those who have eaten the sugar fresh from the snow know how to appreciate its characteristic taste and to feel a homesickness for it when they are offered the suspicious mixture of glucose, starch, and china clay, called confectionery, with which the modern appetite for sweets is too often appeased.

We come now to speak of the manner in which maple sugar is manufactured in the United States, and, in entering on this branch of the subject, shall make free use of such literature as crosses our path, as well as of the recollections of our childhood when we saw the thing done, and assisted, in a mild way, at gathering the sap. The sugar maple thrives especially in the New England and Middle States. It is found sometimes in groves which cover five or six acres, but is more generally interspersed among other trees. The trees reach their prime when they are forty years of age.

The manufacture of maple sugar is very simple and requires very little machinery. The implements necessary are cheap, the evaporating pans easy of construction, and the whole business is such that it can with facility be conducted in the forest as well as in small towns. One of the first cares must be to provide suitable buckets. These can best be made of tin, straight, of three sizes fitting together to form a nest—securing convenience in handling and economy in storing. The capacity may be 15 quarts, 13½ quarts, and 11 quarts, affording an opportunity to place them according to the flowing capacity of the trees. Just below the wire rim a hole is punched large enough to admit of hanging the bucket on the spile. This hole should be between the two seams, to prevent the pail from bending when it is full of sap. To protect the buckets from rust they should be coated inside and out with a durable paint; they will then, with careful handling, last twenty years, if not longer. They are better than wood, as they do not shrink, are more easily kept clean, and are not so likely to start the fermentation of the sap, and are much more easily handled and stowed away.

Hanging the bucket on the tree is much preferable to setting it on the ground; it is more conveniently emptied, the wind cannot overturn it, nor blow the sap away, and, what is very important, it can be covered.

Formerly, tubes of elder or sumach, 8 or 10 inches long, laid open through two-thirds of their length, were employed for conducting off the sap. These are now replaced by spiles made of beach or maple, and turned and bored by machinery. Each spile has three notches turned in it, about an inch apart, to keep the bucket from sliding and admitting of its adjustment according to the inclination of the tree.

In the interior of the country, out of the way of transportation, troughs cut out of slabs have to be used as substitutes for buckets (fig. 1), and the tree is tapped with long tubes of elder from which the pith has been punched out. These troughs have one advantage, and that is, they are never removed for storage, and are, consequently, always on the spot. In a thick forest they keep for many years. The elder tubes are liable to sour, and ought to be renewed every season.

The introduction of tin buckets carried with it a most important improvement — namely, a wooden cover. The pail should always be covered. The cover keeps out the rain, snow, dirt, insects and leaves, and prevents the deleterious action of heat and cold. The sap is not so liable to ferment nor to freeze; but the chief advantage is in keeping out the rain, and thus to reduce the expense of evaporation. It has been estimated that in a sugar-bush of 500 trees, as much as twenty-five barrels of water would be gathered with the sap unless the buckets were covered—and sugar and syrup of first quality cannot be made of sap and rain-water. On every account, therefore, the cover should not be omitted.

In the early history of our country, the same kind of pot was used for concentrating sap as was employed for boiling down potash. A huge kettle was either suspended on a tripod over an open fire, after the manner of the gypsies, or was set in rough masonry. The product was never very good when made in this rude way, and, in process of time, sheet-iron pans or boilers took the place of the kettles. The pans are now made (fig. 2) of boiler-iron riveted together lengthwise, the corners being cut, lapped and riveted. An automatic syphon conducts the sap from the main reservoir into the first pan, and from this it also flows automatically into the second and third, as it becomes more and more concentrated, very much on the same principle as oil of vitriol is concentrated into the well-known pan acid. Instead of the automatic syphon, some establishments use a self-feeder. This consists of an ordinary wooden conductor attached to the storage-tank, the flow from which is regulated by a float, acting on the principle of the ball and cock. Such an arrangement permits of leaving the evaporation to take care of itself, while the workmen go into the bush to gather the sap. The extent to which the concentration of the sap is pressed depends upon whether it is proposed to manufacture syrup or sugar.

An experienced workman can tell by the manner in which the syrup flows from a dipper (fig. 3) what stage it has reached. The moment when it acquires the requisite consistence for being poured into the setting-molds can be seen when a few drops drawn out into a thread between the thumb and finger exhibit a granular aspect. If the liquor froths in boiling, a small piece of butter or fat thrown into it will keep it down.

Where the farmer only taps a few trees, the sap is brought to the house and evaporated over the cooking-stove (fig. 4), care being taken to filter it through a woolen cloth. As the syrup can be thus thoroughly purified and the contents of the pan can be frequently stirred, a very pure, almost white sugar can be obtained. Such product is usually reserved for home consumption, as the method of its manufacture would make it too expensive to be profitably sold.

When there has been a thaw, and an examination of a tree shows that the sap has begun to flow, it is time to get everything ready for tapping. The buckets and covers are brought out of the store-room and distributed at the trees, taking care to leave the largest buckets at the thriftiest trees.

Formerly an oblique cut was made in the tree with an ax, just as is now done for collecting turpentine; but there was too much waste and too great danger to the tree. The tapping is now performed by boring with a half-inch bit (fig. 5) and driving a spile into the hole. The sound side of the tree where there are no old holes, and to the south if possible, is selected, and the hole made about two feet from the ground. It is customary to bore about two inches deep, as experience has shown that a greater discharge of sap takes place at this depth than at any other. The spile should be driven in firmly, so as to support the weight of the bucket. Sometimes it is feasible to bore two holes and attach two buckets to one tree.

The tapping requires judgment and care, as a heedless

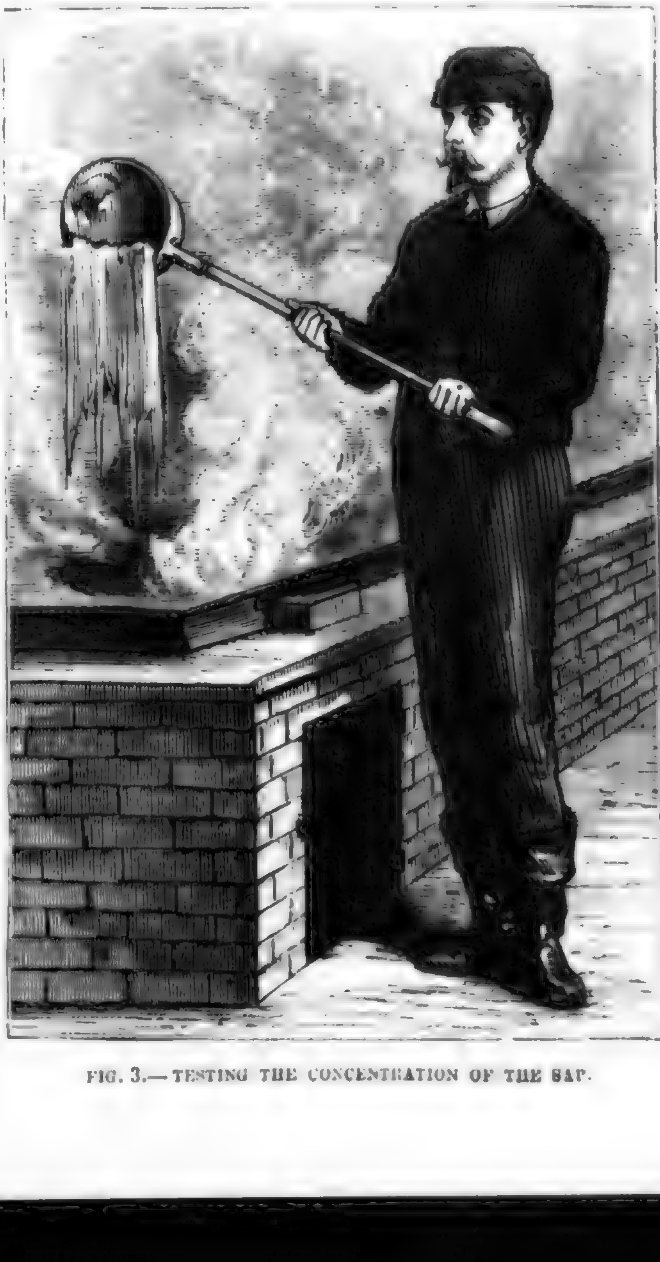


FIG. 3.—TESTING THE CONCENTRATION OF THE SAP.

XUM

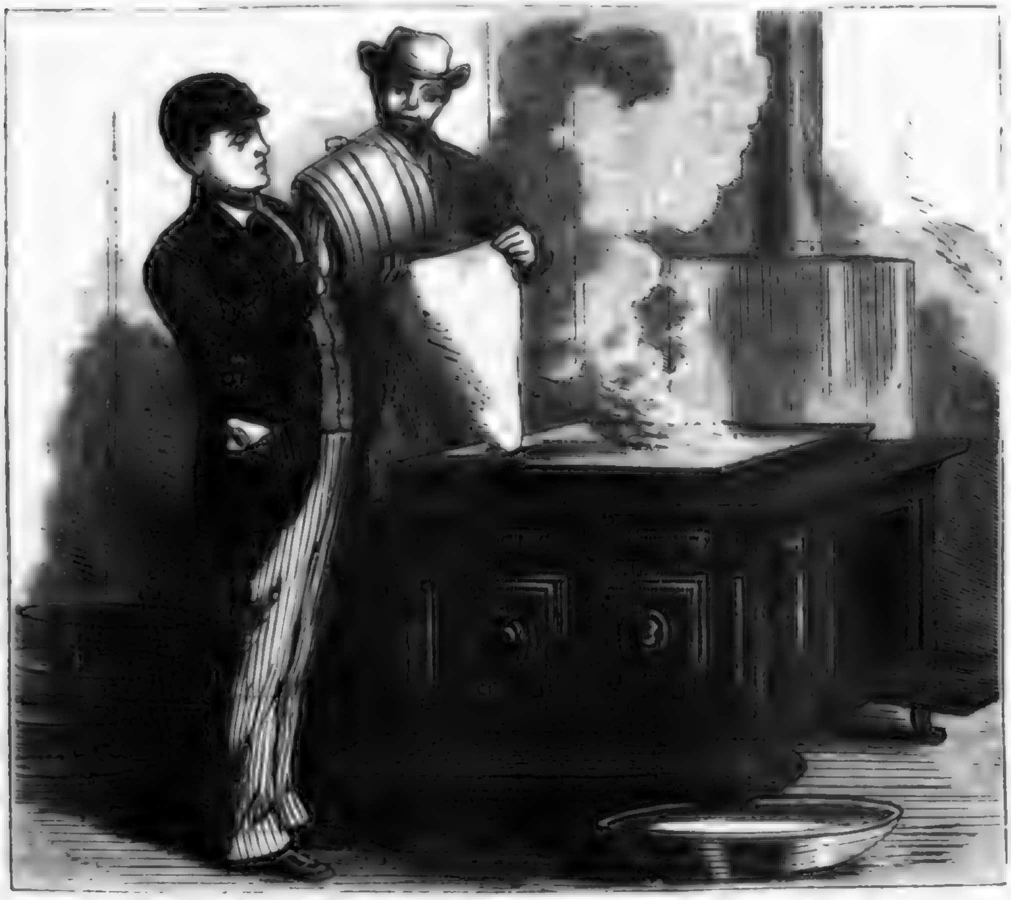


FIG. 4.—CLARIFYING IN THE KITCHEN OVER THE COOKING-STOVE.

hand will bore holes in the wrong place and hang the buckets askew, so that the covers will slide off and part of the contents be wasted. A good hand will tap thirty trees to the hour where the trees stand thick. Two men, one to bore and the other to carry and drive in the spiles, will accomplish more than twice as much as one.

For the purpose of gathering the sap, a store boat-sled (fig. 6) is taken, and on it is put either a large tub or several barrels. It is better to use barrels provided with a large funnel fitting tightly into the bung, in which is a strainer made of muslin, so that it does not reach the bottom of the funnel. The strainer serves a good purpose to keep out the flies, dirt, and flakes of ice which may have collected in the sap. For gathering the sap, a tin pail holding sixteen quarts will be found to be the most convenient utensil. The best way to empty the buckets is to revolve them on the spile without removing them, and to hold the cover under the arm while this is being done—in that way no dirt gets in, and the work can be more expeditiously performed. Another practical suggestion is to paint the cover with red and white color, and to turn up the white side to indicate that the bucket has been emptied on this round, and the next time put the red color up to indicate the same thing. This saves making more than one visit to the bucket, as might be done when several hands are following the sled. While the sled is out collecting the sap all of the preparations for firing should be made in the boiler-house, and as soon as the first load arrives operations can begin. The most careful and capable hand should have charge of the evaporating pans. A brisk fire, giving as much reverberatory flame as possible, should be kept up, so as to cause the boiling sap to foam and tumble over the pans. The scum which floats toward the edges must be removed. It can be mixed with half its bulk of rain-water and a little "mother," and in the course of a year will make very good vinegar. To prevent the boiling over of the sap, a small quantity of fat, a bit of lard, for example, will keep it down for two hours, without injuring the flavor of the syrup. It is better to "syrup up" quite often, and as a clue to when this may be properly done, a fair estimate is to assume that thirty-two gallons of sap will yield a gallon of syrup, thick enough to strain, cool and settle before clarifying, and weighing about ten pounds. When the cask is filled with syrup it should be removed to the dwelling-house, put on a bench, and left to settle. If proper care has been taken in gathering and boiling, the syrup, after settling in the cask, will draw off as clear as honey. To clarify it still further, a sheet-iron pan about two feet long, one and a half feet wide, and nine inches deep, is set on the top of the cooking-stove, some milk or beaten eggs added, and the black scum, as it rises to the top, is removed. A gallon, when cool, weighs eleven pounds, and will not run to sugar. In order to make sugar, the syrup should be boiled until it becomes stringy; and for grained sugar it should be stirred until it is nearly dry. In general, however, it does not pay to make sugar, except a few pounds of small cakes at the first of the season, when the price is unusually high. If maple sugar were to be boiled down in vacuum pans

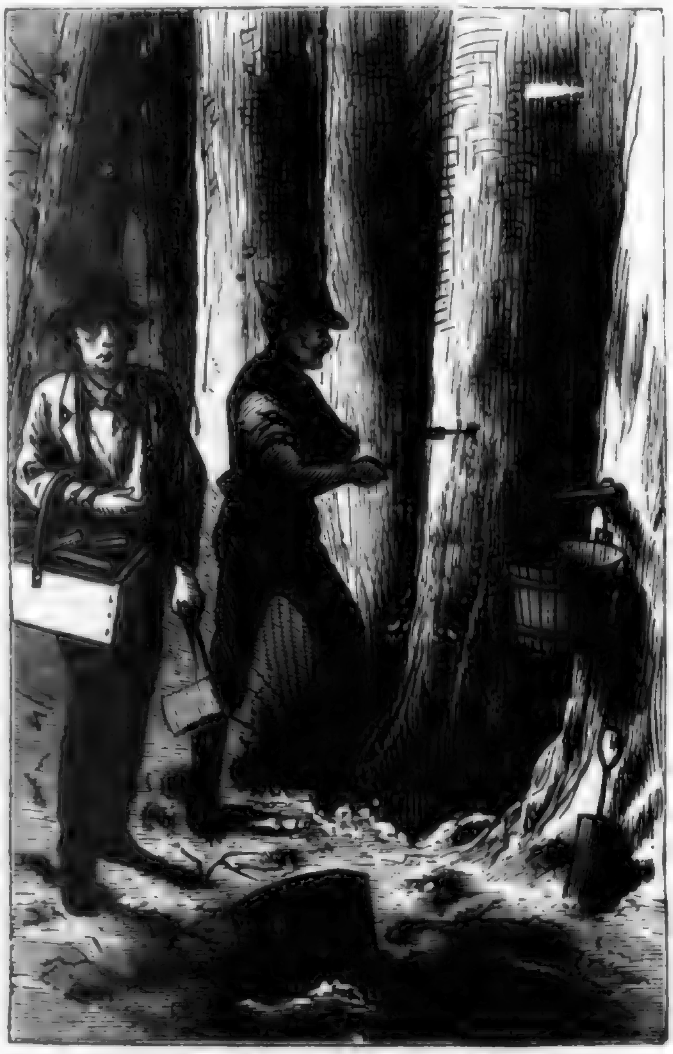


FIG. 5.—TAPPING THE TREES.

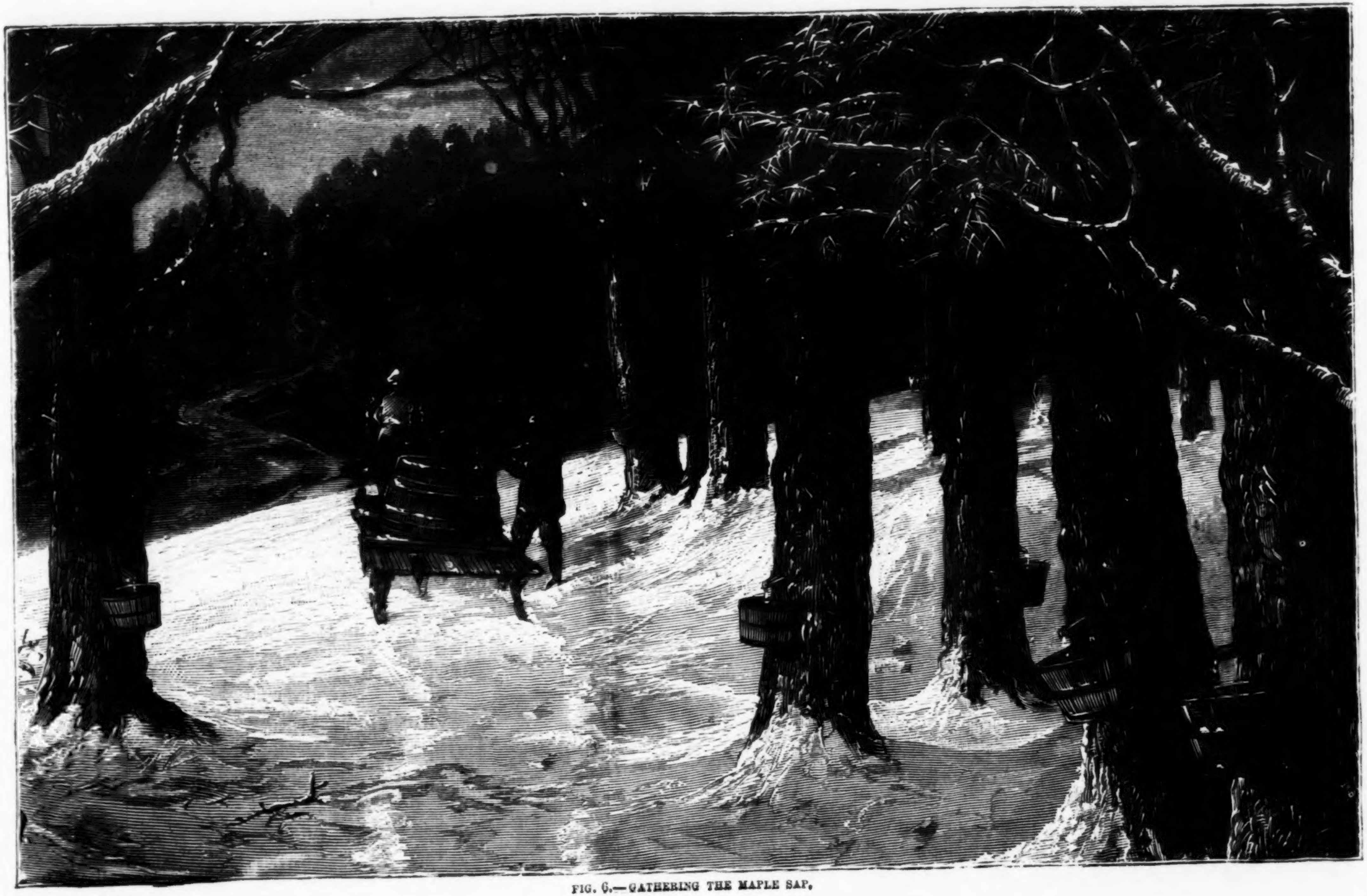


FIG. 6.—GATHERING THE MAPLE SAP.

clarified by albumen, and purified by bone black, it would closely resemble cane sugar, and would lose the agreeable, characteristic flavor upon which its reputation is founded. As the maple-tree does not grow in Europe, except in such parks and gardens where it has been planted for ornamental purposes, the sugar made from it is a great curiosity. I once carried with me to Germany a number of small cakes of the best Vermont sugar, which I presented to my professional colleagues at different university towns. They were very much gratified at the attention, and gave me some rare specimens of chemicals in exchange. Twenty-five years later I visited one of the professors, and he showed me the dried-up penny-cakes I had given him in triumph, and as proof of how carefully he had guarded the precious specimen. The cheapness of cane sugar, the facilities for inland communication, and the destruction of American forests, have made great inroads upon the manufacture of maple sugar, and although many million pounds are annually made, it ranks as confectionery rather than as a necessary article of diet. In a land of buckwheat cakes, however, it would be difficult to persuade the average American that it is a luxury and not a necessity.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Kresylic Acid.—The interesting research of Professor Kolbe into the properties of salicylic acid, which led to the preparation of that compound from carbolic acid, has attracted much notice, owing to the numerous and unexpected applications of which salicylic acid is capable in medicine and the arts. On the suggestion of Professor Kolbe, Dr. Rudolf Ihle has been examining kresol, a body greatly resembling carbolic acid, to see if it would not be possible to make kresylic acid in a manner analogous to that pursued by Kolbe in the preparation of salicylic acid—and thus to add another important disinfectant and substitute for quinine to our list of active remedies. By cautiously evaporating 100 parts of kresol with 130 parts of soda lye of sp. gr. 1.36, and subsequent treatment with carbonic acid, kresylic acid was very readily prepared. Kresylic acid crystallizes in colorless needles, and in outward appearance cannot be distinguished from salicylic acid. It remains to be seen whether, in chemical and physiological properties, it can be substituted for salicylic acid, which, in appearance and methods of preparation, it so closely resembles.

Origin of Prairies.—Professor J. D. Whitney finds, as the result of a great number of observations made over all the prairie States, that almost without exception absence of forests is connected with extreme fineness of soil, and that this fine material usually occurs in heavy deposits. There are whole counties in Iowa where not a single pebble can be found. In the region of dense forests the ground is heavily covered with coarse detrital materials, plentifully distributed from the drift on Lake Superior. The great sandstone-covered area of Wisconsin is the pine-district of the State, while south of the Wisconsin River is the region of oak-openings and prairies. The prairies are beyond the drift-covered area and are upon a soil made up of the insoluble residuum left from the disintegration of several feet in thickness of limestone and dolomite, which have been dissolved out and carried away by the rain, and are of a character unfit to furnish nourishment to the roots of trees. The theory is a new one, and worthy of attention, on account of the eminent scientific reputation of its author.

Practical Tunneling.—The number of engineering works in which tunneling plays a conspicuous part has become so great in modern times, that special treatises on the subject have become a necessity. In the early history of mining operations, it is evident that vast sums of money were squandered for want of adequate knowledge of this branch of engineering; the same may be said of roads, water courses, and attempts to drain large bodies of water. The boldness with which engineers now plan tunnels under the ocean, or through great mountains, is one of the characteristics of the present age. Such an enterprise as conducting a railroad under the English channel, or through the Alps, would hardly have been contemplated a century ago. To meet the evident want of a practical treatise on this important subject, a book has been written by Mr. Frederick Walter Simms, C.E., explaining in detail the setting-out of works, and illustrating the recent practice as exemplified by Mont Cenis, St. Gothard, and other modern works. It is a valuable contribution to our engineering literature.

Eburine, a New Substitute for Ivory.—Mr. Latry has discovered a method for using refuse of ivory and bone, in a way to substitute it for the clear articles. He subjects pulverized ivory, mixed with bone dust, either in its natural color or dyed for the purpose, to a heat of 212 deg. to 225 deg. Fah., tightly inclosed in a suitable mold. The bone dust softens and renders adhesive the phosphate and carbonate of lime of the ivory, and yields a very compact material, extremely difficult to cut, and capable of being used for a great variety of purposes; especially for ornaments, jewelry, and cabinetwork.

Adulteration of Tea.—We cannot be too thankful for the bliss of our own ignorance. If we knew exactly what we took into our stomachs, starvation would soon become a general virtue. Few imagine that the usual articles of food are pure, and some are quite positive that coffee is a mysterious compound of potatoes, roots, herbs, nuts, and barks. Some, again—the social encyclopedias—while sipping a cup of strong tea, have a partial perception of a copperas flavoring. They may possibly acknowledge that the last pound is not so fresh as the previous one, and may, very likely, fail to open their eyes to the proper dimensions of courtly horror when it is hinted that the leaves that they boiled had passed through similar service in many families and various countries. The Chinese and Japanese may indeed be heathens. Who knows? From the result of a Parliamentary investigation in 1875, it appears that upward of 4,000,000 pounds of fictitious tea are, on an average, commonly made in England, and used to mix with that brought there from China. Within a few years this illicit practice, which had previously been carried on by stealth, was attempted to be legalized by taking out a patent for the preparation of British leaves as a substitute for tea, and an extensive manufactory established for this purpose. Of all plants that have been used in substitution or adulteration of true tea, none are so well adapted, chemically, as the sloe. If what are supposed to be tea-leaves are moistened and spread out, and then compared with the accompanying cuts, an idea may be formed of the scarcity of pure tea. Beginning with the seratures, it will be detected that those on the margin of the tea-leaf only take their rise from about a quarter to half an inch above the base, whilst in the leaf of the sloe they are continuous from base to apex. They vary in respect of their apices, which in the tea are more or less visibly emarginate, according to variety—a particular that renders it out of all correspondence, botanically speaking, to the apex of the sloe, which is acute. The other difference of character is that of their veinations. These when viewed will, in that of the tea, be noticed but to proceed from the midrip or central stem, to only within a short distance of the leaf's edge, in a recurvate manner. In the sloe they are, on the other hand, in direct contact with the margin. For other and further differences take the leaves themselves. A superficial examination will soon discover to the botanic eye a varying lamina, which in the case of tea will be found rather thick and somewhat coriaceous, in which the veinings are *immersed*, while in that of the sloe it is comparatively thin and tender, with veinings prominent. Continuing the examination further still, but microscopically, the stomata of the tea will be found to be reniform in shape; but in the sloe partaking of the more typical shape of semi-lunar form. These pores can be very easily observed, if a thin piece of the skin of either of the leaves be cut off, and placed on a glass with a very little water, under the microscope. In a chemical sense, the sloe is eminently fitted as a substitute; for, excepting that it does not possess the active principle of tea, theine, it can, in the proportion of all its other principles, be said to form a very near approximate. So to this, as well as its physiological structure, and especially to its general outline, may be attributed in a great measure, no doubt, the success with which its illicit use has been, and doubtless still is, carried on, if not, perhaps, in the now absolute employment of it as a substitute, still in the less detectable, though none the less positive, way of an adulterant. Besides the sloe, there are leaves of other British plants which may here be mentioned as having been used in substitution of, and to adulterate with, the true tea. Among others which could be named, are those of the strawberry, the sage and rosebay willow-herb.

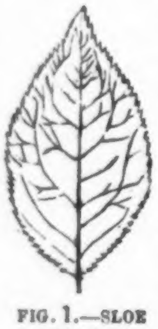


FIG. 1.—SLOE LEAF.

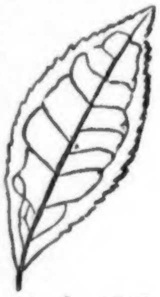


FIG. 2.—LEAF OF GREEN TEA.

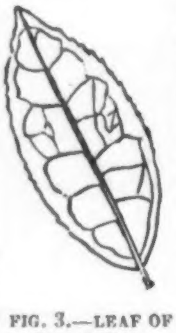


FIG. 3.—LEAF OF BLACK TEA.

Hard Names.—Dr. P. T. Austen, of the School of Mines of Columbia College, has recently succeeded in preparing several rare and interesting derivatives of benzole, which he describes in a recent number of *Silliman's Journal*. The nomenclature attached to these new compounds are greater curiosities than the substances themselves, and suggest the name applied by the Indians to a propeller—*i. e.*, "a-fire-ship-with-a-screw-tail," or the title of a Sioux chief, "A-boy-afraid-of-his-horses." Unless he can find shorter words for his compounds, Dr. Austen can never expect to see them brought into daily use. The following are the substances which Dr. Austen has prepared and described in detail: Betadinitroparadibrombenzole; betadinitroparabromaniline; and betadinitroparabromanilidobenzole.

Two Hundred and Fifty Varieties of Starch.—M. Bernardin, director of the Commercial and Industrial Museum at Gand, Belgium, has just published a list of 250 varieties of starch, with descriptions of their origin. When we consider the importance of starch as an article of food and for employment in the arts and medicine, the value of the list will be fully appreciated. M. Bernardin has previously collected specimens and published the classification of 550 textile fibres, 250 tanning substances, 100 varieties of caoutchouc and gutta percha, 60 vegetable oils, 95 animal oils, and 40 vegetable soaps. The collections are of great value for students and practical men.

The Life of Thomas Edward.—Much interest has been excited by the appearance of a biography of Thomas Edward, a Scotch naturalist, by Samuel Smiles. Thomas Edward was of such obscure parentage, and his pursuit of science was accomplished under circumstances so unusual, that very few persons had ever heard of him until Mr. Smiles's "Life" dragged him from obscurity and made him a hero. Edward was the son of a handloom weaver, and was born near Aberdeen, in Scotland, in 1814. He was by instinct a naturalist. As soon as he could walk he made friends with cats and dogs, and would toddle out into the streets to cultivate the acquaintance of the hens, ducks, and geese, and would watch the pigs in a pen for hours. As he grew older he developed a passion for collecting all sorts of natural objects, crabs, worms, beetles, rats, tadpoles, frogs, snails, leeches, mice, birds and birds' nests, which he would bring home, and which were the nuisance and pest of the house. He carried these specimens of "animated nature" to school, and became a terror to his companions and to his family. No school-teacher would consent to keep him, and he was finally apprenticed to a shoemaker, where it was hoped that his insatiable thirst for knowledge would be quenched. It is a curious fact that this circumstance compelled him to enter upon an entirely novel and unexplored field of research—namely, the habits of animals after dark. As he was obliged to work all day, he only had the night for observation, and consequently the results of his studies were of an entirely new and unexpected character. The story of the night-watchings and privations endured by this wonderful man reads like a romance, and it is not surprising that the Queen of England, immediately after reading his memoirs, was at once moved to order a pension to be granted to him equal to the wages he could earn during the year by the utmost industry. His declining years are now secured from want, and the lesson of obstacles surmounted which his life affords is one of the richest legacies that the world has had in many years.

Vegetable Soaps.—In some countries natural soaps are employed for washing, especially for silk and linen. A majority of the plants thus employed owe their detergent property to a substance called *saponine*, which they all contain. It has been suggested that vegetable soaps could be used to prepare hides for tanning, also to dissolve out nourishing food, and as a solvent for sugar. They are but little understood, and ought to be more thoroughly investigated.

A New Preparation for the Polarizing Microscope.—Dr. Stierlin recommends molybdic acid as a beautiful object under the polarizer. When molybdate of ammonia is sublimed, very thin, white mother-of-pearl scales and tables of rhombic structure are produced, which, when broken up into fine needles, under the micro-polarizer, show a wonderful play of colors worthy to be placed by the side of asparagin, borax and salicine.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Light Timber.—Sunbeams.

A Pair of Slippers.—A pair of skates.

The Bus that Crossed the Ocean.—Columbus.

The Dairy-Maid's Ditty.—"'Tis butter little faded flower."

What word is that of which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain?—Fall.

An Irishman, playing at cards, and finding the pool deficient, exclaimed, "Here's a shilling short! Who put it in?"

Caution.—A female architect has lately opened an office in Boston, Mass. She is full of beautiful plans and designs.

A cook in the country has declined to be revaccinated at the request of her mistress, alleging as a reason that she was not a member of the Church of England!

New County.—A teacher with a class of youngsters at their lessons, came on the word "ancestors." He asked for the meaning of it, and was answered by a promising youth—"The people who live in ancestorshire, sir."

Query: A Muscular Christian?—An old coachman, who was extolling the sagacity of one of his horses concluded by saying that, "if any one was to go and ill-use him, he (the horse) would bear malice just like a Christian."

Advertising is a good thing, but when a prominent grocer recently carried to a funeral an umbrella on which was painted conspicuously the business of his house, and held it over the clergyman's head while he read the prayers, the bystanders thought he was running the thing into the ground.

Another Case of "Drawing the Line Somewhere."—A negro who wanted his hair cut was refused a chair in a New Orleans barber shop, whereupon he threatened to bring an action under the Civil Rights Bill. "All right," said the barber, "go on with your suit; we advertise to cut hair, not wool."

Credit.—Among the witty aphorisms upon this unsafe topic is Lord Alvanley's description of a man who "muddled away his fortune in paying his tradesmen's bills"; Lord Orford's definition of timber, "An excrescence upon the face of the earth, placed there by Providence for the payment of debts"; and Pelham's argument that it is respectable to be arrested, because it shows that the party once "had credit."

The late Mr. George Jones, R.A., bore a strong physical resemblance to the late Duke of Wellington, and "made up" as much as possible after his Grace, with the short cloak, bit of red collar, and other well-known adjuncts. Somebody mentioned this fact to the Duke, and added that Mr. Jones was often stopped in the street by strangers in mistake for his Grace. "Indeed," said the old warrior, grimly, "that is odd; I have never been stopped in the street for Mr. Jones."

A minister was once riding through a section of the State of South Carolina, where custom forbade innkeepers to take pay from the clergy who staid with them. The minister in question took supper without prayer, and ate his breakfast without prayer or grace, and was about to take his departure when "mine host" presented his bill. "Ah, sir," said he, "I am a clergyman!" "That may be," responded Boniface; "but you came here, smoked like a sinner, slept like a sinner, and ate and drank like a sinner; and now, sir, you shall pay like a sinner."

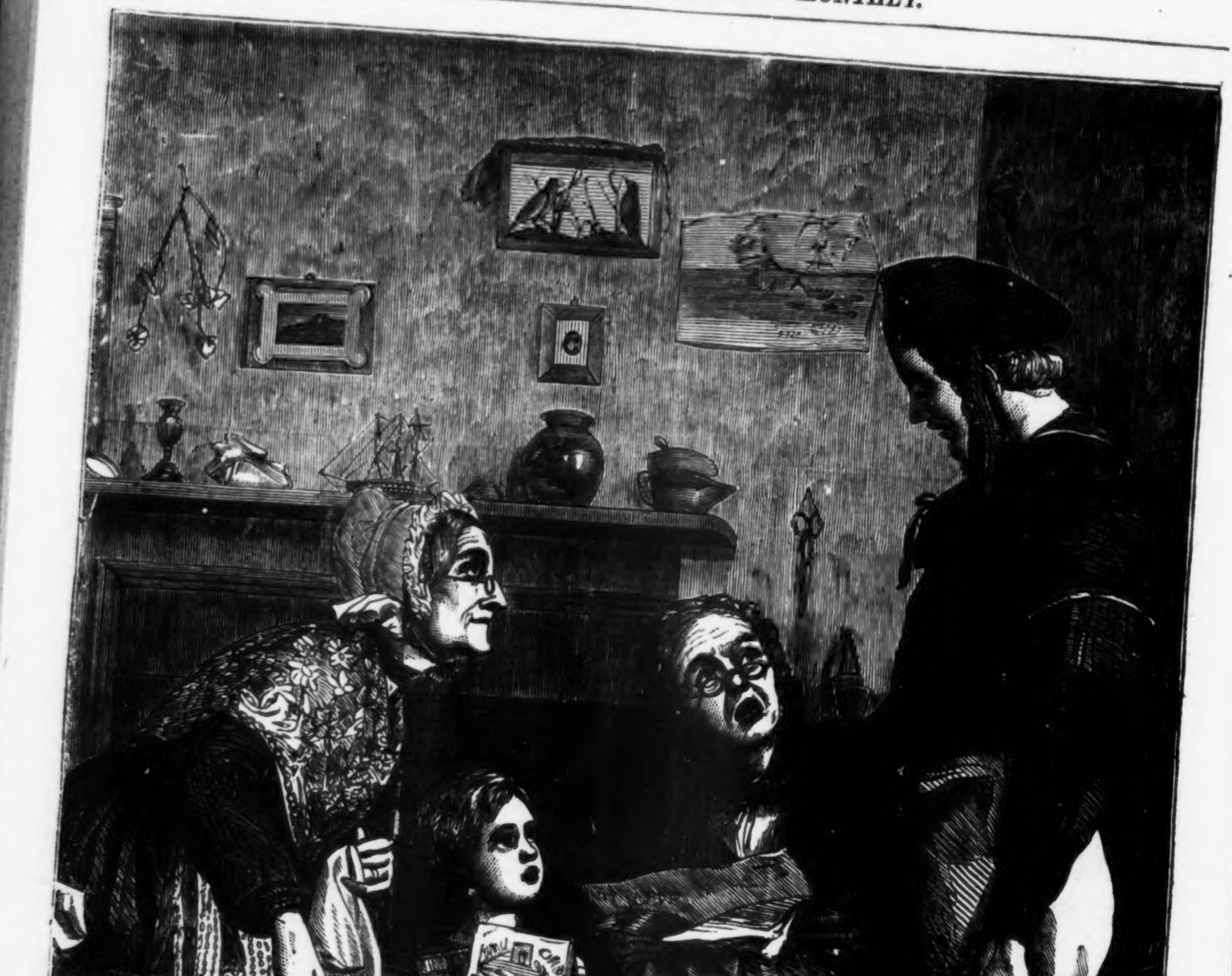
Scotch Plausibility.—The persons charged with milk adulteration at Glasgow sometimes fall on curious and ingenious lines of defense. A week or two back it was pleaded—unsuccessfully however—against a charge of selling diluted milk, that the cow that yielded it was suffering from "water in the head." A little later a milk-dealer, who was fined for selling buttermilk adulterated with thirty per cent. of water, put forward as an explanation of the presence of the water, that the bung had been inadvertently left out of the barrel during a heavy shower of rain.

In a Street-Car.—He was a gentleman from the country, and had ensconced his "girl" and himself in the corner of a tram-car. As the vehicle sped up Shawmut Avenue, his arm began to steal around his companion's waist, and his head inclined lovingly toward her, unconscious of observation by the few remaining passengers. Just as the car approached Sawyer Street the conductor thrust his head inside the car and yelled "Saw-yer!" in close proximity to Hayseed's head. The latter, hastily drawing himself "into form," indignantly remarked, "You needn't er howled it through the car, if you did; we're engaged." And the rest of the freight set their faces toward the driver, and grinned.

Cardinal Alberoni had a large quantity of silver plate, and among other articles he possessed various salt-cellars wrought in the form of different animals. A friend of his Eminence's borrowed a salt-cellar made in the shape of a tiger, but forgot to return it for some time. At length, after the lapse of six or seven months, he sent it back, requesting at the same time the loan of another in the shape of a tortoise. The Cardinal desired to see the person who had brought the message. "You are sent," said he, "by the señor to borrow one of my salt-cellars?" "Yes, your Eminence; I am his steward." "You will be good enough to tell your master that I lent him one in the form of a tiger, which is one of the swiftest animals on the earth, and it has been more than six months in returning; were I to lend him a tortoise, which is the slowest of animals, I fear it would never return."

The Napoleon Club is the latest social organization in San Francisco. The sole qualification for membership is that the applicant must bear some likeness to the great Bonaparte. The committee on membership was considerably disgusted lately at the application of a freckly, ginger-headed youth, with a red snub nose, to join the club. He was informed that no one but gentlemen with large aquiline noses and a very stern look about the mouth could possibly be admitted. The discomfited applicant retired, with the determination to get the necessary kind of nose if he could only find out what it was. So he waylaid a boy next morning who was going to school, and begged him to tell him the meaning of "aquiline," which, with the help of a Latin dictionary, was found to come from *aqua*—water—and meant a nose with a watery line. That beats me fair and square," murmured the would-be Napoleonist. "It's a whisky nose I have, any way, and a fool I was to be after joining a water-nose club at all."

The greatest caricaturist in France is the Comte Amédée de Noé, better known as "Cham." Very tall, thin, and upright, scrupulously correct and English in his attire, of manner externally cold and polished, he thoroughly realizes the Parisian idea of the Londoner—the more so as, like the Sailor in Gilbert's ballad, he never laughs and he never smiles, though he is one of the most inveterate practical jokers in existence. A good story about him has recently cropped up. Going into a restaurant where he was unknown, he settled into a corner seat which happened to be generally reserved for a stockbroker who dined in the house every evening. The waiter said nothing; but the stockbroker, coming in, felt wroth at the usurpation, and was about to complain of it, when he recognized the features of the caricaturist. He thought he would have a joke at the expense of "Cham," and, calling the landlord aside, asked him if he knew that tall, thin, solemn stranger. No; the landlord had not seen him before. "Ah! Well, then, I advise you to order him out as quickly as possible, or else he will scare away all your customers," whispered the stockbroker. "It is the executioner!" The landlord shuddered, but instantly walked up to "Cham," and begged him to depart, adding that he would not ask him to pay for what he had eaten, and would indeed not consent to touch his money at any price. "Cham's" features betrayed not the slightest surprise. "May I ask who revealed to you that I am the headsman?" he said, in his gravest tones. "That gentleman yonder." "Ah, quite so," remarked "Cham," imperturbably; "he ought to know me, for I flogged and branded him at Toulon not two years ago." It is alleged that the stockbroker recorded a vow never to play tricks on "Cham" again.



THE RETURN OF THE RUNAWAY.